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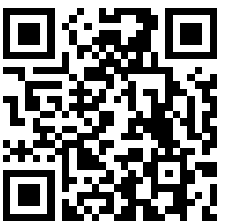

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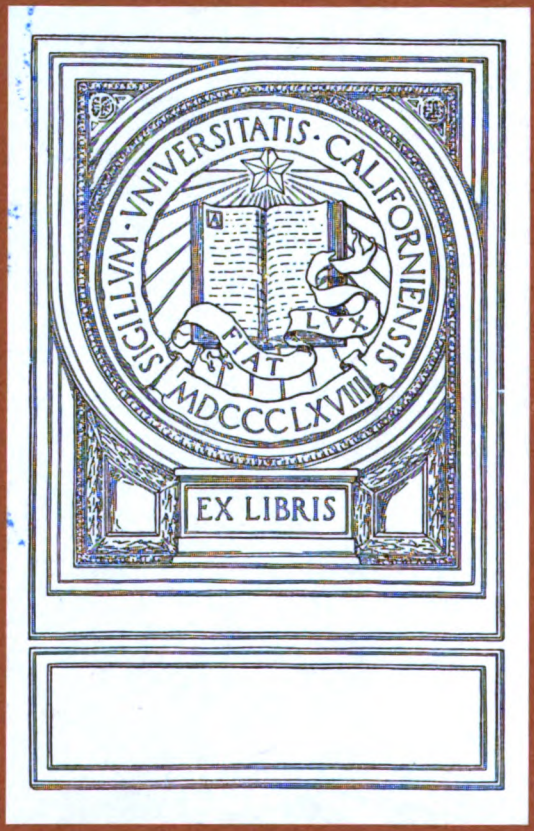

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INDEX

Addington, Major Hon. R. A.: An Early Indian Equitation School (*Illustrated*), 57.

Aisne, The Battle of the (*Illustrated and Maps*). By *Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.*, 129.

Almenara, 27th July, 1710, 1.

"Andes, The Crossing of the" and "The Marine Cavalry" (*Map*). By *A. W. S.*, 114.

Army List of 1790, An. By *John Aye*, 87.

Army Reserve Officer in the year 1740. By *Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.*, 571.

A. W. S.: "The Crossing of the Andes" and "The Marine Cavalry" (*Map*), 114.

Aye, John:
An Army List of 1790, 87.
Life in ths Cavalry in 1800, 413.

Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel B. G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.:
Old Cavalry Stations (*Illustrated*), Canterbury, 183.
Old Cavalry Stations (*Illustrated*), Norwich, 536.

Ballard, Admiral G. A. C. B.: Cavalry at Sea, 173.

Bands, Cavalry. By *J. Paine*, 333.

Bands, The Romance of Military (*Illustrated*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, F.R. Hist. S.*, 91.

Battle Honours of the British Cavalry (*Illustrated*). By *K. R. Wilson*, 293, 425, 593.

B.C. Legendaries: Arthur Christian. By *Seigfried P.*, 259.

B.C. Legendaries: Simon Fearless. By *Seigfried P.*, 566.

Beaman, Lieut.-Colonel Ardern, D.S.O.: Skin Saving, 287.

Big Game Shooting Expedition in Kenya Colony, A. By *Lieut. R. Pilkington, 9th Royal Lancers*, 224.

Boston Horse Show, 463.

"*Bridoon*": One Good Turn, 399.

British Cavalry of the Hon. East Indian Company (*Illustrated*). By *Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.*, 165.

Brocklehurst, The late Lieut. P. H. Phillips, Royal Scots Greys:
Pigsticking Trip, April 1927, 378.
Hints on Pigsticking for the Beginner (*Illustrated*), 630.

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Bullock, Captain H., F.R.Hist.S., I.A.: Indian Cavalry Standards (*Illustrated*), 67, 272, 405, 459.

Cavalry, A Day with the Chilean. By *Major W. Lloyd Jones* (*Captain of Invalids*), 574.

Cavalry Bands. By *J. Paine*, 333.

Cavalry Journal Committee, The, 141.

Cavalry and the "Magna Charta." By *Percy Cross Standing*, 240.

Cavalry at Sea. By *Admiral G. A. Ballard, C.B.*, 173.

Cavalry, R.E. Co-operation with (*Illustrated*). By *Major C. J. S. King, O.B.E., R.E.*, 3.

Cavalry Standards, Indian. By *Captain H. Bullock, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.*, 67, 272, 405, 459.

Cavalry Stations, Old: Canterbury (*Illustrated*), 183; Norwich (*Illustrated*), 536. By *Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.*

Cavalry To-day: "Horse *v.* Machine?" By *Lieut.-Colonel E. G. Hume, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, I.A.*, 180.

Cavalry Umpire. By *Siegfried P.*, 347.

Cavalryman of Romance, The: "Brigadier Gerard in Real Life" (*Illustrated*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, F.R.Hist.S.*, 357, 518.

Christian, Arthur. By *Siegfried P.*, 259.

Clifton, Major A. J., O.B.E.: Hunting and F.S.R., 555.

Correspondence, 458.

Cuttings from History, 27.

Edwards, Major T. J., F.R.Hist.S.:
The Cavalryman of Romance: "Brigadier Gerard in Real Life" (*Illustrated*), 357, 518.
The Romance of Military Bands (*Illustrated*), 91.

Ellis, Captain H. B., M.M., 15th Lancers, I.A.: Elementary Sketching for the Troop Officer and Section Leader, 52, 549.

Employment, Notes on Civil. By *Lieut.-Colonel F. K. Hardy, D.S.O.*, 302, 461.

Equitation School, An Early Indian (*Illustrated*). By *Major Hon. R. A. Addington*, 57.

Fearless, Simon. By *Siegfried P.*, 566.

Ferrar, Major M. L. (*late 19th Foot*): War Medals of the British Cavalry (*Illustrated*), 98, 205, 636.

Glasbrook Richards, Major E.: The King who Believed in Horses, 277.

Great Soldiers I have Known. By *Percy Cross Standing*, 374.

Gymkhana Racing and its resuscitation in Quetta. By *P. B. G. R. of the P.B.I.*, 37.

History, Cuttings from, 27.

Hook, Captain "Some Topography," 107.

Horse Breeding in Australia. By *Major L. C. Whitfeld, D.S.O., A.A.V.C.*, 436.

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Horseman Peel, The (*Illustrated*). By *Hugh Machell*, 19.

Horse Racing in Australia. By *Major H. C. H. Robertson, D.S.O.*, 466.

Horses, The King who Believed in. By *Major E. Glasbrook Richards*, 277.

Horwood, A. R., F.L.S.: Hunting in the Shires and a Day with the Quorn (*Illustrated*), 228.

Hume, Lieut.-Colonel E. G., 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, I.A.:
Cavalry To-day—" Horse *v.* Machine ? " 180.
Some Thoughts on Mobile Forces of the Future, 28.

Hunt, With the Peshawar Vale, Season 1929–30. By *Vive Le Sport*, 408.

Hunting and F.S.R. By *Major A. J. Clifton, O.B.E.*, 555.

Hunting in the Shires and a Day with the Quorn (*Illustrated*). By *A. R. Horwood, F.L.S.*, 228.

Hussars, The Java (*Illustrated*). By *Hyderabad*, 534.

Hyderabad:
The Java Hussars (*Illustrated*), 534.
The Oudh Campaign of 1859, 581.

Indian Cavalry Standards (*Illustrated*). By *Captain H. Bullock, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.*, 67, 272, 405, 459.

Indian Cavalry Group System. By *Major B. H. O'Donnell, 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry, I.A.*, 265.

James, Captain E. A.: General von der Marwitz (*Portrait*), 61.

Jones, Major W. Lloyd (*Captain of Invalids*): A Day with the Chilean Cavalry, 574.

Kerrison, General Sir Edward, Bart., G.C.H., K.C.B., Colonel 14th Hussars (*Portrait*). By *Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.*, 44.

King, Major C. J. S., R.E.: Co-operation with Cavalry (*Illustrated*), 3.

King's Enemies, The, 216.

Life in the Cavalry in 1800. By *John Aye*, 413.

Logic, 608.

" *Lumbidum* ": The Shiekh, 420.

Machell, Hugh:
Some Curious Wagers, 236.
The Horseman Peel (*Illustrated*), 19.

Madras Horse, The, 458.

Magazines:
Foreign, 149, 322, 469, 643.
Home and Dominion, 145, 317, 466, 638.

" Marine Cavalry, The " and " The Crossing of the Andes " (*Map*). By *A. W. S.*, 114.

Marwitz, General von der (*Portrait*). By *Captain E. A. James*, 61.

Middlesex Yeomanry, The (*Illustrated*), 507.

Military Alliances, 302, 460, 634.

Military Appointments, 143, 634.

Mobile Forces of the Future, Some thoughts on. By *Lieut.-Colonel E. G. Hume, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry, I.A.*, 28.

Digitized by Google

Mounted Trooper in 1918 and 1930 (*Illustrated*), 579.

Napoleon's Best Light Cavalryman. By *Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps*, 72.

Napoleonic Cavalry and its Leaders, The (*Illustrated*). By *Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps*, 192, 451, 615.

Notes, 141, 302, 460, 634.

O'Donnell, Major B. H., 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry, I.A.: The Indian Cavalry Group System, 265.

One Good Turn. By "*Bridoon*," 399.

Ostler's Story, The. By *Captain C. H. Trehane*, 50.

Oudh Campaign of 1859, The. By *Hyderabad*, 581.

Overseas League, 143, 304.

Paine, J.: Cavalry Bands, 333.

Peshawar Vale Hunt: The Season 1929–30. By *Vive le Sport*, 408.

"Peel, The Horseman" (*Illustrated*). By *Hugh Machell*, 19.

Pigsticking Trip, April 1927. By *the late Lieutenant P. H. Phillips Brocklehurst, Royal Scots Greys*, 378.

Pigsticking for the Beginner, Hints on (*Illustrated*). By *the late Lieutenant P. H. Phillips Brocklehurst, Royal Scots Greys*, 630.

Pilkington, Lieutenant R., 9th Royal Lancers: A Big Game Shooting Expedition in Kenya Colony, 244.

Pitman, Major-General T. T., C.B., C.M.G.: The Battle of the Aisne (*Illustrated and Maps*), 129.

Polo Notes, Australian, 164, 464, 678.

Publications, Recent, 152, 325, 471, 647.

R.E. Co-operation with Cavalry (*Illustrated*). By *Major C. J. S. King, O.B.E., R.E.*, 3.

Regimental Items of Interest, 308, 483, 657.

Robertson, Major H. C. H., D.S.O.: Horse Racing in Australia, 446.

Sheppard, Captain E. W., O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps:
Napoleon's Best Light Cavalryman, 72.
The Napoleonic Cavalry and its Leaders (*Illustrated*), 192, 451, 615.

Shiekh, The. By "*Lumbidum*," 420.

Seigfried, P.:
Arthur Christian, 259.
Cavalry Umpire, 347.
Simon Fearless, 566.

Sketching, Elementary, for Troop Officers and Section Leaders (*Maps*). By *Captain H. B. Ellis, M.M., 15th Lancers, I.A.*, 52, 549.

Skin Saving. By *Lieut.-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.*, 287.

Sporting News, Indian (*Illustrated*), 125, 312, 489, 663.

Standing, Percy Cross:
Cavalry and the "Magna Charta," 240.
Great Soldiers I have Known, 374.

Territorial Army Rifle Association, 460.

Digitized by Google

Topography, Some. By *Captain Hook*, 107.
Trehane, Captain C. H.: The Ostler's Story, 50.
Trooper, The Mounted, in 1918 and 1930 (*Illustrated*), 579.
Vive le Sport: With the Peshawar Vale Hunt, Season 1929–30, 408.
Vocational Training 634.
Wagers, Some Curious. By *Hugh Machell*, 236.
War Medals of the British Cavalry (*Illustrated*). By *Major M. L. Ferrar* (*late 19th Foot*), 98, 205, 636.
Whitfeld, Major L. C., D.S.O., A.A.V.C.: Horse Breeding in Australia, 436.
Wilson, K. R.: Battle Honours of the British Cavalry (*Illustrated*), 293, 428, 593.
Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo, 462.
Work for Discharged Soldiers, 460, 636.
Wylly, Colonel H. C., C.B.:
Army Reserve Officer in the year 1740, 571.
British Cavalry of the Hon. East Indian Company (*Illustrated*), 165.
General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., G.C.H., K.C.B., Colonel 14th Hussars (*Portrait*), 44.
Yeomanry, The Middlesex (*Illustrated*), 507.

PLATES

Almenara, July 27th, 1710 .. .. *Frontispiece*
To face page
Transport of Pontoon Bridging Equipment 12
John Peel 20
One of John Peel's Horns, at the Lion Hotel, Guildford 24
General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., G.C.H., K.C.B., Colonel 14th Hussars 46
XIX Light Dragoons, 1803 58
General von der Marwitz 62
Standard of the Madras Body Guard 68
Standard of the 1st Cavalry, Hyderabad Contingent 70
On the Road to Blenheim, 1704 92
The Great Kettledrums, Train of Artillery and Jingle Johnny 94
War Medals of British Cavalry 98, 100, 102, 104, 206, 212
XI Hussars watering on the Canal at Bourg, September, 1914 132
XI Hussars—Led Horses concealed in the Valley of Aisne, September, 1914 132
Pargnan Village with Chemin des Dames in the distance 134
XI Hussars on the March, September, 1914 134
Pont Arcy Bridge over River Aisne 134
Panorama Sketch from Spur North of Conde 136

Digitized by Google

To face page

Sketch Map and Panorama to illustrate the Attack of the 1st Division at Troyon, 14th September, 1914 138
An Officer of the XIX Light Dragoons, 1792 165
Old Cavalry Stations :
" Canterbury "—Dragoons, 1698 183
On Mousehold Heath, 5th Dragoon Guards ; Norwich, 1809 .. 536
Opening Meet of the Quorn Foxhounds at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray 228
Meet of the Quorn Foxhounds : The Field moving off 232
Standard of the Scinde Horse, taken at Meanee 272
Squadron Standard of the 1st Scinde Irregular Horse 273
Squadron Standards of the 2nd Scinde Irregular Horse 274
Standards of the 1st Bombay Light Cavalry 275
Standards of the 2nd Bombay Light Cavalry 276
Charge of the Heavy Brigade, Balaklava, 25th October, 1854 294
The Kettle Drummer, 1st Life Guards 333
Baron De Marbot, Colonel du 23rd Chasseurs a Cheval, 1812 357
Third Squadron Standard of the 1st Bengal Native Cavalry, 1818 .. 405
Third Squadron Standard of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry, 1840 .. 406
Royal or First Squadron Standard of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry (? 1801–1839) 407
Second Squadron Standard of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry (? 1801–1839) 407
Albert, 1918 426
Mesopotamia, 1918 432
Antoine Charles Louis de Lassalle 451
Sergeant-Major G. F. Higgs, M.M., 4th Q.O. Hussars 489
Trooper of the Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry on Uxbridge Common .. 507
Landing at Suvla, August 18th, 1915 510
Mena Camp, Christmas, 1915 510
Men for I.C.C. learning to ride, May, 1916.. 514
Watering at Wadi Esani before Beersheba, August, 1917 514
Java Volunteers or Java Hussars, 1815 534
" Field Service Marching Order, 1918 " 579
" Field Service Marching Order, 1930 " 580
" Yeomanry in France, 1917 " 598
" Damascus, 2nd October, 1918 " 604
Louis Pierre Montbrun 616
Comte Pajol (Claude-Pierre) 624
Lieutenant P. H. Brocklehurst on Calvert 630

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ALMENARA, JULY 27, 1710

The Charge of Pepper's Dragoons (8th Hussars)

By D. M. ANDERSON

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1930

ALMENARA, JULY 27, 1710

In July, 1710, towards the close of the War of the Spanish Succession, Staremberg, who with a force of 20,000 foot and 5,000 horse, British, German, Dutch and Portuguese, lay at Agramont, in Catalonia, advanced into Aragon. After crossing the Segre, he ordered Lieut.-General Lord Stanhope to advance with the cavalry and seize the pass of Alfarez before the Bourbon Army could reach it.

On the morning of 27th July, Stanhope crossed the Noghera and about noon formed his cavalry, composed of 22 squadrons, on the plateau of Almenara about a cannon shot from the river, where they were confronted by 42 squadrons of the enemy. Stanhope was for immediately attacking, but was prevented by Staremberg, and it was not until about sunset that he obtained permission to advance. The enemy's cavalry was drawn up in two lines: the first of 22 squadrons and the second of 20 squadrons, with two battalions of foot between them. Owing to the nature of the ground Stanhope's cavalry were drawn up in two lines with four squadrons in reserve. After moving off he halted to bring up some squadrons to reinforce his first line, which now consisted of sixteen squadrons including all the British, namely, the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), the

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Royal Dragoons, Pepper's Dragoons (8th Hussars), Nassau's and Rochford's Dragoons. Stanhope and Carpenter were on the left, the Palatine General Frankenberg and Major-General Pepper on the right.

Stanhope now gave the order to attack, which was brilliantly carried out. The Allies cut their way through both the enemy's lines, bearing them back on their infantry in rear, who fled in confusion. It was only owing to the failing light that the Bourbon Army was not completely destroyed. It, however, under cover of the darkness, made good its retreat to Lerida, losing its tents, a great part of the baggage and some cannon. The enemy lost in this action 1,309 killed and wounded, while the Allies' losses did not exceed 400, half of whom were British, namely, Brig.-General the Earl of Rochfort, Count Nassau, 5 other officers and 73 men killed, Lieut.-Generals Stanhope and Carpenter, 12 other officers, and 113 men wounded.

Pepper's Dragoons (8th Hussars) were opposed to and completely routed a crack Spanish Cavalry Corps, and in the pursuit possessed themselves of their swordbelts, returning with them slung over the right shoulder like the Spaniards. (The British Dragoons at that time wore the swordbelt round the waist.) For their gallantry in this action they were allowed to wear their belts crosswise; and were later known as St. George's Crossbelts from the name of their Colonel. In 1775, on being changed to Light Dragoons, the Eighth lost this distinction, and to make up for the loss it was designated Royal and given the badge of the Harp and Crown with the motto "Prislinæ Virtutis Memores": The memory of former valour.

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R.E. CO-OPERATION WITH CAVALRY.

By Major C. J. S. King, O.B.E., R.E.

The recent appearance of a revised Cavalry Training Manual offers a suitable opportunity for a consideration of the subject of R.E. co-operation with cavalry. In the manual the amount of space that is devoted to this subject is small compared with that devoted to the principles of co-operation with other arms, and the reason for this is not far to seek. There is not very much to be said on the general principles, and in a Cavalry Training Manual it is not possible or even desirable to enter into any great detail of the subject. Such detail would involve technical descriptions which would be entirely out of place and which are available in Engineer Manuals for those who are curious enough to investigate.

From this preliminary remark, it might appear that there is nothing more to be said on the subject, as it is all available in Engineer Manuals. This, however, is hardly the case, as the earnest seeker after knowledge would find himself in considerable difficulties if he plunged into all the various engineer publications affecting the subject. The basis of co-operation is knowledge, and it is therefore essential that the cavalry officer should know what he may reasonably expect from the R.E. unit with the cavalry division, how much the unit can do, how long it will take to do it, what assistance is required from the cavalry units, and finally, perhaps the most important of all, what the R.E. unit cannot do.

R.E. co-operation with any arm is difficult to practice in peace time, since practically all the work involves either destruc-

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tion or construction and takes time. The first two cost money and the last may cause an apparent waste in the limited amount of time available for manœuvres; R.E. work is therefore frequently left in the background during manœuvres and false lessons are apt to be learnt.

The Cavalry Division is in a specially unfortunate position, since it does not exist as a formation in peace and it only functions as such on the rare occasions of Army manœuvres. With the exception of Aldershot, and to a lesser degree at Tidworth, opportunities for co-operation are absent. This article is written with the idea of setting forth the lessons learnt at those two stations in the past three years for the benefit of those who did not take part in them.

Organization.

The R.E. unit with the Cavalry Division is the Field Squadron R.E. It is now on a mechanized war establishment, but it has not yet been mechanized in peace. This has been imminent for some time but has not yet been carried out. In the following pages only the mechanized establishments are considered.

In war, the Field Squadron R.E. consists of the following :—

Headquarters.
Headquarter Troop.
3 Field Troops.
1 Bridging Section.

In peace there is one Field Troop less. The unit is carried entirely in mechanical vehicles except that the O.C. is mounted and each Field Troop has a mounted reconnaissance party of 1 officer and 6 other ranks, which as its name implies is purely for reconnaissance and should always accompany the advanced mounted troops as a matter of course.

Each Field Troop can produce a working party of about 36 sappers and it carries sufficient entrenching tools for its own use only; it also carries artificers' tools to a very limited extent but sufficient to enable it to undertake small jobs, provided that the necessary material can be found. 1,120 pounds of explosives are carried.

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The Headquarter Troop corresponds to the Field Park Company with a Division. It can produce a working party of about the same size as a Field Troop and it carries entrenching tools and a more complete set of technical tools. It also has a mobile lighting set, for the use of Cavalry Divisional Headquarters.

The Bridging Section is a recent addition to the unit and it carries material for the following bridges (Cav. Tg., Vol II, Sec. 74) :—

Assault Bridge, 208 feet.

Pontoon equipment (medium bridge), 105 feet.

The use to which this equipment can be put is dealt with in the paragraphs dealing with the actual employment of the unit.

This very brief description of the organization and numbers of the unit is given to emphasize the fact that the Cavalry Division has less R.E. personnel in it than a Division. The proportion is about 1 to 4.

Employment.

"Cavalry Training," Vol. II, Sec. 74, gives a list of the tasks that will be carried out by the Field Squadron R.E. These can be conveniently classified under three different heads by arranging them in a slightly different order :—

1. Assisting our own mobility.
    i. Improvement of tracks and roads.
    ii. Clearance of obstacles.
    iii. Fieldworks and bridging.
2. Hampering hostile mobility.
    i. Construction of obstacles, including the use of anti-tank mines.
    ii. Demolitions.
3. Miscellaneous.
    i. Water Supply.
    ii. Washing arrangements.
    iii. Shelters.
    iv. Lighting.

Engineer reconnaissance has been omitted as it is a permanent duty, the necessity for which is present at all times whether any of the special duties mentioned above are being

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carried out or not. It may be considered as more of a "domestic" duty since without it, no useful work of any nature can be carried out and the unit would be entirely useless.

It is now proposed to deal with each of these tasks in turn, and to attempt to give some idea of the amount of work that can be expected from the unit. It is of course impossible to give exact figures since circumstances vary considerably, but the amounts can in many cases be given with sufficient accuracy to give a rough guide.

The Field Squadron has three Field Troops which can work independently, but it must not be assumed that the normal method of employ is to attach one Field Troop to each Cavalry Brigade. The Field Troops must be allotted as required for work, and it would be frequently necessary for the Field Squadron to work as a complete unit.

1. *Assisting our own mobility.*
   i. Improvement of tracks and roads.
   ii. Clearance of obstacles.

These two can be conveniently discussed together since circumstances vary so much that it is really useless to attempt to give any figures. Remembering the size of the working party of a Field Troop and the fact that it carries sufficient entrenching and cutting tools for its own use only, it is not difficult to visualise the amount of work that can be expected. Any work involving heavy earth work or the removal of large trees is a slow business, and in rapidly moving warfare it is generally quicker to make a detour rather than wait for a path to be cleared in a direct route.

"Cavalry Training," Vol. II, Sec. 13-2, mentions the necessity for this type of work when mechanical vehicles are being used, but it also emphasizes the fact that the improvement of roads is a last resource when efforts to find a more suitable route have failed.

iii. Fieldworks and Bridging.

The word "Fieldworks" is a somewhat loose term used in the Royal Engineers to cover any form of work carried out

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during the collective training period as opposed to individual training in trades. Its meaning here is not clear though it implies quite rightly that the unit should be ready to undertake any job that it is asked to do. In the matter of bridging, very considerable strides have been made in the last few years, and it is essential that Cavalry Officers should know how much has been done and what is being done to improve the situation.

Up till four years ago, the Cavalry Division carried no bridging equipment of any sort. With the advance of mechanization the necessity for bridging becomes more and more urgent, and with the formation of M.G. Squadrons and Armoured Car Regiments it is of supreme importance.

After experiments, the amounts now shown in the manual were authorized, but the arrangement is not in any way final; experiments are being continued with another and possibly more suitable pattern.

Method of Use of Bridging Equipment.

For rivers up to 105 feet in width, the equipment is sufficient to make :—

(*a*) Two assault bridges each capable of carrying dismounted men.

(*b*) One medium pontoon bridge capable of carrying any load with the Cavalry Division.

For larger rivers, ferrying is necessary, but there is no limit, except time, to the width of the river that can be negotiated. The reason for the arbitrary figure of 105 feet is as follows. It was necessary to put forward some proposal for a definite amount of pontoon equipment. No suggestion could be made which was based on the likely width of the river; it was therefore proposed to carry sufficient equipment to provide a raft and a landing jetty on each bank and to carry sufficient superstructure to join the whole up into a complete bridge. The attached diagram shows the result which works out at 105 feet of pontoon bridge. The assault bridge is based on this length. It is perhaps worthy of note that in the last two manœuvres, both in the Aldershot and Southern Commands, no river of more than 105 feet wide was met.

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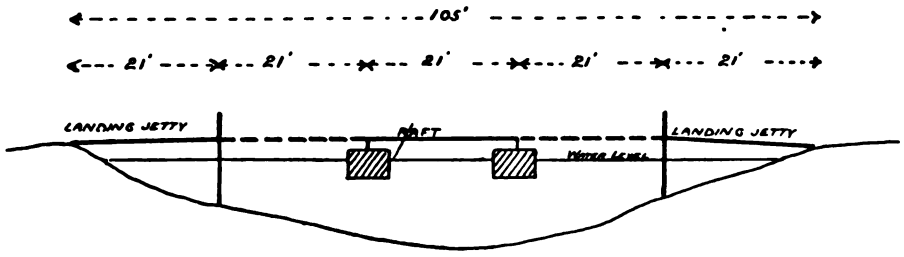
DIAGRAM SHEWING PONTOON BRIDGING EQUIPMENT
— IN THE CAVALRY DIVISION —



The dotted lines show the superstructure carried to make
— the complete 105' of bridge. —

The crossing of rivers can therefore be considered under two heads.

i. Under 105 feet.

Men cross on the assault bridges. Horses can be swum on a rope or can be led across by men walking on the assault bridges placed about 4 yards apart. This has been tried and found quite feasible. Machine guns can be carried over on the assault bridge, but no vehicles can cross until the pontoon bridge is built. Launching the assault bridge is a matter of minutes.

Erecting the pontoon bridge depends very largely on the difficulties of the site; with two Field Troops available for the work, under average conditions it can be done in half an hour from the time that the equipment arrives on the site of the bridge. The equipment can be handled by one Field Troop, but work would be much slower. A working party up to forty men from a regiment would be of the greatest help in unloading and carrying stores.

This bridge will take any vehicle on the establishment of the Cavalry Division including armoured cars; it will not take tanks.

ii. Over 105 feet.

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The crossing will be a much slower business. It would be possible to use the complete set of assault bridges to produce one bridge 208 feet long, provided the current were not too swift. If this was insufficient, men would have to be ferried over on the pontoons. As at present authorised, two boats can be made out of the equipment. Each boat will carry 24 fighting men and would be rowed by 8 sappers with a coxwain. The fighting men sit facing outwards with their feet on the handrail and jump ashore as soon as they reach shallow water. The operation is easy and quick as the boats are easily manageable in even a quick current.

These boats can be ready for use in ten minutes after the arrival of the equipment on site, but of course the use of the boats for ferrying men delays the use of the equipment for ferrying over the vehicles.

It is possible to make up small rafts capable of carrying two men from the assault bridge floats. No paddles or oars are carried for this, but it has been found that ordinary shovels are quite effective, and that the two men can get across a river with a current of three knots in a reasonable time. From the equipment carried, 16 rafts can be made up.

Using all possible means, therefore, 80 men could attempt the first crossing at one time.

For ferrying vehicles a landing bay has to be erected on each bank, and the vehicles taken over on a raft which can be worked on a wire rope as a flying bridge or pulled backwards and forwards by a rope or, as a last resource, rowed.

As a result of many trials, it has been found that the first vehicle can be got across in about one hour and a half from the time the equipment arrives. The time taken per vehicle after this depends largely on the skill of the drivers coming on and off the raft, but may be taken as about 10 minutes per vehicle for a river 100 yards wide.

If the pontoons are being used to carry men, a certain amount of preliminary work can be done on the landing bays; the time for the first vehicle after the pontoon had finished carrying men would be about one hour.

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The raft can only carry one light 6-wheeler at a time owing to limitations of space. Surplus men and stores can travel on the raft at the same time.

This equipment has not yet been supplied to the unit, and it has therefore not yet had a fair trial on manœuvres. A certain amount of equipment approximating to this and carried on M.T. was used last year by a Field Troop with the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and valuable lessons were learnt, but more experience is required before a final decision on the various difficulties can be given.

The operation of forcing a crossing of a river is undoubtedly one that is likely to fall to the lot of the Cavalry Division owing to its mobility. The river may be only lightly held, but even so it is a tactical operation, and failure to carry out the operation quickly will lead to stronger opposition and the necessity for a far more elaborate preparation. This operation is dealt with at some length in R.E. Training, Vol. II, but in no other manual. Some ten pages are devoted to it, and a study of these is strongly recommended.

If we consider the phases of an operation in which the Cavalry Division has been ordered to seize and hold a river line pending the arrival of the main body, we can imagine that the two opposing armies are approaching each other, and that the one who gets the river line will have a big advantage. The Cavalry Division is therefore sent on to seize it; it finds that it is held and that all the bridges have been destroyed. If it sits down and waits, the opposition will become stronger, and it is therefore decided to force the crossing. It is a difficult operation and involves the closest co-operation.

The first necessity is information. The mounted reconnaissance party of a Field Troop must be with the leading squadron, the Troop Leader with the Squadron Commander and one sapper with each of the patrols, which are sent out. The importance of the reports of these sappers cannot be over-estimated. They must send back information to their Troop Leader on the following points :—

i. Possibility or otherwise of using assault bridge.

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ii. The width of the river.

To obtain this information, it will be necessary for the patrol leader to assist in every possible way, since the information may be difficult to obtain.

As soon as the Troop Leader has got in the reports from all the patrols, it will probably be as well for him to reconnoitre the most promising one or two with the Squadron Commander and come to an agreement with him as to the suitability of the site from a tactical as well as technical point of view.

It must be remembered that the assault bridge is intended to be used by the cavalry themselves; it is not a technical operation, though R.E. supervision and assistance would be given by the reconnaissance party; the equipment is obtained from the Field Squadron.

It is therefore the job of the Squadron Commander to organize the launching of the bridge or bridges and the covering and assault party. Infantry Training, Vol. II, deals with this part of the operation in some detail and a study of the sections is recommended.

Apart from this general assistance, the Field Troop Leader has a most important duty and that is to ensure that the bridgehead resulting from the crossings made on the assault bridges shall cover a suitable site for the erection of the pontoon bridge. This is likely to be a matter of some difficulty, and the Squadron Commander, with the Field Troop Leader, will have to consider the requirements before deciding on the site for his assault bridges. A good approach on both sides is the chief point to consider and generally the most difficult thing to find.

As soon as the bridgehead is formed, the Brigade Commander can order up the pontoon equipment and the bridge can be built.

In the light of our present limited experience, the following appear to be the chief difficulties:—

i. Organization of crossing on assault bridge.

A large number of men are required, and it is difficult to get them up quickly. It is suggested that a definite regiment should be made responsible for the operation, and this unit should be earmarked for this operation and for nothing else. An assault

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bridge requires, roughly, one man per three feet for carrying, so that to deal with the amount actually carried in the Cavalry Division, some 70 men are required. When the covering party, assault parties and horseholders are taken out, very little would be left from two sabre squadrons.

ii. The difficulty of getting the assault bridge equipment up quickly. It is carried in two light 6-wheelers and it must be kept as far up as possible particularly in closed country. It is considered that it should be handed over to the unit chosen for the operation before the operation starts, instead of moving with the Field Squadron.

iii. The difficulty of getting up the pontoon equipment when required. This is far more formidable than the previous difficulty as the equipment is exceedingly bulky and Commanders are unwilling to have such unwieldy and very visible loads too far up in the column. The point needs very careful consideration since it is obvious that no other vehicles can cross the river till the bridge vehicles have come up.

(A photo showing the loaded vehicle of bridge equipment is given. Six such units are required for the Divisional Bridging equipment.)

It is impossible in a general article to deal exhaustively with all the various problems that arise, but the foregoing will serve as an introduction to the subject and may perhaps arouse the attention of cavalry officers to the importance of the matter. Very considerable attention was paid to this matter in the Mechanized Force at Tidworth, and with the advent of Mechanized Regiments it becomes equally important for cavalry formations.

This year, experiments have been tried with lighter pontoons which may speed up the crossing of the light 6-wheelers. The lighter equipment will not carry armoured cars, and it will be for consideration whether the gain in speed will be sufficient to warrant the transport of the lighter equipment in addition to that required for armoured cars. It is undoubtedly essential that the Cavalry Division should have a bridging equipment

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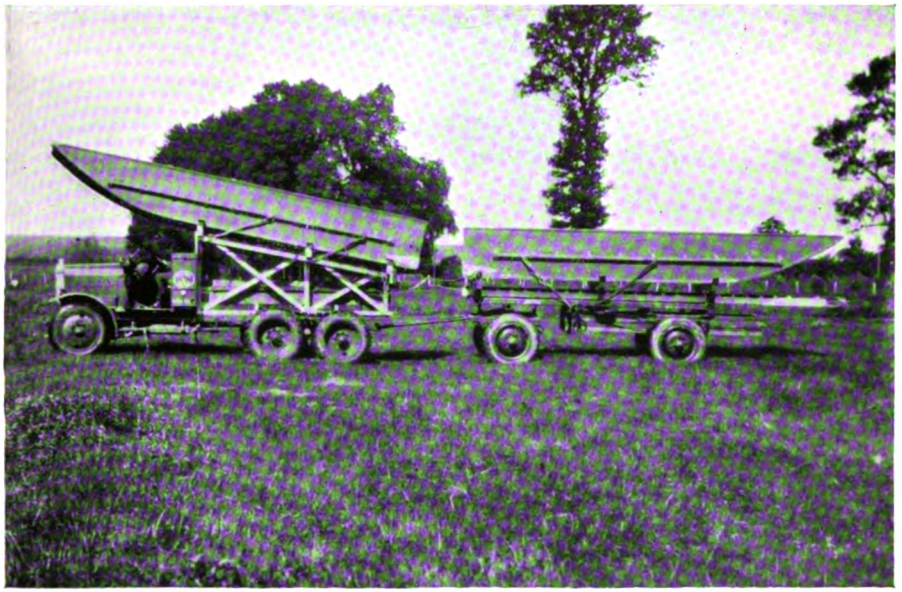

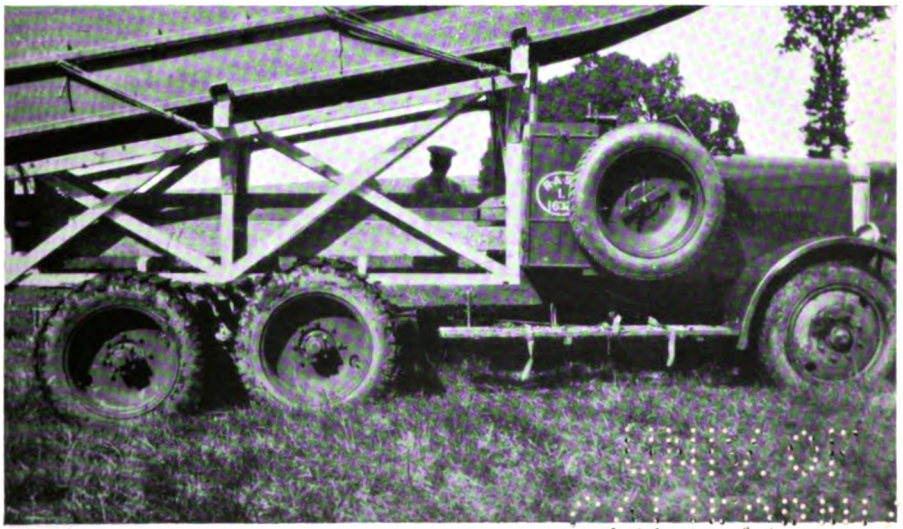

TRANSPORT OF PONTOON BRIDGING EQUIPMENT.

A complete bay of 21 feet complete with all the necessary superstructure is carried on the lorry and trailer. For the landing jetty bays, no trailer is required, as all the stores are loaded on the lorry. The lorry is a Guy Medium 6-wheeler.

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which will carry all vehicles which form part of its establishment.

As a purely personal opinion, it is perhaps doubtful whether any very great increase in speed is essential. The assault bridge can be launched in a very few minutes, but no real test has been carried out to find how long it would take a squadron from the time of its arrival at the river to launch the assault bridge and to be formed up on the other side ready to move off. The disorganization resulting from swimming horses is considerable. Is this operation going to be so rapid that a delay of an hour for the building of the bridge to carry the machine gun lorries is going to delay the advance to any appreciable extent?

Machine guns may be necessary to form the bridgehead, but they can be carried across and the bridgehead need not be so large that it affords absolute immunity for the building of the pontoon bridge.

2. *Hampering Hostile Mobility.*

i. Construction of obstacles, including the use of anti-tank mines.

It is an old axiom that obstacles are useless unless they are under fire, but it is one that is apt to be lost sight of. The expression "blocking a road" is one that is frequently heard on manœuvres, but as it can seldom be carried out in practice, the difficulties are perhaps not appreciated as fully as they might be and the problem is worth a more detailed analysis.

Firstly, where should a road be blocked? It is obviously little use blocking it in the open. The enemy can go round the obstacle with very little delay. The block must be made at a defile through which the enemy *must* pass. This limits the choice very considerably and in most cases reduces it to bridges. In a country which has many roads or in very open country it is difficult to find a spot, apart from a bridge, the blocking of which would seriously hamper the movements of the enemy. In a mountainous country, conditions are different, but roads in such countries are actually defiles from one end to the other.

Secondly, how should it be blocked? We are limited to blocking those essential points which the enemy must pass. If

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these are blocked and left unguarded the enemy would certainly be delayed while he removed the block, but this delay would be slight. It is therefore necessary to defend the blocks. We therefore want a block which will force the enemy to emerge from his A.F.V. to remove the block. The defenders can then fire at them with some hope of success.

The problem therefore reduces itself to the blocking of these defiles which are actually defended. Of the elementary forms such as cutting down trees or blocking the roads with wagons, little need be said. Cutting down trees is a fairly slow business, and the trees must be in the right place. It is not feasible to move a large tree once it is felled without cutting it up. A tree of three feet in diameter would take a couple of hours to fell. Explosives may do the work quicker, but it is difficult to ensure that the tree will fall where it is required. Finally trees do not grow on bridges. These methods are therefore improvisations and must be treated on their merits.

What is needed is some certain form which will enable a bridge to be blocked and defended against A.F.Vs. If we consider a cavalry formation holding a river crossing pending the arrival of our main forces, the backbone of the defence will be the machine guns holding the points of crossing. These are powerless against an A.F.V. and they must be provided with some weapon to stop this form of attack. An anti-tank gun is of course one solution, but this is a substitution rather than an accessory to the machine gun. The anti-tank mine provides a quick solution provided it is available quickly and in sufficient quantities.

Anti-tank mines can be considered in two ways.

i. For mine fields. This requires a very large amount of transport and mines and is outside our province at present.

ii. For road blocks. Mines have to be laid practically touching, and it requires one mine per foot of width of road. Twenty mines will block all ordinary roads, and if this number were available immediately for each section of machine guns, the section could take on the defence of a bridge against all comers with some hope of success. If these mines were all

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carried in the Field Squadron, there would be little hope of getting them distributed in time. It is therefore considered essential that machine gun lorries should carry 20 mines for each pair of machine guns. Their weight would be about 200 pounds. A reserve would be carried in the Field Squadron which could be used to assist any specially difficult points.

Their use involves no technical knowledge. The tops are screwed off and the mines placed in a row on the road. It is not even necessary to bury them though it is preferable to do so. To ensure that they are effective against armoured cars, an angle iron picket is laid along the top.

Another point for consideration is the collection of the mines when the force moves on. It would be very difficult for the Field Squadron to distribute mines but it would be impossible for that unit to collect them. The danger of leaving a well hidden group of mines on some defile on our main line of advance is obvious, but the danger is real.

This suggestion rather removes the anti-tank mine from the sphere of R.E. co-operation. It overloads the regiment with another gadget, but in spite of these disadvantages it is considered that it is the only sound solution, and a recommendation to that effect was submitted last year.

ii. Demolitions.

Each Troop carries 1,120 pounds of guncotton. The amount carried in the rear echelons is still under consideration but its supply will be on the same lines as S.A.A. This bald statement of fact is of little use to the cavalry officer who wants to know how many bridges can be demolished and how long it will take. This information is exceedingly difficult to give since bridges vary, but a rough generalization can be given which may be of some assistance; it must, however, be taken as a very rough guide only.

Bridges may be classified in many ways, but for the purposes of demolition they may conveniently be considered as follows:—

i. All forms of steel girder bridges.

These are the easiest and quickest to demolish and it may be taken that a Field Troop can demolish any of them in a couple

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of hours, however big. They are not commonly used for road bridges in this country, though they are more common abroad. They are, of course, common on railways.

ii. Masonry and brick bridges.

These are the most common road bridges and are more difficult to demolish. "Cavalry Training," Vol. II, Sec. 82-6, lays down that demolitions which would interfere with the withdrawal will not be carried out till all vehicles have been withdrawn. This adds a further difficulty. The normal method of demolishing a bridge of this nature is to dig a trench down in the roadway as far as the arch and to lay the charge there. This will obviously interfere with the use of the bridge and cannot be permitted. It would be necessary therefore to drill holes from underneath into the arch. With our present equipment this is an exceedingly slow business and would take many hours. The introduction of a pneumatic drill is under consideration and if authorized, will cut the time down from hours to minutes.

It is difficult therefore to give a working estimate of time, but even if the trench across the road is allowed it may be taken that little can be done under four hours; one Field Troop could work on four medium-sized bridges at once and it would carry sufficient explosive for about six bridges of this nature.

A further classification may be useful when considering demolitions.

i. Very low bridges. Such bridges exist over the Avon round Bulford. It is waste of time blowing up such bridges as the debris of the bridges would make it quite possible for tanks and 6-wheelers to cross.

ii. Ordinary road bridges up to 30-foot span. These are exceedingly common and this type of bridge is considered a medium bridge in the paragraph above giving the amount of work that a Field Troop can do.

iii. Modern bridges over new arterial roads. These are becoming larger and heavier, while the use of reinforced concrete introduces many new problems which up to the present have not been fully investigated. From the point of

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view of the cavalry officer it is safe to say that he should not expect their demolition unless 24 hours are available for the work.

In considering demolitions generally, the one point which requires most thought is the question of the timing of the actual demolition. "Cavalry Training," Vol. II, Sec. 76-3, is quite clear on the point, but the instructions are apt to be overlooked and on manœuvres most certainly are. It is considered that in important circumstances—and most occasions are important—a paragraph should be inserted in orders naming the officer to whom responsibility is delegated.

3. *Miscellaneous.*

In rapidly moving warfare, little can be done in the way of shelters or washing arrangements. The Field Squadron carries an electric lighting set for the use of Divisional Headquarters; it can be started in a few minutes, but the fixing of the wiring and lights may take an hour or more depending on the number of lights required.

Water supply is a more important consideration. At present each Field Troop carries one lift and force pump, while every unit carries sufficient troughs for its own use. This pump is insufficient and a power-driven pump is under consideration. If authorized, it will be sufficiently big to deal with the water supply of a Cavalry Brigade. Scattered units will have to look after themselves but the provision of a suitable water point for a concentrated brigade will not present any difficulties provided the water is available, except, perhaps, in the collection of the troughs. This will have to be done under Brigade arrangements, but special attention will have to be paid to their re-distribution when the Brigade moves off.

Raids.

"Cavalry Training," Vol. II, Sec. 9, deals with the use of Cavalry on raids, and it is curious to find that Engineers are not mentioned as "normally" forming part of the force. Raids are undertaken with the object of destroying men and material. The destruction of material is essentially an operation for Royal Engineers and one that requires a considerable amount

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of organization and preparation. The guiding principle is that a special detachment of Royal Engineers should be earmarked for the purpose of the destruction and should not be used for any other purpose. If, for example, a bridge has to be built over a river on the way, a separate detachment should be detailed for this purpose. If this is not done the work of destruction will be disorganized and will most certainly fail.

A timely demolition of a bridge in the withdrawal may give the raiding party an opportunity to get clear; this could be conveniently carried out by leaving a detachment to prepare the demolition during the progress of the raid.

Conclusion.

At the risk of being wearisome, emphasis is again laid on the fact that the advent of mechanization has increased the importance of R.E. work for the Cavalry Division. The whole tendency to-day is to increase our mobility and at the same time to attempt to decrease the mobility of the enemy. These were—intentionally—taken as the two main divisions of R.E. work. The matter is only now beginning to receive the serious attention it deserves and the problem is far from being solved. It is necessary to ascertain what the problems really are and to experiment continually with existing equipment to find out its defects. Such experiments must be carried out under conditions as real as possible, i.e., on manœuvres. Greater knowledge of each others requirements and difficulties are required, in other words, closer co-operation.

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"THE HORSEMAN PEEL."

SUNG THE WORLD OVER.

By HUGH MACHELL (Author of "John Peel, Famous in Sport and Song," "History of Grasmere Sports," "Highland Gatherings," etc., etc.).

"WHO is the funny old bloke with the whip and calabash pipe?" These words, uttered in the presence of the writer, while betraying unique ignorance of northern representations of Peel, made it seem desirable that these columns should record a few facts concerning the Huntsman in question, the prowess he achieved on horseback, and the fame he got through a casually manufactured string of words to an old rant, of which more later.

We need hardly say that the calabash pipe was no other than the semi-circular horn, which appears in nearly all the portraits of Peel that are to be seen, and it was surprising to find this individual in the County of Durham, who did not know those classic features.

Peel's upbringing was rough like the fells in which he lived. His means, with those of his wife, were sufficient to keep him hunting without working, and his social status was that of a prosperous yeoman, to whom the farmers looked for the destruction of vermin (as he killed marts and hares upon occasion), and his convivial habits made him good company and a personality amongst the sporting fraternity of his time.

His hounds were his own, and those that were kept out at neighbouring farms, were called to Meets by "the sound of his horn," and it was marvellous how they gathered and gave the stunning runs that I have had the pleasure to record in my work

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on this subject, of which His Majesty The King, and His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, have graciously accepted copies.

The type of hound he bred was neither the Peterboro' one, nor the modern fell-hound now in use, but something between the two. We read of "Ruby," that she was the handsomest and best ever seen, by a southern sire and a clean hefty Harrier bitch, with a fine head and deep tone which never told a lie.

Perhaps Miss Ruby McGuffie at Ireby will like all this, as she was named after this hound. Other names are Ranter, Royal Bellman, True, Shifty, Towler, Ruler, Rattler, Glory, Jingler, Champion, Briton, Rockwood, Mopsy, Dancer, Farmer, Duster, Bugle, Lofty, Sweeper, Noble, etc. Peel's eldest son gave his favourite hound, "Briton," to the late John Crozier, Master of the Blencathra, and his blood, no doubt, exists to this day in northern districts. Peel was his own Master and Huntsman, and I am only too sorry that limitations of space forbid me to relate some of the long and historic runs he had in those grand old days.

Of horses, Peel, no doubt, had several at odd times. He would pick them up cheap at Rosley and other country fairs in north-east Cumberland, and for anything known, would, as Mr. Sponge or Facey Romford did, as related in Surtees' immortal classics, turn them over at a profit, after probably better training than they had received from their previous owners. His favourite was one called "Dunny," from its colour. According to the late Mr. Daniel Birkett, who knew Peel personally as a neighbour, Dunny was clean-legged, had plenty of bone, and was a fast Cumberland nag. He was reputed to have come out of the pot cart of a hawker called Peter Flynch and used to follow his master about like a dog over the rough fell lands, whenever it was impossible to ride, as frequently happened. He stood about 14.3, as tough as nails, with fairly deep shoulders and a very strong loin. He used to wait indefinitely for either father or son, and to kneel for his mount if required. Peel rode with the shortest possible stirrup, and is said, in Lady Mabel Howard's contribution to the "Victoria History of Cumberland," to have worn only one spur. His costume was never

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JOHN PEEL

From an Oil Painting by J. H. SMITH

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pink, but of the grey cloth actually made in Caldbeck village, his hat, now said to be in Nantwich, a high beaver, breeches of strong cord, and exceedingly high boots without tops. Another writer mentions stockings. Brass buttons and a choker tie complete the picture.

The word "gay" in the song is absolutely wrong: grey is correct. We do know, however, that John Peel's son, or young John as he was called (perhaps because he died at the early age of 90) had a scarlet waistcoat which the writer has seen, as well as a green coat, from which the owner kindly detached a brass button for his grateful acceptance.

Thanks to the recent Centenary Celebrations, especially those at the Carlisle Banquet and Ball, the Press, illustrated and otherwise, have given unlimited publicity to the now historic manner in which the song was produced, but for the benefit of those uninformed, I record the scene at Miss Scott's house at Midtown, Caldbeck, on one stormy night 100 years ago.

Many people have been asking lately what is all this fuss about the Peel Centenary? They find out that "Peel was born in 1776 or so and died in 1854. That is not a hundred years!" No, of course not. What occurred in 1829 was the production of the song, and John Woodcock Graves, an erratic coach painter and fox hunting crony of Peel's, was really the originator of the words, now sung to the lilt of 1690, that is known to every board-school child that trudges the country lanes.

Old Graves and old Peel were chatting cheerily about hunting reminiscences and arranging prospective meets of the hounds. Upstairs "Grannie," to use Graves' own words, "was singing to sleep his eldest son," in later years a prosperous Barrister in Hobart Town, Tasmania. What she sang was commonly known as "Bonnie" or "Cannie Annie," reputed Scotch, but to the erudite, no other than a form of "Red House," an Irish melody, circa 1690 or so. Graves' daughter heard this crooning, and not knowing the air, came in to the two cronies to ask its name. She is told, and then the notion suddenly entered Graves' head to write words of his own to it, and as pen and ink were handy, he composed them there and then.

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The tradition exists (with, I imagine, a very substantial foundation) that Peel and Graves slipped across to the little "pub" a few yards away ("Rising Sun," now "Oddfellows' Arms,") and with the additional stimulus of good liquor and good company, the song was sung with considerable approbation and success. Peel is said to have wept through his smiles at the reception it achieved.

It was published in 1866 by the late Mr. George Coward ("Sidney Gilpin") of Carlisle. In 1868 Mr. Metcalfe improved upon the melody: it is sung at Carlisle and in London; people dance to it; The Prince of Wales hears it, and it is fairly launched upon the sea of popular favour long before the death of Graves in 1886, aged 92.

When the late William Metcalfe sang it at a benevolent dinner in London in 1869, 100 copies were readily ordered by guests present.

Hundreds of visitors go to the house at Midtown annually, to see the actual room where Graves and Peel "concocted" the rousing Cumbrian Anthem.

But what has not been noticed is the number, no less than four, of original horns used by the Hunter. The writer was fortunate enough to have them on exhibition at Carlisle, the bugle shaped one, now possessed by Lady Baxter, O.B.E., near Keswick; the bugle shaped one to be seen at The Lion Hotel, Guildford; another one of the same shape actually produced by no less a person than a bank manager near Penrith, namely, one of John Peel's great-grandsons, and finally one with my old friend Mr. McGuffie, now at the Sun Hotel, Ireby, and husband of one of Peel's descendants, who came to Carlisle with the semi-circular horn, which is familiar to those who have seen the traditional portraits that exist. Numerous other relics, such as hunting crops, a grandfather clock, a snuff box, stirrups, spurs, a kist, a watch, a beer jug, a chair, are known to the writer, who will gladly inform sportsmen of their whereabouts upon request. Peel's actual cradle is now at Aspatria, a town 20 miles west of Carlisle, and the owner is asking £30 for it! Space does not permit me to give further addresses here.

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Regarding the cow horn blown at Caldbeck during the port-drinking theatrical display there last month, no one seems to know anything about it.

If Robin Hood and William Tell are legendary heroes, there is ample evidence of Peel's existence, had we not also his head-stone to see in Caldbeck Churchyard.

THE HORN OF THE HUNTER IS SILENT.
By Jackson Gillbanks.

The horn of the hunter is silent,
On the banks of the Ellen no more
Or in Denton is heard its wild echo,
Clear sounding o'er dark Caldew's roar.

For forty long years have we known him—
A Cumberland yeoman of old—
But twice forty years they shall perish,
Ere the fame of his deeds shall be cold.

No broadcloth or scarlet adorn'd him,
Or buckskin that rivals the snow;
But of plain Skiddaw grey was his raiment—
He wore it for work, not for show.

And when darkness at night draws her mantle,
And cold round the fire bids us steal,
Our children will say, "Father, tell us
Some tale about famous Old Peel."

Then we'll tell them of Ranter and Royal,
And Briton and Melody too—
How they rattled their fox around Carrock,
And pressed him from chase into view.

And how often from Brayton to Skiddaw,
Through Isel, Bewaldeth, Whitfiel',
We have galloped like madmen together,
And followed the horn of John Peel.

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And though long may we hunt with another,
When the hand of old age we may feel,
We'll mourn for a sportsman and brother,
And remember the days of Old Peel.

But the horn of the hunter is silent,
On the banks of the Ellen no more
Or in Denton is heard its wild echo,
Clear sounding o'er dark Caldew's roar.

Facey Romford used to hold that hunting and drinking were two men's jobs. But it seems that Peel lived to a great age doing both. Heavy hunting went with heavy tippling in those robust ages, yet the yeomen of old rose early and rode strenuously after what might seem nowadays a hectic night of insobriety.

Yarns of Peel are plentiful. At a Quaker funeral he did not understand the silence after one of the prayers, and naïvely enquired, to general consternation, "Is n'ea body ga'n to say Amen?"

He once hid a baby in a chest of drawers at The Oddfellows' Arms Inn, Caldbeck, during the temporary absence of its mother. Her concern was considerable till she found the bantling, but nothing to the severity of the "cloot on t'lug" (blow on the ear) that she gave Peel on the discovery!

Peel bought horses and cows for his hounds, and a boy once brought him word of one held at his disposal. "Ay," said John, giving the lad sixpence, "thoo's a canny lad. Tell thee uncle to have a deed (dead) horse for me every fortnight!"

Turning to pathos, I give another yarn from Mr. Dan Birkett. Peter, John's son, was lying dangerously ill in 1840. He died through the night. At daybreak, word was brought of a marauding fox, which Peel set out at once to hunt and kill. Returning with the brush, his reply to those who found fault with him for hunting in such circumstances, he replied, "Aye, the lad's dead. If alive, he would have hunted with me, but I will place the brush in his coffin, as a fitting trophy on his last journey." And he did!

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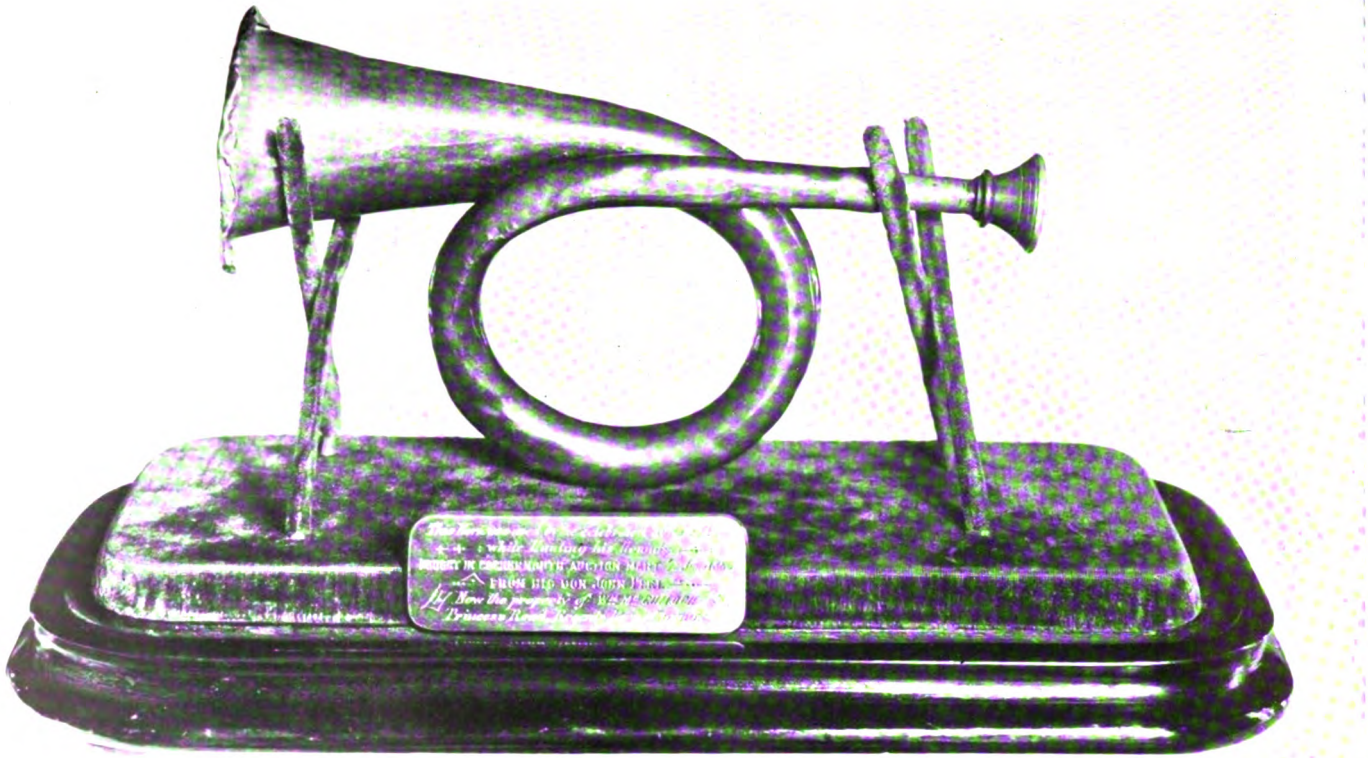

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ONE OF JOHN PEEL'S HORNS, AT THE LION HOTEL, GUILDFORD

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On another occasion, just before the important Fair at Rosley, mentioned before, his wife was expecting confinement, most probably of twins. This was impressed upon him, but his answer came quick and characteristic, "It disent matter if there be four, I mun gang to Rosley Fair!"

Just as Graves wrote the words, so Metcalfe, a Carlisle Cathedral Lay Clerk, adapted the music, rough as it was, to a form more harmonious and suitable. To these two, the former born in 1795, and dying in 1886, the latter born in 1830 and dying in 1909, posterity owes the deepest debt of gratitude ever contracted anent a folk-song, or some say, a National Song, but ever superpotent to galvanize the jovial votaries of Bacchus and Terpsichore, and a *sine qua non* at all gatherings of sportsmen throughout the whole breadth of the universe.

On the 17th October last, the accumulated patronage from America, Australia, London, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Liverpool, and last but not least the Emerald Isle (whence came two decorated ladies specially for the occasion) unmistakably and cordially endorses our steadfast conviction that: . . .

Men may come and men may go . . .
"JOHN PEEL" will live for ever.

THE LAST STANZA OF GRAVES' MONODY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN PEEL.

Then hang up the horn on the blighted old tree,
That some hunter that passeth may kneel;
And tho' he ne'er sound it, still so it may be
That he pass through a sigh for John Peel.
Then fill up the glass,
And though dumb let it pass,
To him in the "land of the leal;"
Like him far away,
Who tendered this lay,
Remember the Hunter, John Peel.

In conclusion, I am asked to mention that it should be clearly understood that the Village Sports Committee of Caldbeck will contribute nothing to a Hospital cot, as they want any surplus for a heavy debt on their local Parish Hall.

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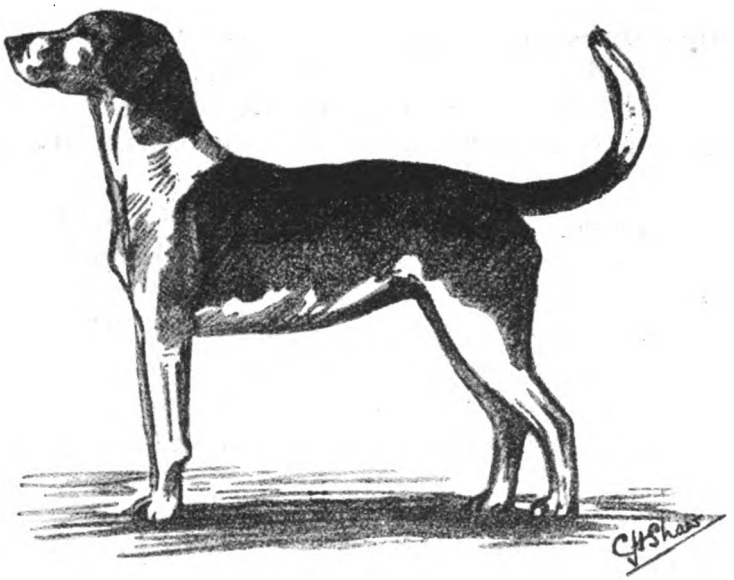
It is the Official International Banquet and Ball at Carlisle, patronized by the leading Nobility and Gentry, as well as prominent Sportsmen Overseas (amongst whom special mention should be made of American subscribers), that proposes to endow a bed in Carlisle Infirmary, and so perpetuate in a worthy cosmopolitan manner, as opposed to parochial mendicities, the memory of a song known to millions throughout the universe. Politics and religion carry us a long way, but they are for ever controversial. In sport alone do we find that unity and sympathy among high and low, which binds together the English-speaking races, and forges an unbreakable chain of union for the myriads of fair-minded Sportsmen and Sportswomen that traverse the four corners of the globe.



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CUTTINGS FROM HISTORY.

Extracts from "Berrow's Worcester Journal."

15th February, 1781. "We hear that last week a fox, after an uncommon good chase of nearly forty miles in three hours without a check, before a pack of hounds belonging to T. Bund, Esq., of Wick, was run into and saved. The fox is to be turned out again before Mr. Bund's hounds at Bush Hill, beyond Powick, to-morrow morning at eight."

22nd March, 1781. "On Thursday last, on news of Admiral Rodney's success, a general joy diffused throughout the city. The bells were rung all day. In the afternoon, the Scots Greys quartered here, were drawn up opposite the Town Hall and fired a *feu de joie* on the occasion, and at night there were illuminations, bonfires and other demonstrations of joy."

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SOME THOUGHTS ON MOBILE FORCES OF THE FUTURE.

By Lt.-Colonel E. G. Hume, 18th King Edward's Own Cavalry.

Among the changes that have taken place in modern armies since the Great War none has perhaps been so fundamental in pointing towards a new era of tactics than the advent of really mobile Armoured Fighting Vehicles in large numbers: the consideration of how forces composed of these should be organized and employed, is at the present time, therefore, occupying a great deal of attention.

It is generally admitted that the evolution of predominantly mechanized armies must be arrived at by degrees; gradually changing existing units and formations by adding to them the latest and most suitable types of machines, and allowing them then to work out their own evolution which will thus be based on the solid foundation of past experience. There is, however, a strong body of opinion which considers that, apart from the units and formations of which an army is mainly composed, the possession of special *Armoured Striking Forces* will be essential if the immense offensive power of mobile A.F.Vs. is to be adequately exploited and utilized: indeed, that the possession of such forces at the right time and place may even be the decisive factor in a campaign. At the same time it is probable that all covering detachments will be strongly reinforced with anti-tank equipment for the purpose of protection and screening: this will mean that, if reconnaissance is to be efficiently carried out and definite information is to be gained regarding enemy main forces, *Mobile Reconnoitring Forces* will have to be organized and equipped in such a manner as to enable them to break through, or in some way circumvent, such protective screens. It may be argued that in these conditions air reconnaissance will

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be the best means of obtaining information regarding enemy main forces: there can be little doubt, however, that it will be of the greatest assistance, if not indeed essential, that such information should be supplemented and confirmed on the ground before a Commander makes his plan. When *Armies* are really mobile, will not *Mobile Reconnoitring Forces*, or "*Light Armoured Groups*," in the future be to some extent of the nature of "Strategic Advanced Guards"—driving in enemy Covering Troops; seizing ground; pinning the enemy as far as possible; gaining definite information; and creating generally a situation favourable to their Main Body? In co-operation with these "Strategic Advanced Guards" the Main Body, either Armoured or Mechanized but in any case highly mobile, will, when a favourable situation is sensed or created, be brought into action with the utmost mobility.

It may be of interest to try for a moment to look ahead and speculate on one aspect of the future developments and conditions that may be expected.

* * * * *

It is assumed in this paper that Armoured Mobile Forces will in the future consist of Light, and Medium or Heavy, groups. The Light Group corresponding to, and where possible co-operating with, Cavalry; in the former purely "Cavalry" rôles of Reconnaissance and Protection, which are now being greatly extended by the capabilities of modern Light A.F.Vs. It is the action of these "Light Mobile Groups" in the more extended missions of this nature that will here be chiefly considered.

An attempt will be made to put forward the view that to arrive at a fundamentally sound organization and system of tactics for such Light Armoured Forces it is advisable always to consider their working, when in an essentially mobile rôle, against an enemy with an equally high standard of equipment and mobility in Light Armoured Forces; and in conditions which give full scope to their possibilities. The conclusions thus arrived at will then be universally applicable, with slight modifications, no matter in what conditions it is desired to operate.

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The realistic staging of the reconnoitring and anti-reconnaissance rôles of Light A.F.Vs. versus Light A.F.Vs. is very difficult on manœuvres in peace time because of the great distance the Main Forces would, in the first instance, have to be apart in order to give the Light A.F.Vs. the necessary elbow-room and scope to develop their action properly; a very large number of specially trained umpires are also necessary. It is of the greatest importance, however, that Light A.F.V. Units and Formations, where and when such exist, should be trained in peace time for the rôles which will inevitably fall to their lot in war; and, that their organization and methods of working should be continually studied in situations where there is full scope for mobility on both sides.

The rapid improvement that Light A.F.Vs. are themselves experiencing will lead to ever wider areas of operation; this will necessitate the provision of improved methods for obtaining a rapid and comprehensive view of widely extended situations. Is it not probable that as aircraft become more able to hover, and to land and take off in restricted areas, their use will be imperative in Light Armoured Formations for efficient command, and for intercommunication purposes? This will be thought no more unusual in a few years' time than the provision of Staff Cars would have been some twenty-five years ago! It is assumed always that air reconnaissance and protection will be afforded by the Royal Air Force.

In a comparatively few years, in Europe at any rate, the reconnoitring arms of the Great Powers will in all probability be on a more or less equal scale of equipment and mobility as regards Light A.F.Vs., hence the importance of studying the question with a view to future possibilities.

A.F.Vs. and Cavalry in Reconnaissance.

Armoured Cars, where roads or country suitable to their employment exist, are invaluable, when the situation is "fluid"; particularly if their presence is a surprise to the enemy. They can get out long distances very quickly, piquet an area, and gain general touch with an enemy, thus locating his general position and lines of advance: having gained touch with a

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moving force they can piquet that force, i.e., keep touch with it and report its movements. If, however, an enemy is stationary in an area and has taken anti-tank precautions, Armoured Cars, being greatly restricted by ground in their movements, will experience difficulty in gaining positive information owing to prohibitive casualties; they will, unless adequately supported, experience difficulty in gaining close touch with such an enemy.

Light Tanks and mechanized Artillery will often be used to back up Armoured Cars; and Light Tanks, owing to their more general mobility across country, will be able to help in extending the depth of the reconnaissance by defeating and breaking through enemy reconnoitring and covering forces when the Armoured Cars by themselves are unable to get on further. They will also be able to give invaluable assistance to Armoured Cars in a delaying rôle when the latter have established contact with an advancing enemy. Armoured Cars backed up by Light Tanks and mobile Artillery, may, again, be used wide to a flank to piquet an area in which there is the possibility of enemy mobile action.

In reconnaissance will not mixed mobile forces of Cavalry and A.F.Vs. be the rule? The Armoured Cars backed up by Light Tanks will in the early stages of gaining contact with an enemy, unless the country is very unsuitable, act well ahead of, or on the flanks of, the Cavalry they are co-operating with, and will make the utmost use of their superior mobility. Good intercommunication and real co-operation must, however, exist between the two; situations may frequently occur, as the contact becomes closer, when close co-operation will be essential. Where Armoured Cars are held up, Cavalry will get round over difficult ground and open up a way for them; or A.F.Vs. with their mobile fire support will help the Cavalry forward; again, each may form a pivot of manœuvre for the other according to the lie of the ground.

Mobile Forces such as these would be most useful in *forestalling* the enemy's Armoured Cars, and stopping his reconnaissance generally in a given direction. It would appear that

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the side whose Light mobile groups drive in the enemy Covering Forces and establish an anti-enemy reconnaissance screen well forward at the earliest possible opportunity in support of their reconnaissance, will, while gaining information, elbow room and secrecy for their own Force, deny ground and information to the enemy, and thus cramp his initiative and movements.

The employment of Light Armoured Forces in covering, and co-operating with, an Armoured Striking Force.

It would appear probable that special *distant* missions by Armoured Forces (consisting of Light *reconnoitring* groups and Medium or Heavy *Striking* Groups) by themselves, to fall on an Enemy Force by surprise, will generally only be undertaken when the enemy is known not to possess an Armoured Force in the area in question, when his Armoured Forces are known to be definitely inferior either in numbers or in fighting value, or when it is desired to keep an enemy Armoured Force in a particular area while other operations are in progress elsewhere. It would appear that concealed strategic moves of Armoured Forces will often be of great importance. Enemy Forces may be presumed to be generally provided with efficient light armoured reconnoitring and covering detachments.

In contemplating the action of an Armoured Force the first consideration is that of ground; the next, the achievement of surprise by correct dispositions and the best possible use of mobility.

In all probability the ground in an area in which an Armoured Force may wish to operate will, on the whole, be suitable for the action of Light A.F.Vs. and Cavalry in reconnaissance, in offensive action against enemy Light Mobile Groups and in screening; but only parts of it will be suitable for the manœuvre and deployment of an Armoured Striking Force making a surprise attack. The first consideration must therefore be to gain very accurate information regarding the enemy's location and movements, so that his position may be known, and if possible his line of advance accurately forecasted; while at

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the same time his reconnaissance is *forestalled* in a particular area as far forward as possible with an anti-tank screen.

In order to strike the enemy by surprise it will be advantageous to pin him down, opposite his advance, or at any rate attract his attention elsewhere, so that he will to some extent concentrate his attention in a direction other than that from which the surprise attack is to be launched.

A definite target in a definite area must be ensured before an Armoured Force is launched to the attack. How is this to be brought about?

Will it not be possible, when information has been gained regarding the enemy, by the defeat and driving back of his reconnoitring and covering detachments, and when the anti-enemy-reconnaissance screen is in place, to reinforce that portion of the screen with which it is intended to delay or attract his attention, and to move the Striking Force under cover of the remaining portion of the screen, which is, or will be, on the enemy's flank, to a position which from the ground point of view and from the "idée de manœuvre" of the whole operation, is suitable for the surprise blow when the time is ripe? Air protection by the R.A.F. is pre-supposed.

If some such view as this is correct, is it not of the utmost importance to use the mobility of the Armoured Cars to the utmost possible extent as early as possible, to forestall and defeat the enemy's reconnoitring detachments as far forward as possible; to obtain information, and to obtain control of the necessary area for the operation in view? Supporting the Armoured Cars as necessity dictates with Light Tanks and mobile Artillery.

The area to be screened will of necessity, in the first instance, be wide; a large number of Armoured Cars will therefore have to be used; firstly to reconnoitre every road along which enemy reconnoitring A.F.Vs. might advance: then, when these are encountered, to drive them back until the enemy's main covering Force is located; meanwhile, Light Tanks, Cavalry, and mobile Artillery will be moving up by bounds in support: the Cavalry towards the areas less suitable to A.F.Vs. An offensive will

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then be developed by the Light Tanks in co-operation with the Armoured Cars, and covered by the mechanized Artillery on the enemy covering troops, which must be defeated and driven in before full information can be obtained regarding the enemy's main Forces. This offensive will be greatly helped by the initiative and choice of ground which has been won for the Light Mobile Group Commander by the initial bold and mobile action of the Armoured Cars.

The situation will thus gradually crystallize on the best available ground from our own point of view; the enemy will be piqueted; and elbow room, secrecy, and the power of initiative will be obtained for our own Striking Force. This screen, ahead of which armoured car and cavalry patrols will still be working, will be capable of modification, support, or withdrawal as may be required as soon as the Force Commander's plan for the action of his Striking Force, based on the information he has received, on the situation created by the Light Mobile group, and on the lie of the ground, has been made. A special ground-cum-map sense will have to be cultivated in order to be able to appreciate wide areas correctly in terms of the capabilities and limitations of Armoured Forces.

The essential point in the preliminary rapid exploitation of the mobility of Armoured Cars, and the forestalling of enemy reconnaissance, is the very great delaying power of a modern armament, on suitable ground, which results in economy of Force, hence the great advantage of "arriving first," both from the point of view of screening, and also for gaining secrecy, choice of ground, and the initiative for offensive action, when the situation develops.

Once a screen is established *on suitable ground* supported where necessary by Light Tanks and Artillery, the deployment of considerable Force will be necessary in order to break through.

The dangers of dispersion can to a great extent be counteracted by dispositions for support in depth, good intercommunication and use of mobility to facilitate co-operation, and a *wise use of ground*.

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The Light groups will from the start be directed on a series of bounds, i.e., defiles, obstacles, and tactical localities: bounds perhaps of 10 to 20 miles. The Armoured Cars, Light Tanks and Cavalry will thus "concertina" forward, being themselves covered by long distance special Armoured Car patrols. Definite objectives (bounds) will be occupied or fought for in succession on a definite plan, and enemy reconnaissance will be blinded, and his covering troops driven in. The co-operation of the R.A.F. will, of course, be of the greatest assistance in obtaining information, and in affording protection and concealment from enemy Aircraft.

The above visualizes an Armoured Force as working by itself, on a distant special mission, i.e., the most difficult case: but it may more often occur that the Armoured Force will be used to make a surprise attack on the enemy's flank when he is already fully engaged with our own Main Forces, this should make the operation considerably easier for the Armoured Striking Force. Some or all of the Light Mobile groups would already have been employed to reconnoitre and cover the advance of our Main Forces until they gained contact; they would then in all probability have been at once dispatched to seize important features and piquet the enemy's flank, or flanks, with a view to cramping his initiative and to prepare as may be desired for the opportune action of the Armoured Striking Force.

On the supposition that some such views as those expressed above are reasonable: What are the essentials as regards organization? Areas will be allotted to Light Mobile groups for reconnaissance and screening; these Light Mobile groups must therefore consist of Armoured Cars, Light Tanks, Cavalry and mechanized Artillery in a comparative proportion to be worked out by experience. Each Armoured Car unit might be provided with a percentage of 'buses carrying Light Mortars and their detachments, also perhaps a platoon of Infantry; these would help greatly in quickly pushing back preliminary resistance encountered which will always tend to crystallize on physical obstacles. Light Mobile Group H.Q. might, as part of its normal organization, have a flight of Light Aeroplanes as

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trailers, the majority of the officers would be able to fly these, or would at any rate be expert air observers. The immense asset that this would be in keeping touch with the forward situation, the ground, and with Force H.Q. it would be difficult to over-estimate. The bounds of Light Mobile Group H.Q. would be at places suitable as landing grounds, of which there would be many in ordinary country.

Will it not be that the visual scope of commanders tied to the ground, with its limited views and restricted methods of communication, will have to be greatly extended? In rôles such as these will it not be the expert with sound knowledge of the control and capabilities of mechanized ground Forces, combined with the wide and comprehensive view of an Airman, that will be required to grasp the "ensemble" in so widely extended an area, in order to make the most of this ever-increasing mobility with its fleeting opportunities? It is assumed, of course, that comparative air security in the area in question would be the responsibility of the R.A.F.

Is it not true that Armoured Fighting vehicles in a mobile offensive rôle are to a very great extent weapons of opportunity? To develop their maximum effect they require a chance of surprise; when handled correctly in relation to the ground and the general situation, their mobility may often enable them to create this opportunity: and, when it has been achieved, their mobility again adds greatly to the effectiveness of their action, which can be carried through before counter measures are possible. It is essential therefore that early and accurate information, and control of a suitable area for mobile concealed manœuvre, should be obtained: but, when opposed to an equally equipped adversary, these can only be secured by a more prompt and skilful use of *Mobility*—made possible by superior *communications*, organization, training, and *Leadership*.

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GYMKHANA RACING AND ITS RESUSCITATION IN QUETTA

By a P.B.G.R. of the P.B.I.

I WILL start this article with an apology for daring to presume to invade the columns of your distinguished JOURNAL. My presumption savours of impertinence for, as every reader of your JOURNAL no doubt knows, the last letter of my *nom-de-plume* stands for Infantry. Further explanation of the mystic letters is, I feel, unnecessary.

I have a second apology to offer, namely, that this article may savour of propaganda. I state, without apology, that taking India as a whole, true gymkhana racing is dead. This statement is open to correction; it may start some argument in the messes and bars in India. If such argument bears fruit and results in the introduction of the true gymkhana spirit (as I understand it) into racing in other stations in India, I shall not be disappointed. If it does not, I shall not be surprised.

My readers, if any, are now justified in demanding my definition of true gymkhana racing. I will do my best to satisfy their natural curiosity, taking racing in Quetta as my example.

In 1927 Race Meetings, advertised as Gymkhana Meetings, and numbered progressively from one to four, were held in Quetta during the interval between the bigger Spring and Autumn Meetings. These Gymkhana Meetings were open to racing stables, of which there were three present in Quetta. The trainers naturally seized the opportunity offered of galloping their horses in the atmosphere of a Race Meeting. I do not blame them; in fact, I would label them damfools if they had failed to do so.

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I have no desire to convey the impression that racing stables are unwelcome in Quetta. No one admires a genuine race-horse more than I do, and I give full marks to the trainer who produces its form. My contention is merely this : that genuine trials for racing stables in realistic surroundings do not constitute true Gymkhana Racing, which is essentially an amateur sport. In fact, in my opinion, a Gymkhana Race prospectus belies its title if it fails to cater, primarily, for the amateur—both horse and rider.

The result—the inevitable result—of filling the race-card with racehorses in 1927 was to rule out the average officer's charger by reason of lack of pace, and the average officer as a G.R., except over jumps, by reason of weight. In fact, the Gymkhana Race prospectus belied its title. I would again emphasize that true Gymkhana Racing must cater for the amateur rider no less than for the amateur horse.

At this stage, if he's reached it, the Honorary Secretary of some Cantonment Race Club will no doubt wring his hands and declaim to the world : " It's all very well for this P.B.G.R. of the P.B.I. to talk, but what about my P.B. entries ? " Read on.

In 1928 Quetta found itself devoid of racing stables, except the Khan of Kalat's. The Spring and Autumn Meetings fell through, but six Gymkhana Meetings were held. I take one at random. Excluding Zamindars' Races, of which there were two, the card contains five races and sixteen starters; in two of the races there were only two starters (one of these was a race for dismounted officers' chargers. Well done the P.B.I.). Of these sixteen starters only twelve belonged to officers. I have not picked my meeting; some were slightly better; others were even worse.

Naturally the public refused to waste money on seeing a couple of horses gallop in procession. The financial position of the Race Club went from bad to worse as a result. In fact, racing in Quetta was apparently dead, and no one but the seemingly unpractical optimist could visualize any revival in the future.

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We now come to 1929; a dismal prospect in all conscience. Some of the material existed. The course itself, looking somewhat neglected but in fair condition owing to having been galloped over so little during the last season. The grand-stand, standing up because so few had sat in it for so long. And, last but by no means least, an energetic Honorary Secretary and Committee determined to do or die in a final effort to reintroduce racing as a popular sport in Quetta.

The disadvantages were there, too. A financial deficit; a complete absence of "obvious" entries; these were two fairly important ones. In addition there was the habit of lack of interest cultivated by the public and the lethargy of officer owners. All these disadvantages were overcome.

The difficulty of the financial deficit was met in two ways. The W.I.T.C. made a generous and final contribution towards the setting of Quetta racing on its feet. The astute Committee devised a scheme of attracting the public by the wily expedient of putting the cart before the horse. It guaranteed the holding of seven Gymkhana Meetings during 1929, and announced the entrance fee per Meeting as Rs. 4 per man and Rs. 3 per lady. It then dangled its bait in the form of season tickets for Messes. The cost of these was assessed according to the size of the Mess, an Indian Infantry Battalion Mess being assessed at Rs. 100 for the season, roughly Rs. 10 per Mess member; wives of members were included. The public sportingly faced the risk of another season of a travesty of racing and fell in with the scheme.

The sale of season tickets amassed Rs. 3,500, sufficient, with the generous donation from the W.I.T.C., to place the finances in order. Moreover, it ensured a good attendance at the Meetings, for human nature being what it is, all the subscribers were fairly certain to attend at least three Meetings in order to be able to show a profit on the deal. Thus were solved the financial aspect of the problem and the problem of "drawing the public."

There remained the more difficult problem of filling the card. Of last year's runners, excluding the Khan of Kalat's stable, polo ponies and Zamindars' horses, there remained only six in the Station. Seven horses were available from the Khan's

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stable. It looked like a confidence trick, with the gullible public as the victim. Appearances proved deceptive.

The energetic Honorary Secretary, together with some of the Committee, got to work canvassing for entries; an expensive amusement, carried out mainly in the precincts of the Club Bar. Their efforts achieved the success they deserved. The results, in the form of eighty horses, were brought down in varying states of decrepitude for classification before the first Meeting. I attended that classification. It was an education.

There were young horses and there were horses whose age was problematical owing to loss of teeth; there were animals pig-fat and chronic debility cases; horses that looked as if they could gallop all day and horses that promised to be benighted on the course if asked to do more than four furlongs; horses and tats; officers' chargers and animals which had no right to such a title. There was in fact a variety not exceeded in a box of Rowntree's chocolates.

To bring them together by weight was an impossibility. To classify them in twenty divisions would have been an absurdity. To classify them in three divisions and bring them together by means of distance handicaps was a miracle. The miracle was achieved.

The first Meeting, with seven races on the card, produced fifty-eight starters, close finishes, open betting and a large and enthusiastic public.

The seven Meetings guaranteed have been held, and every one has proved a success. I will not bore you with statistical detail of each one. Suffice it to say that, during the season, one hundred and forty horses have come under the starter's orders, the good average of the first Meeting has been maintained, and the public will, I know, be the first to admit that it has had more than its full money's worth.

A few further points contributing to the popularity and success of these Gymkhana Meetings in Quetta this season are, I think, worthy of mention. First, there is the question of distance handicapping, which has been the order as the general rule. There has been some controversy on the subject, and I

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frankly admit that I was a protagonist for gate-starts at the beginning of the season. I was wrong; there is no doubt that the adoption of distance handicaps made the sport more popular. In the first place this form of handicap was the only one which gave every horse a sporting chance. Secondly, and a more important point, it enabled the average owner to ride his own horse, which is what the average owner wants. Occasionally, as a form of variety when the horses could be brought together on weight, a gate-start was run, bottom weight being about 9 stone 7.

While on the subject, I would mention that one of the most important officials in Gymkhana Racing is the handicapper. He can make it or ruin it. He has a difficult job, namely, to bring horses together on a variety of form and a variety of weight. The measure of success attained in Quetta this season may be gauged by the fact that only nine regular runners have been unplaced.

The distance of the races considerably influenced the fullness of the entry. Long races are not suitable for horses whose main duties are those required of an officer's charger; the owner has neither the time nor the opportunity to train them up to the required standard. Hence the "standard" races were four and five-furlong for third division horses, and from five to nine-furlong for the first and second divisions. A hurdle race and a Zamindars' race were included in each prospectus, and two polo scurries were run during the season.

As the season progressed winning stakes have been increased from an all-round figure of Rs. 50 to Rs. 90 for hurdle races and Rs. 75 for flat races. The entrance fee remained at the modest figure of Rs. 3, except for a short period when the winning stakes remained at Rs. 50 and the entrance fee was reduced to Rs. 2.

I have one other point to mention while on the subject of stakes. It may seem a small one, but it is, from the point of view of the Gymkhana spirit, not without significance. In every race-card the following notice appeared: "Stakes: owners of winning and placed horses have the option of taking

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the stakes or, winner a silver cup or a tankard and the balance in stakes; second a tankard and Rs. 10; third a tankard." It may seem strange, but is nevertheless a fact, that many owners prefer racing for a cup rather than for filthy lucre. Personally I preferred the tankard and the balance in stakes as providing the most comprehensive means for celebration. While on this subject I would mention that, during the season, ten cups were privately presented.

No article on the current season in Quetta would be complete without mention of the sportsmanlike attitude adopted by the Khan of Kalat, the owner of the solitary racing stable in Quetta. He has, except in two invitation races confined to his stable, refrained from entering his best horses. As regards the others he has accepted the handicapper's valuation of his horses (which usually resulted in their being placed on the scratch mark) in good grace. He has entered his horses regularly, and during the season has, in open races, won on only two occasions and been placed on five. He has consented to the riding of his horses by G.R's. selected by the Honorary Secretary. The presence of a racing stable in a Station need not kill the possibility of true Gymkhana Racing, so long as the trainer or owner is prepared to play up and give his support to the amateur spirit.

In the early stages of this article I promised the reader my definition of true Gymkhana Racing. I hope I have made it clear.

Summarized I would describe it as a genuine amateur sport. It is racing in which the ordinary officer's charger can compete and in which the owner, if he be so minded, can ride. It is racing in which the public get their full enjoyment in seeing their friends' capacity (or otherwise) in the saddle. It is racing in which the horse goes as fast and as straight as nature will let him and the rider can push him. Finally, it is a sport designed to encourage the young officer, who does not play polo, to own a horse and to take an interest in it.

I would like to stress this last point for the benefit of those (and their name is legion) to whom racing is anathema. It is a lamentable fact that horse-ownership in India is decreasing,

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and that many officers, whose military duties demand the upkeep of a horse, look upon the noble animal as "something-to-carry-me-on-parade-and-I-hope-to-goodness-it-won't-shy." Its feeding and its exercise are a sealed book to him. Its condition is entrusted to a syce, whose industry and honesty is likely to be governed by his master's lack of interest.

If one asks the reason for this criminal neglect, the answer will probably run on these lines: "Well, you see; I don't play polo and hacking bores me; so what is the good of a horse to me any way?"

This is the man to catch. The polo-player is better engaged, and I can assure the reader that true Gymkhana Racing does not take a man away from polo. The trouble with our uninterested owner may be that he cannot control his horse, in which case he will welcome the opportunity of gaining merit by bolting round the race-course faster than others can.

Eventually, however, he'll learn that there is a great deal more in racing than uncontrolled bolting. He will begin to take an interest in stable-management and horse-mastership. He will, in fact, be keen on his horse, and that will mean one more reactionary welcomed back in this motorized age.

This contention has received definite proof during this season in Quetta. Earlier in this article I cruelly ridiculed the first classification. By the end of the season those same horses had improved out of all knowledge, both in condition and performance. So had their riders. The time of third division races has improved by a second a furlong in the course of the season.

I feel that all the readers of your JOURNAL will agree that anything which encourages horse-ownership and horse-mastership deserves encouragement. True Gymkhana Racing does this, moreover it draws the public and gets it keen too. It was introduced in Quetta in circumstances which could not have been more adverse; and it has flourished beyond the expectations of its most sanguine supporter.

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GENERAL SIR EDWARD KERRISON, Bart., K.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel 14th Hussars.

By Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.

Born in 1774 at Hoxne Hall, near Bungay, in Suffolk, young Kerrison had early made up his mind to adopt the profession of arms, and, while still little more than a boy, he joined the army, enlisting in a regiment which at the time was quartered in the neighbourhood of his home. At the end of six months his father bought him a commission in the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, the date of his cornetcy being the 23rd June, 1796. He became lieutenant on the 1st February, 1798, and then, the prospects of active service with his regiment appearing to be anything but good, since the Inniskillings had returned from the campaign in Germany just before young Kerrison joined, he now determined to try his fortune in the infantry, and the *London Gazette* of the 21st October of this year contains the following announcement: "47th Regiment of Foot, Lieutenant Edward Kerrison, from the 6th Dragoons, to be Captain, by Purchase, *vice* Cuming promoted."

Here again, however, the opportunity of soldiering of an exciting character in his new regiment must have appeared equally remote, for the 47th was at this time in the West Indies, where at that date the garrison of those islands had nothing to contend with but the climate, though that was certainly sufficiently deadly. On the 13th of November then, Captain Kerrison exchanged to the 7th Light Dragoons with a Captain Corbet, and with this regiment the whole of the remainder of his regimental service was now to be passed.

Kerrison must have joined the 7th in the "New Cavalry

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Barracks" at Romford, and arrived too in ample time to take part in the expedition of the following year to the Helder, the object of which was stated to be the reconquest from the French of Holland north of the Waal, and the restoration of its independence under the House of Orange. But the 7th Light Dragoons were not included in the original force which proceeded thither under General Abercromby, but they sailed with the very considerable reinforcements which were dispatched under the Duke of York in September, 1799, and, on arrival, made up a Cavalry Brigade containing the 7th and 11th Light Dragoons, a detachment of the 18th Light Dragoons and a troop of Horse Artillery.

The 7th—and Captain Kerrison with them— were in action very shortly after landing, being engaged on the 19th September in the attack on the position held by the French forces under General Brune, and again in the action of Egmont-op-Zee on the 2nd October, and that in front of the enemy position at Beverwyk on the 6th. Of this action Fortescue tells us that the French having driven back our Russian allies and captured their guns, were following them up "keenly on the western road, until a small party of British horse, apparently of the 7th Light Dragoons under Lord Paget, crashed in upon their left flank from an ambush in the dunes and sent them galloping back in wild confusion upon the French infantry. The effect of this unexpected charge of a few score of resolute men was astonishing."

When a few days later an armistice was arranged and a convention agreed to, under which it was stipulated that the British should evacuate the country by the 30th November, the 7th Light Dragoons came home, and in 1805 were converted into Hussars, though it does not appear to have been until December, 1807, that the necessary alteration was made in the dress of the Regiment.

In the meantime Captain Kerrison had gained two steps in rank, becoming major on the 12th May, 1803, and lieutenant-colonel (second in command) on the 4th April, 1805—within little more than nine years since date of first appointment!

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In August, 1808, the battles of Rolica and Vimiera had been fought in Portugal, and the Convention of Cintra had been signed; and then in the month of October certain reinforcements were sent to the Peninsula under General Baird, and included in these were three regiments of cavalry, one of which was the 7th Hussars. Landing in November at Corunna, the Cavalry Brigade was pushed forward towards Salamanca to join the army advancing from Portugal under Sir John Moore; but the approach of Napoleon made it necessary for the armies of Moore and Baird to fall back upon Corunna, the retrograde movement being concealed by the offensive action of the cavalry patrols. On the morning of the 25th December a squadron of the 7th Hussars, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Kerrison, advanced towards Carrion and came in contact with a French force of equal strength.

The story is thus told: "Each party drew up in order to charge, when the two officers singled each other out. The Frenchman made point at Colonel Kerrison, which by a skilful management of his horse, he avoided, although his jacket was torn by the blade; and, in the same moment, he gave his antagonist so severe a blow with his sabre across the forehead as to bring them both from their horses, the Frenchman from the violence of the stroke and Colonel Kerrison from the violence of action. The men in the meantime had been warmly engaged in a slashing conflict, hand to hand; but the French now fled, leaving three dead on the field and five prisoners behind them. The Colonel's men now came to his assistance, when on raising him up they found his arm had been broken by a blow given by his adversary with the hilt of his sword; but the French officer lay dead beside him."

Thus incapacitated, it is unlikely that Colonel Kerrison can have taken any further active part in this campaign, but he embarked with his regiment in January, 1809, the regiment having on landing in England only some 70 horses left of the 751 taken to Spain no more than five months previously.

It was not until the autumn of 1813, when Portugal had been wholly, and Spain partially cleared of the French, that the

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GENERAL SIR EDWARD KERRISON, BARONET,
G.C.H., K.C.B.
Colonel of the 14th (King's) Light Dragoons
1830-1853

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

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7th Hussars, and Colonel Kerrison with them—he had been promoted full colonel on the 13th June of this year—were ordered to re-embark for the Peninsula, landing about Bilbao in August and September, and joining the Hussar Brigade under Lord Edward Somerset. At the end of November Colonel Vivian, commanding the 7th, was promoted to the command of a Brigade and Colonel Kerrison assumed command of the 7th Hussars, leading it during the rest of the campaign and that which was to follow in Flanders. He was at the head of the Regiment at the passage of the Gave d'Oleron, at the action of Sauveterre, at the battle of Orthes, where the 7th made two charges, taking prisoners in both, and at the final battle of Toulouse. Of the behaviour of the 7th at Orthes, Wellington wrote in his despatch: "The 7th Hussars distinguished themselves upon this occasion, and made many prisoners."

The war in the Peninsula at an end, the 7th Hussars returned to England, and it is said that when, during the Hundred Days Napoleon returned to France, Colonel Kerrison visited him at the Tuileries and had some conversation with him.

When war again broke out Colonel Kerrison proceeded to Belgium in command of three squadrons of the 7th, which, on arrival, joined the brigade under Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant, containing also the 15th Hussars and the 2nd Hussars of the King's German Legion. The 7th was engaged at Quatre Bras on the 16th June and at Waterloo on the 18th, and in this last battle Colonel Kerrison was severely wounded in the leg and his horse killed under him by the same round shot which wounded the Marquis of Anglesey. Colonel Kerrison, however, mounted another horse and continued to exercise command until the end of the battle, when he was removed to Brussels for medical treatment. Although to the end of his life he never regained his full walking powers, he was able to rejoin the army and was present at the siege of Cambrai and at the surrender of Paris.

For his services in the Peninsula War and in the Flanders Campaign Colonel Kerrison received the Gold Medal for

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Orthes, and the Military General Service Medal with clasps for Sahagun, Benevente and Toulouse, and for Waterloo the Medal and C.B.; while on the 5th January, 1816, he was accorded the honour of Knighthood. He was also the recipient of two very handsome pieces of plate from his brother officers of the 7th Hussars—the one a piece of plate of the value of 200 guineas and the other a gold cup.

Colonel Sir E. Kerrison was promoted major-general on the 13th August, 1819, was created a baronet on the 27th July, 1821, was appointed colonel of the 14th Light Dragoons on the 18th June, 1830, became lieutenant-general on the 10th January, 1837, and was promoted general on the 11th November, 1851. He received the G.C.H. in 1831, and the K.C.B. in 1840, and in investing him with the former order King George IV addressed him as follows:—

"Remember, my good fellow, that we are old acquaintances, and that your merits and conduct on all occasions in your profession have been observed by me, and it gives me as much pleasure to hand you these marks of my esteem as it can give you to receive them. You can write to your father and say I placed them on you with my own hands."

From 1812 to 1818 General Kerrison was member of Parliament for Shaftesbury, from 1818 to 1824 for Northampton, and from 1824 to 1852 for Eye.

During his military service Sir Edward had broken both arms, both legs, a collar bone and other bones, but the only one of these injuries which in any way permanently disabled him was the leg wounded at Waterloo; this contracted and rendered him henceforth unfit for active service in the field. These disabilities did not, however, prevent him from continuing to serve his country in other ways, and he found a vent for his energy in encouraging the Yeomanry movement in the eastern counties, where was his home; for twenty years (from 1830 to 1850) he commanded the Norfolk and Suffolk Borderers Yeomanry Cavalry.

Sir Edward Kerrison had married in 1813, Mary, daughter of Alexander Ellice, of Pittencriffe, Fife, and when he died on

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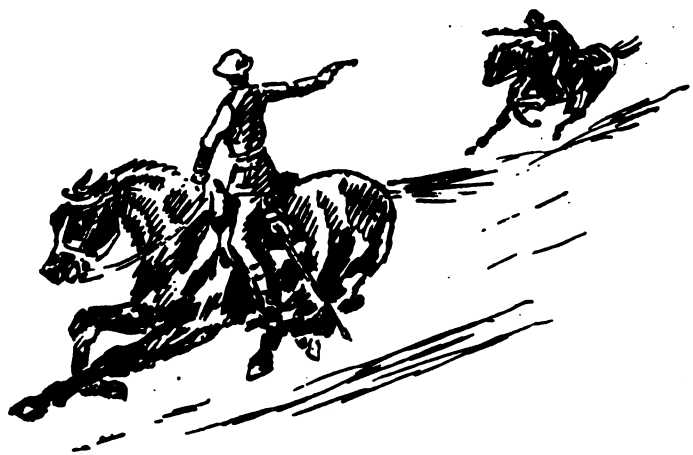
the 9th March, 1853, he left behind him a son and three daughters. In the "United Service Gazette" of the 12th March the following tribute was paid to his memory: "Among the many followers of that great Chief whom we have lately lost, there was none more deeply impressed with the genius or more zealous to carry out the instructions of the Duke of Wellington than he on whom the grave has so shortly afterwards closed. He served his country long, faithfully and truly, and none who have ever known him will think there is any exaggeration in declaring that his warmth of heart, his genuine sympathy, and his ever-flowing benevolence of character, made him no less beloved in his private than respected in his public life."



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THE OSTLER'S STORY

By Captain C. H. Trehane

'Twas summat like three years ago
The end 'o last November,
When all our 'opes was centred on
The Master's 'orse "Suspender."

It weren't no or-din-ary race,
An' that it weren't, begad,
For Master'd bet is blinkin' soul,
'Is shirt an' all 'e 'ad.

A Country 'Andicap it were,
With just two 'osses in it:
"Suspender"—as I says afore—
An' that there 'orse "The Linnet."

Uv all them other runners—well,
We weren't afeared o' they,
But when I 'eard abaht *that* one
Me poor old 'air turned grey.

If that there race were goin' to make
Me poor young master rich,
'Twas pretty clear I'd got to queer
The other fella's pitch.

'Twas in the paddock that I got
Me opportunity;
"The Linnet" stood, quite by 'isself,
Way underneath a tree.

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"Look 'ere," I tells the bright young lad
As 'eld the 'orse's 'ead,
"Yer girth wants 'itchin' up an 'ole,
Wait 'alf a tick," I said.

An' slipped me 'and up underneath
The rug—an' did the trick!
'E never guessed an' no one saw.
I 'opped it pretty quick.

I 'id meself amongst the crowd
An' waited for the start;
Me 'and was shaking like a leaf,
I nearly died o' 'eart!

An' then—"They're off!" I 'eard 'em shout,
An' like a bloomin' ghost
I crept along an' took me stand
Beside the winning post.

"The Linnet" beat us. 'Alf a length.
(The Missus nearly died)
An' then—would you believe it, sir?
'E was disqualified!

'Is weight was short. It seemed as 'ow
'Is saddle cloth 'ad burst.
An' as 'e'd dropped 'bout 'alf 'is lead
They placed "Suspender" first.

. . . . .

You ask me 'ow it 'appened, sir?
You 'aven't guessed? He! He!
Well, someone wiv a little knife
'Ad slit 'is weight-cloth—see?
I never said a blinkin' word . . .
There ain't no flies on me!

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ELEMENTARY SKETCHING FOR THE TROOP OFFICER AND SECTION LEADER.

By Captain H. B. Ellis, M.M., 15th Lancers.

I have often heard it said by young officers when discussing sketching that they could never draw a sketch even if they lived to the age of a hundred years.

My answer to this, and I have proved it on several occasions, is that in the majority of cases their inability to do so is due to one of two things.

1. They have never been shown how to sketch.
2. They have never seriously tried.

The object of this short article is to place before those who want to be able to sketch, a clear and easy system of producing small sketches, which would be a useful adjunct to a message or report in the field.

The word perspective is a bugbear not only to military officers but to art students as well, but there is very little difficulty in it, especially as far as military sketching is concerned.

Before laying out my syllabus for the practical work, I will try and make clear all that is necessary to know as regards perspective for military sketching.

There are two broad principles to be mastered, after which quite intelligent sketches can be produced by persons who are not gifted artists, provided they make an effort.

Perspective is the art of representing the 3 dimensions on a plane surface, i.e., length, breadth and thickness.

The two principles in obtaining this are :—

1. To understand what is meant by vanishing point.
2. The simple treatment of drawing objects.

The vanishing point is the point in the landscape where all parallel lines running away from you appear to meet.

The vanishing point is on the eye level, all lines above the eye level come down and terminate at the vanishing point, and all lines below the eye level rise up to the vanishing point.

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In illustration No. 1 note that the vanishing point is on the eye level and that a line forming the tops of the trees on the left of the road comes down to the vanishing point. A line drawn through the bottom edge of the foliage of the same trees meets the top line at the vanishing point. Again, a line drawn at the bottom of the trunks comes up and meets the other lines at the vanishing point. The same thing happens on the other side of the road with the telegraph poles, also the lines of the roof and wall of the small hut meet at the vanishing point.

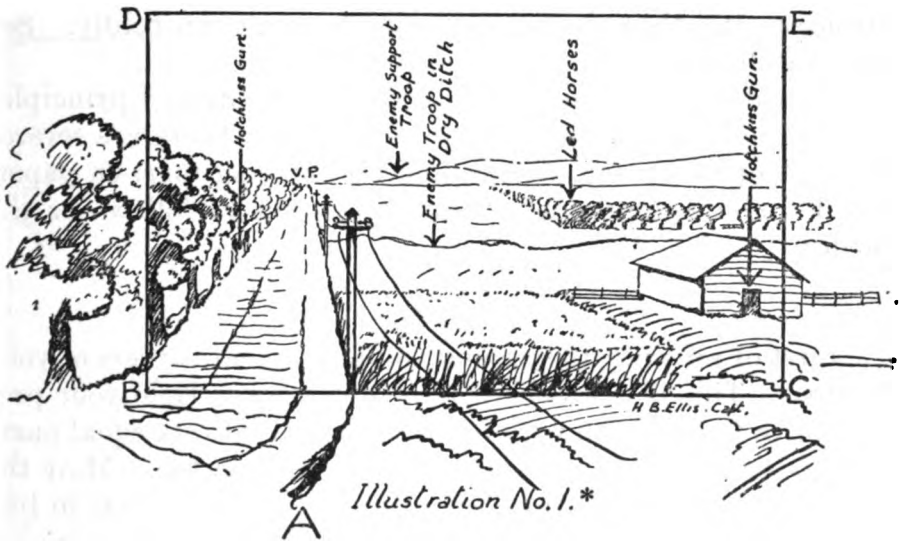

Illustration No. 1.*

Remember this principle as regards the vanishing point and you will be more than half-way to executing panorama drawings.

Now a few words about the other principle.

If you draw a tree, or a house, etc., in the immediate foreground, say, 2 inches high, a tree or house 200 yards further away would be drawn smaller, 300 yards smaller still until a tree at the vanishing point the same size would disappear altogether. Note this in illustration No. 1.

Objects.—Draw them broadly, omit all unnecessary detail.

Supposing we are standing on the inside of a window looking at the scenery outside, keep perfectly still and trace what you

* Illustration No. 1 was completed before the Hotchkiss Gun was abolished in the Cavalry.

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see on the window with a piece of soap. By doing this we represent the scenery on a flat plane, and really have executed a panorama drawing.

You proceed the same way when you are doing your sketch, only what you see is put on to paper instead of the glass of the window.

I said above that objects become smaller as they recede away towards the vanishing point. This principle also applies to your technique. Objects drawn in the far distance are executed very lightly, those in the middle distance are produced a little stronger, and those in the foreground are drawn boldly. See illustration No. 1.

Provided you remember the two above-mentioned principles you can now start to produce your sketch. There are several methods of measuring objects, and reproducing them on paper, but I find the following system the easiest to follow for the novice.

Procedure.

First of all study the ground and fix the four corners of your picture. This is best done with a protractor. Hold your protractor in front of you with the side divided into six equal parts of 1 inch facing you, and with the inch scale on top. Move the protractor to or away from you until the two ends come in line with the objects on the ground which are to form the edges of your drawing, i.e., line B D and line C E in illustration No. 1. Having got this, pass a piece of string through the two holes of the protractor, and tie it so that it will reach from the protractor to your mouth, where you hold it between the teeth keeping the protractor at a uniform distance from your eyes.

Now select a starting point, anything will do (a house, tree, bridge, etc.) and sketch it roughly on your paper.

For instance, supposing we are about to sketch the landscape shown in illustration No. 1. We are standing at A and hold the protractor as explained above. The lower edge of the protractor will form the base line B C. We then note that the vanishing point at the far end of the road appears on the top

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edge of the protractor exactly 1½ inches from its left edge. We know the protractor to be 2 inches in width, therefore a dot will be marked on our paper 2 inches from the bottom edge and 1½ inches from the left edge. This dot defines the far end of the road shown as H on illustration No. 2.

Now turn the protractor upright placing the bottom corner on point B in the landscape. We now note that the top of the nearest tree on the left of the road measures on our protractor about 2¼ inches from B. Now define the top of this tree on your paper 2¼ inches above B shown as I on illustration No. 2.

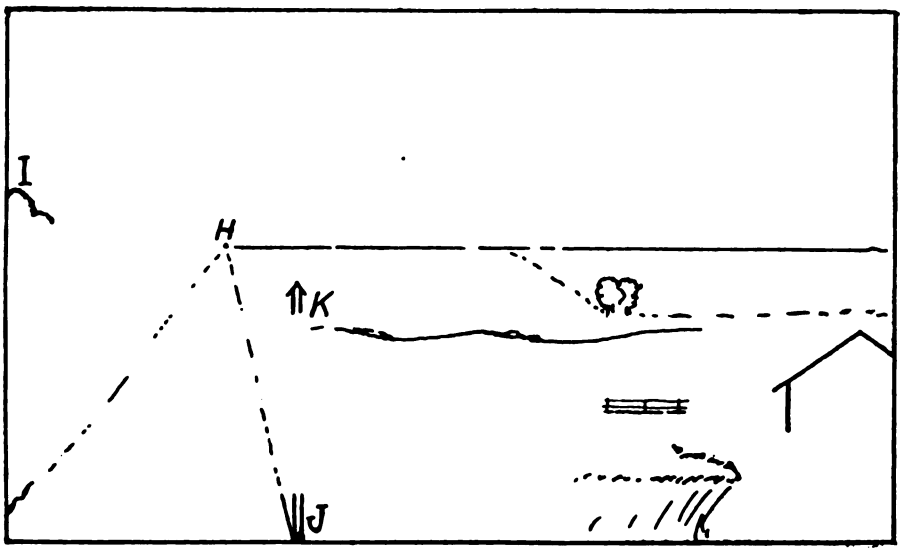

Illustration No. 2

Turning the protractor round to its original position, we note that the right side of the road and the bottom of the nearest telegraph pole cuts the base line at 2 inches from B which we mark on our paper at J. It is also noticed that the left side of the road appears at the bottom left corner of our protractor, so we sketch in a small line at B, as shown in illustration No. 2. We now note that the foot of the hills appears just along the top edge of the protractor, running from the far end of the road direct to the right. Now fill this line in on your paper. Turning the protractor round we note that the near telegraph pole is

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1¾ inches long, therefore mark the top of the pole on your paper 1¾ inches from the bottom edge, shown as K in the illustration.

Measure off other prominent objects in the same way until on your paper you have sketched the illustration No. 2. Then lightly connect the various points together as you see them in the landscape until your sketch resembles illustration No. 3.

You now proceed to complete your picture until it resembles illustration No. 1.

The foreground should be filled in with strong definite lines: the middle distance completed with less definite lines: the far

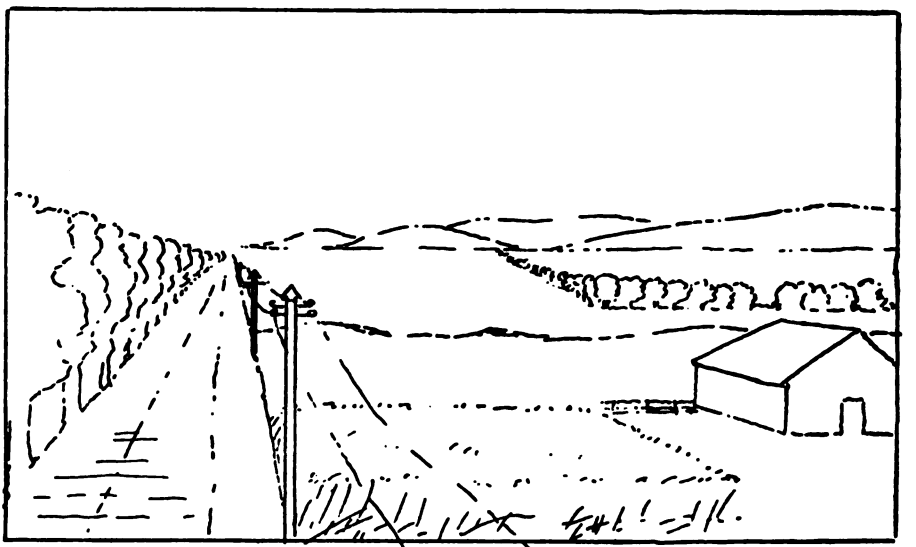

Illustration No. 3.

distance remaining as a very lightly drawn line.

Having finished your sketch, fill in the enemy position as shown in illustration No. 1.

The whole sketch now being completed you should add your map reference, and title such as: sketch of enemy position looking south from fifth milestone. Muzaffarpur—Pusa Road, Reference 1″ O.S. Map No. 72.

After you have completed a few sketches with the aid of a protractor you will find that you will be able to fill in objects without its use, and in time dispense with it entirely.

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AN EARLY INDIAN EQUITATION SCHOOL

By Major Hon. R. A. Addington

It is curious to consider that more than 100 years ago in India, it was in the Madras Presidency that the best chance of seeing active service was to be found, and therefore that to the Madras Army were attracted many of the most ambitious of the cadets who annually circumnavigated the Cape to seek their fortunes under the ægis of the Company Bahadur.

The constant campaigning in the South of India towards the close of the eighteenth century had brought together there a galaxy of talented soldiers. To mention but a few. Of the King's Service there were Sir David Baird, Sir John Floyd and Sir Arthur Wellesley; and of the Company's Service, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Thomas Dallas, James Stevenson, Sir Barry Close, Sir John Doveton. All of these officers of the Coast Army were destined to figure largely in the military history of the next few years.*

Readers of the Cavalry Journal will be familiar with the name of John Floyd, a sketch of whose career was published in these columns in April, 1927. Just as Sir D. Baird was one of the finest of regimental infantry officers, so Floyd had specialized in perfecting his regiment in every detail of interior economy. During his distinguished career in India with the 19th Light Dragoons, he had a big share in forming the native cavalry. N.C.O's. from his regiment were attached to native cavalry regiments in Madras, Bombay and Bengal, and he himself inspected and reported on the regiments of Madras Cavalry. For this work he was exceedingly well-qualified because he had studied equitation in all its branches since he was fourteen years old, first under Sir J. Elliott and then under

* None of these officers rose through influence. They had landed on the coast as impecunious cadets with only their swords to help them. Yet two rose to be Governors of Provinces, and all the others attained distinction.

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Lord Pembroke, both of whom were past masters in their profession.

Floyd's inspection report on the four regiments of Madras Native Cavalry, dated 28th November, 1797, makes very interesting reading, and is so vivid it might have been written yesterday. After inspecting all the regiments (he took five days over one unit) he drew up a comprehensive report on Native Cavalry in general in which he says that although amongst the British and Native ranks some good self-taught horsemen were to be found, yet there were also some very bad horsemen and moreover a great lack of uniformity prevailed. To remedy this he recommended a proper instructional riding staff to be appointed in each regiment and offered himself to instruct in his own system, twice a week for six months, at Trichinopoly a class composed of one British officer and one rough rider from each regiment. His aim would be not only to instruct students but to show them how to instruct others.

Accordingly one Native riding master and twelve rough riders were appointed in each regiment, and in April, 1798, the riding master and two rough riders from each regiment assembled at Trichinopoly for instruction. Major H. Strachan, of the 6th Native Cavalry, who was Floyd's Brigade Major, assisted General Floyd probably as interpreter. The course continued till December, 1798.

This appears to have been the earliest attempt in India at an equitation school, and that it was a success is shown by the fact that a few years later in November, 1805, Lieutenant-Colonel James Kennedy (now commanding Floyd's old regiment) put forward a very similar scheme, but on a more elaborate scale. He was a great advocate of uniformity throughout the cavalry line, both for field manœuvre and for general discipline. This he thought could best be attained by holding a course of instruction at Arcot for detachments drawn from every regiment. Each unit was to send 1 Indian Officer, 1 havildar, 1 naik and 6 privates from each troop in the regiment. Thus from each regiment the full quota would be 2 B.O's., 1 trumpeter, 6 Indian Officers, 6 havildars, 6 naiks and 36 privates.

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19th LIGHT DRAGOONS—1803

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It was hoped in this way to disseminate throughout the regiment the knowledge acquired during the course. One of the B.O's. sent by each unit was to be the Adjutant. A troop of the 19th Light Dragoons was attached to the course, no doubt as a demonstration troop, and Captain Lawrence Neville, the Riding Master of that regiment was to be instructor. He had just spent several years in England and had returned to India with a great reputation as an equitation instructor. Six months was to be the duration of the course, and they were to have the use of a fine new covered riding school that had just been erected at a cost of Rs.15,000.

In May, 1806, these detachments duly foregathered at Arcot, some having marched from as far as Secunderabad, and thus it came about that on the 10th July following, there was a force of cavalry at hand when the mutiny of the coast sepoys broke out at Vellore.

The story has often been told how Colonel Gillespie galloped the eighteen miles from Arcot to Vellore with one squadron of the 19th Light Dragoons and the remainder of the regiment and native cavalry details following with the galloper guns thundering behind them. He found a few survivors* of the 69th Foot gathered over the gateway of the fort. The poor fellows had only had six rounds per man to begin with and this was all spent, when Gillespie arrived, blew in the gate of the fort with a galloper gun and cut up the mutineers to the number of about 500 men.

The suppression of the mutiny had greatly interfered with the work of this course, which finally came to a close in October, 1806, when Neville embarked with his regiment for England. He wrote a book on his system of instruction. Government bought this book for Rs.1,200 and had it printed and made it the text book for the Madras Cavalry. It was still in use

* Sergt. Brady commanded the little party. By an extraordinary freak of fortune he had served with Gillespie some years before in Jamaica, where the latter had enjoyed a reputation for reckless courage. Judge of his amazement on looking up, to see him at Vellore when death was staring them in the face. " If Colonel Gillespie be alive " he cried, " God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East."

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as late as 1827. Among the students on this course was Lieutenant John Moore, Adjutant, 1st Light Cavalry, whose jumping feat and death, on 9th July, 1807, was noticed in an article in this JOURNAL for January, 1927. It may well be that his charger had been trained to such excellence under Neville's instruction.

Instances are common of the generosity with which the Company Bahadur treated its native troops. Thus we find that the detachments at this course, drawn from regiments enjoying field service allowances, were permitted to draw them at Arcot, and again all ranks who helped in suppressing the mutiny were given the choice of enhanced pay or enhanced pension. All chose the former.

The reward to Gillespie took the form of appointing him Inspector-General of Cavalry. One of his first acts was to submit a plan for forming a cavalry depot at Arcot (modelled on that at Maidstone), where young officers, recruits and remounts for both King's and Company's cavalry should be trained. Some rough riders from regiments were sent as instructors and the whole was under command of Captain A. H. Davidson, 4th Native Cavalry, who was described by the Inspector-General as having a "perfect knowledge of his profession." Sergeant King, Acting Riding Master of the 22nd Light Dragoons, was appointed Adjutant and Riding Master of the Depot.

The Depot opened in April, 1807, but did not enjoy the confidence of the older officers, who no doubt viewed all innovations with suspicion and even jealousy. Gillespie made a vigorous defence of his scheme, contending that an Adjutant or Riding Master of a regiment had no time adequately to supervise the training of young officers, recruits and remounts even in peace time, and that during war this important duty was completely neglected. But he was unable to compete against prejudice and abhorrence of novelty, and his Depot was abolished in February, 1808, before it had got into its stride, and the splendid covered-in riding school was converted into a hospital.

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GENERAL VON DER MARWITZ

By Captain E. A. James, 48th (S.M.) Divisional Signals, T.A.

The life of General von der Marwitz, who died at his country seat in Pomerania on 28th October last, is of special interest to the British, as for nearly three years of the Great War he served on the British front in France, in the early days in command of a cavalry corps, in 1916 as a corps commander and in 1917-18 as an army commander.

George von der Marwitz, the son of a Pomeranian landowner, was born on 3rd July, 1856, at Klein Nossin, near Stolp, some sixty miles west of Danzig. At the age of nineteen he was gazetted second-lieutenant in the 2nd Guard Uhlan Regiment and promoted to lieutenant in 1884. At this time he took the three-year course at the Kriegs-Akademie (Staff College) which was followed by a tour of staff duty. He received his captaincy in 1889 and in 1891 went to the general staff of the newly-formed 36th Division at Danzig. In the following year he returned to regimental duty as a squadron commander in the 2nd Guard Dragoon Regiment. On promotion to Major in 1894 Marwitz went to the staff of the Guard Corps. He became Lieut.-Col. in 1900 and took command of the 3rd Guard Uhlan Regiment. In 1904 he was promoted to full colonel, and next year was appointed chief-of-staff of the XVIII Army Corps at Frankfurt a/Main. In 1907 he went to Berlin to command the 1st Guard Cavalry Brigade with the rank of General-Major (Brigadier). In 1913 General von der Marwitz was appointed Inspector General of Cavalry.

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When war broke out it was obvious that such an efficient officer with all-round experience would be selected for special employment. On 2nd August, 1914, Marwitz was given command of the II Cavalry Corps, consisting of the 2nd, 4th and 9th Cavalry Divisions. His corps assembled in the concentration area of the Second Army (Bülow) and its rôle was to advance towards the line Charleroi-Brussels-Antwerp, to locate the Belgian Army, and to watch for the arrival of French and British troops. After assisting at Liège by investing the western front, the corps pushed on to the River Gette, and the rapidity of its advance caused a shortage of oats and ammunition. By the 21st August the three cavalry divisions were concentrated about Ath under command of the Second Army, and General von Kluck, commanding the First Army, was complaining of being deprived of army cavalry to cover his south-westerly wheel, as he had had the 2nd Cavalry Division at his disposal for only four days. The following day was historic by being the first occasion of contact between British and Germans when "C" Squadron of the 4th Dragoon Guards exchanged shots with some of the 4th Cuirassiers of the 9th Cavalry Division at Casteau, north-east of Mons.

On 23rd August Marwitz's corps was away to the right on the Scheldt, between Berchem and Pottes, marching on Courtrai. This was strongly at variance with the views of Kluck who wanted the cavalry to cut off the retreat of the British. However, on this day the II Cavalry Corps was placed under the First Army and ordered south on Dénain to intercept the British, who, it was thought would be retreating in a westerly direction. This faulty direction of Marwitz's Corps greatly helped our retirement from Mons to Le Cateau. The German cavalry pushed on southwards and in the morning of 26th August came up against our 4th Division which was holding the left of the Le Cateau position. After making a number of attacks dismounted—without much success—the cavalry were withdrawn and sent through Cambrai to intercept the retreat of the B.E.F. The German higher command could not rid themselves of the persistent belief that the British were retiring

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GENERAL VON DER MARWITZ

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westwards towards Calais and, for the second time, Marwitz was sent away on a wild-goose chase. Later the situation was more correctly appreciated and the cavalry corps was directed south. On 1st September the 4th Cavalry Division was very roughly handled in the famous action of Néry and was of very little use for some time afterwards. On 5th September the 2nd and 9th Divisions crossed the Grand Morin, while the 4th Division was left as part of the First Army right flankguard. The turn of the tide now came and Kluck had hurriedly to withdraw three corps from his southern front to deal with the menace of Manoury on his right. The gap created by this movement was partly filled by Marwitz and he fought a skilful rearguard action against the British during the retreat to the Aisne which was reached on 12th September.

Marwitz was now sent to extend the German right flank in what is known as the "Race to the Sea." His corps fought a number of actions between the Oise and Lens gradually side-slipping northwards covering the successive deployment of German corps arriving from Alsace and Lorraine. At the end of September General von der Marwitz was placed in command of what was probably the largest cavalry force ever assembled under one leader, eight cavalry divisions organized in three corps. Ambitious orders were issued for a large scale cavalry raid by this force and among its tasks was to "block all railways leading from Paris and the Lower Seine and to destroy completely the railways from the Lower Somme and the coastal railways near Abbeville." These operations, almost reminiscent of Genghiz Khan in conception, failed completely. After a short advance the Germans were stopped on the line La Bassée-Bailleul by French cavalry, later reinforced by the arrival of the B.E.F. from the Aisne. Marwitz went back to the II Cavalry Corps which, together with the other German cavalry formations, made a number of unsuccessful attempts to drive back the British at various points between Ypres and the Lys. In this fighting the German cavalry fought dismounted and was engaged chiefly against the Cavalry Corps and the III Corps.

In December, 1914, the German II Cavalry Corps was

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broken up and its commander was appointed to command the new XXXVIII Reserve Corps which was then being formed in South Germany: the divisions of this corps were the first in the German army to be organized on a three regiment basis, that is, they had nine battalions instead of twelve. At the end of January, 1915, Marwitz took his corps to the Eastern Front where it took part in the Winter Battles in Masuria and the unsuccessful fighting for the crossings of the Bobr.

In April, 1915, the Austrians were being hard pressed by Russian attempts to cross the Carpathians. The Germans hurriedly sent three divisions to help their allies, and General von der Marwitz was selected to command this improvised force —known as the Beskiden Corps—and took his H.Q. staff from the XXXVIII Reserve Corps with him. The opening of Mackensen's spring offensive lead to a general retreat of the Russian armies and Marwitz's troops advanced through Przemsyl and Cholm to Brest Litovsk during the summer, and at the end of September settled down to trench warfare near Baranovici.

In November Marwitz returned to the Western Front and took over the VI Corps which was facing the French, astride the Somme, west of Peronne. The only major operation during his command was the capture of Frise from the French III Corps late in January.

Marwitz returned to the Eastern Front in June, 1916, with the VI Corps H.Q. Brusiloff's offensive had completely broken through the Austrian front in Volhynia and, as usual, the Germans had to come to the aid of their weaker allies. General von Linsingen with German troops were sent to the scene, and von der Marwitz was given command of a mixed force in Linsingen's army group which took part in the stubborn battles on the Stochod, east of Kovel, during the summer and autumn. For his services in this campaign Marwitz was given command of an army. He returned to France in December, 1916, and took over the Second Army from General von Gallwitz. This army, after being engaged throughout the Battles of the Somme, was holding the front south of the Somme, where the British

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were about to relieve the French. In March, 1917, the Second Army carried out the operations involved by the execution of what the Germans called the "Alberich" movement, which was the withdrawal of their front between Soissons and Arras to the Hindenburg Line. This withdrawal shortened their line and the First Army was sent away to Rheims on relief by the Second Army.

General von der Marwitz's army had a long period of quiet during the summer of 1917 which was rudely broken on 20th November when General Byng's Third Army delivered its surprise attack west of Cambrai. For several days the Second Army commander had an anxious time, but he, after receiving reinforcements, in his turn surprised the British by his brilliant counter-stroke on 30th November, which was within an ace of being a great strategic success as well as a tactical one.

The winter months were spent in preparing for the great German offensive for which the Second Army's front was shortened by the interpolation of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Armies on the right and left. On 21st March, 1918, von der Marwitz, with thirteen divisions in line and nine in reserve, attacked the British XIX, VII and V Corps, fought its way across the old Somme battlefields, captured Peronne and Albert, and by the end of the month had reached a line from north of Albert to the Avre.

During the summer the Second Army held this front, and on the 8th August von der Marwitz, for the second time, was completely surprised by a secretly prepared British offensive. On this day—described by Ludendorff as "the black day of the German Army"—Rawlinson's Fourth Army delivered an unexpected attack on the German Second Army which met with immediate success. Subsequent events are well known, and the Germans retired eastwards to the imagined security of the Hindenberg Line. Just before the British attacked this system of defence at the end of September General Marwitz was sent to take over the command of the Fifth Army from General von Gallwitz, who had hitherto commanded this army in addition to his army group. The Fifth Army was holding the line at

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Verdun and was opposed by Americans who launched their final offensive almost as soon as the new army commander arrived. In the last month of the war the Fifth Army, putting up a good fight, was gradually driven back towards the frontier.

General von der Marwitz retired after the armistice and lived in Berlin. He married Helene von Kameke, the daughter of a former Prussian Minister for War, in 1881, and leaves eight children.

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INDIAN CAVALRY STANDARDS

By Captain H. Bullock, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.

II.

Though it is strictly correct to say that only four Indian Cavalry *regiments* carry standards to-day, yet there is one other mounted unit which does so: the Bodyguard of H.E. the Governor of Madras. This corps was raised in 1778 and has the battle-honour "Seetabuldee." It must have had standards in the old days but nothing is known about them, and the present flag (Plate III) was presented as recently as March, 1924, by Lord Willingdon, then Governor.

There is no record that the Governor of Bombay's Bodyguard ever possessed standards; but the Governor-General's Bodyguard had them for many years, and carried them in action as late as Mookdee (18th December, 1845). The first stand was presented by Marquess Wellesley in 1800; in 1815 the Countess Loudoun and Moira gave an extra standard for a newly-raised squadron; and two more squadrons were similarly equipped in 1844. None of these flags now exist, which is perhaps due to the effects of the climate of India in general and of Bengal in particular. According to Lord Curzon's *British Government in India*, the tapestry hangings at Government House, Calcutta, needed complete replacement every thirty years; and so it must have been with standards.

Three pre-Mutiny native cavalry standards now hang in the hall of the Commander-in-Chief in India's Simla residence,

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"Snowdon"; and the writer is indebted to H.E. Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood for an opportunity of inspecting them. As to their antecedents nothing is known, but it is believed that they were withdrawn from some arsenal for display at "Snowdon." One is a Royal or First Squadron standard, blue in colour and bearing the Royal Arms; whilst the other two are crimson Second Squadron standards, with the East India Company's arms. They are in a very fair state of preservation, though one has been "split," i.e., only one side of it exists, which has been backed with buckram or some similar stiff material. Their dimensions correspond with those laid down for the Bengal Light Cavalry immediately prior to the Mutiny; and it is probable that they belonged to regiments of that service which broke up during the period 1857-61. As the first and second standards bore no emblem from which the unit which bore them could be distinguished, it is not possible to identify the exact regiment to which these belonged.

The grant of honorary standards or colours was a well-known feature of the East India Company's system of military rewards; and such flags were proudly borne not only by the Company's troops but also by certain King's regiments. It may be appropriate to mention here some of the honorary flags which were in former times awarded to certain Bengal Light Cavalry regiments which have ceased to exist. The B.L.C. were, alas, usually the ringleaders of the Mutiny in their stations.

The old 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry was raised as the 11th of that line, but had been given the place of the former 2nd (which disgraced itself in the First Afghan War and was therefore disbanded) in recognition of its distinguished services before Multan. Like the 1st Scinde Irregular Horse, the 2nd had two honorary standards, one for Lake's campaign and the other for Multan. The latter was a standard captured by Captain Vibart which the regiment was officially permitted to carry. No other particulars of either flag have been traced. The unit led the Mutiny at Cawnpore in 1857, and its remnants later perished in the Terai.

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Plate III. Madras Bodyguard.
Presented by Lord Willingdon, in March, 1924.

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The 3rd B.L.C. had also been granted an honorary standard for services before Delhi under Lake; which, like the Third Colour still carried by the 1st Battalion (Q.V.O. Light Infantry), 7th Rajput Regiment bore the words "Lake" and "Victory."* Some eighty-five troopers of the 3rd B.L.C. played the leading part in the cartridge affair at Meerut, and the regiment led the rebel march on Delhi. Nothing has been traced regarding its honorary standard's fate.

The 6th Bengal Light Cavalry earned an honorary standard for a gallant charge made by three troops of the regiment at Sitabuldee, on 26th November, 1817. This standard was captured by the Sikhs at Chillianwallah in 1849. The jemadar who bore it had secured it to his body as a safeguard,† but was killed; and the havildar-major who attempted to unfasten it from his corpse was attacked by Sikh horsemen, who eventually succeeded in carrying it off. The corps mutinied at Jullundur and its remnants joined the rebels inside Delhi. There is no record to show whether the standard was replaced after Chillianwallah.

The 9th B.L.C. had an honorary standard, and an extra Indian Officer to carry it, for its services in Scinde in 1843-44. A wing of the regiment led the mutiny at Sialkot, and the other wing, which formed part of the movable column under Nicholson, was disarmed by him. About this standard no information has survived.

The standards of the cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent received passing mention in the first article (CAVALRY JOURNAL, October, 1929). Their distinctive appearance will be seen from Plate IV, which depicts a "squadron standard" of the 1st Cavalry H.C., now in the possession of the Royal Deccan Horse, its lineal descendant. The inscriptions and wreath are worked in gold thread, the body colour being green. The motto *Allah-o-Akbar* was a favourite one with the Hyderabad Contingent, for not only is it borne on all existing cavalry standards

*Not the phrase "Lake and Victory," as is erroneously stated in almost all books of reference.

†A common practice.

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of that force, but it is also to be found on the only known pre-Mutiny infantry regimental colour, one of a pre-1854 stand of that battalion which was disbanded a few years ago as the 99th Deccan Infantry.* It is interesting to recall that the cavalry of the Russell Brigade, Hyderabad Contingent, was commanded by a naval officer who had found himself on half-pay after the peace of 1815.†

Of the many Indian regiments of horse and foot which were disbanded during the general reductions of the eighties and nineties, few were more distinguished than the 4th Prince of Wales's Own Madras Light Cavalry, though to-day they are forgotten. Reduced at the end of 1891, an excellent history of the corps had been published in 1877; and from this book many details of their standards may be learnt. The unit was raised in 1785, and for its gallantry at Assaye was granted an honorary standard "With a device properly suited to commemorate that signal and splendid victory"—the phrase is the Governor-General's. In addition, it carried squadron standards, the first set being delivered in February, 1788; they are the earliest Indian cavalry flags of which I have found a record.

The fate, though not the present whereabouts, of some standards of two regiments of Bengal Irregular Cavalry which mutinied in 1857 is known. One standard of the 5th B.I.C. (which mutinied at Bhagalpur and subsequently joined Tantia Topi in Central India) was recaptured by Parke's force at Chota Udaipur on 1st December, 1858; and the standards of the 15th B.I.C. (which had mutinied at Sultanpur and Fyzabad) were retaken by Outram on the 11th March, 1859.

It would be interesting to know whether painted standards were ever issued to Indian Regiments. Flags prepared in this fashion, instead of embroidered ones, were by no means uncommon at the beginning of the last century: for example, two regiments of Light Dragoons, the 23rd and 27th, had

*These colours are now in the possession of the 10/19th Hyderabad Regiment (Russell's).

† I know of no other authentic "Horse Marine"; this one is verified by the Admiralty Librarian.

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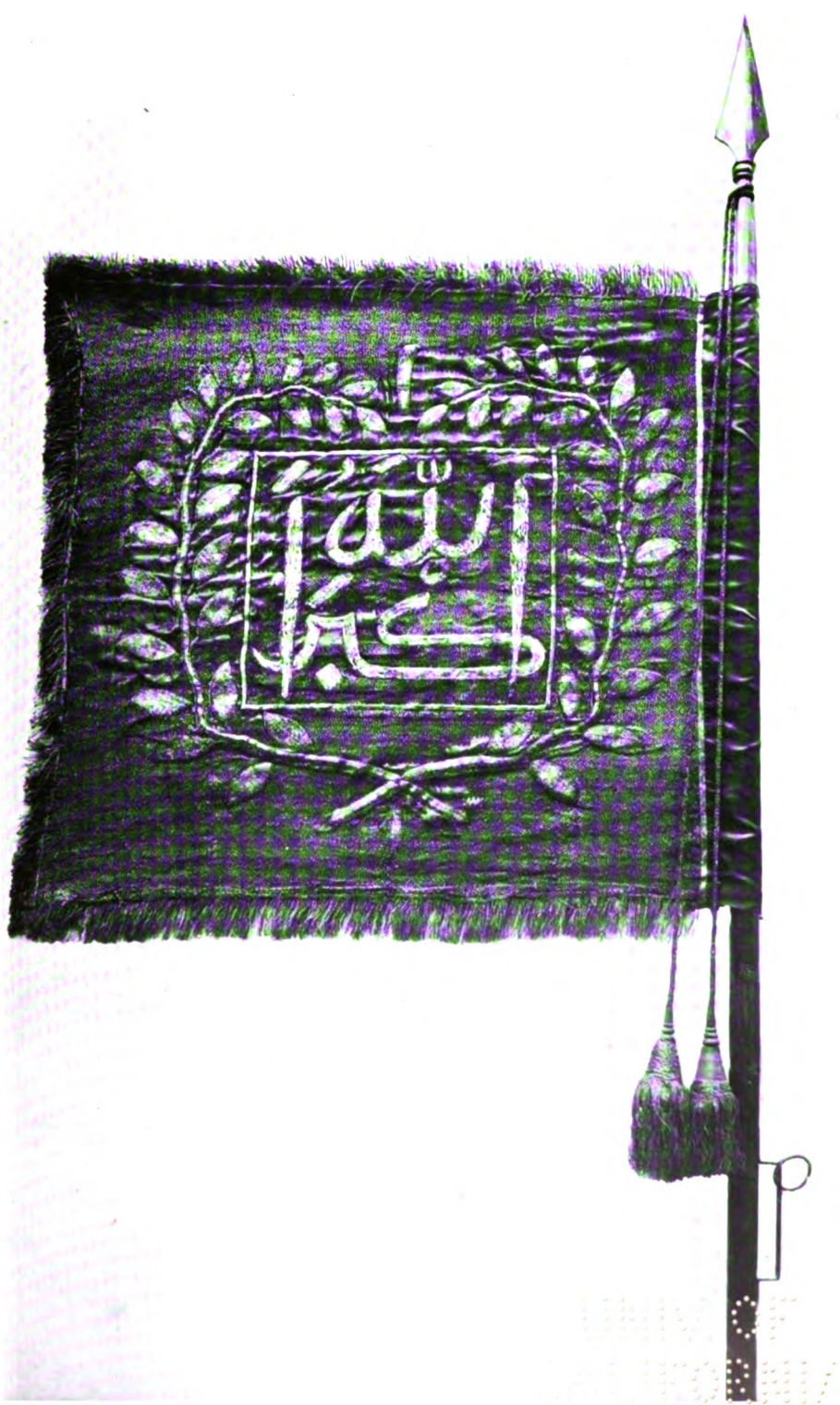

Plate IV. Squadron Standard of the 1st Cavalry Hyderabad Contingent, now in possession of the Royal Deccan Horse.
Colour, Green. Lettering and Wreath Gold.

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painted guidons which are still in existence. I have come across no mention of an Indian cavalry flag of this description, but the practice was not unknown in India since a battalion of Madras infantry was carrying colours with centres of painted canvas in 1822. The 27th Light Dragoons, too, spent most of their days in India, and it is at least possible that their painted guidons were made in that country. Such flags deteriorated much more quickly than embroidered ones, so the chances of any having survived are correspondingly small.

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NAPOLEON'S BEST LIGHT CAVALRYMAN

By CAPTAIN E. W. SHEPPARD, Royal Tank Corps.

*Place, messieurs, aux dames.** A prominent figure in Napoleon's Grand Army was a certain Mademoiselle de Brack, who in fact was not a lady nor even a woman, but a very gallant and accomplished officer of hussars, whose handsomeness and elegance had won for him this rather invidious nickname. De Brack has several claims to immortality, among them the fact that he made a deep impression on the sensitive hearts of two very noteworthy ladies of his day. Of the one, Mademoiselle Mars, great actress and famous beauty of Paris, we do not propose to retail the *Chroniques scandaleuses;* and as for Madame Pauline Leclerc, *née* Bonaparte, and subsequently Princess Borghese, who does not know something of her history? Woman to her pink finger-nails, she was in her first youth one of the most beautiful persons in France or in Europe, and Canova, to whom she sat without clothes and without shame, could nowhere have found a fairer model for his statue of Venus the Victorious. Report said that her legs were crooked, but this Laure Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, who "like many another" had "seen the legs of the Princess Borghese," flatly denies; also—and with more truth—that her ears were unworthy of her otherwise flawless beauty. De Brack was at one time her lover—so rumour said; but as it said the same of many another handsome young officer of the Grand Army, he was, perhaps, though fortunate, not singular in such good fortune. In any case this is by no means his only title to be remembered, nor the one that chiefly concerns us here. So let the ladies with a blush retire.

*Or, in the historic words of the Book of Etiquette, "A gentleman should always follow a lady upstairs."

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De Brack in May, 1831, wrote and published a small volume of "Souvenirs," destined particularly for the information and instruction of the regiment under his command, the 8th Chasseurs. This work, containing the whole duty of a light cavalry man as De Brack's great and varied experience dictated it, was translated in 1876 into English under the misleading title "Light Cavalry Outposts"—misleading, because not only is the instructional scope of the work far wider than suggested, but the vivid and personal style in which it is written render it far superior to the ordinary training manual and its ordinary strain of jejune platitude. And at the very opening of this volume De Brack gives us the following glowing description of one of his companions-in-arms:—

"I have often cited to you General Curély; he was to my mind the type of the Light Cavalry soldier. For three years I served under him and his example and advice will remain for ever graven on my memory and on my heart. It was by studying him that I learnt the many qualifications required to make a good light cavalry officer, and, if, later on, left to myself, I have had my little successes, I have often owed them to the study of the vivid recollections which I had retained of him."

Which brings us to Curély, De Brack's hero and ours.

For the study of his life we are fortunate enough to possess an autobiography, but a very different one from the flamboyant and often unveracious memoir *à la* Marbot, so frequent a product of the Napoleonic soldier. Curély's life, written solely for the information of his family, bears the simple heading "Itinéraire pour mes Enfants," and was never intended for publication to any wider circle until General Thoumas, the historian of the cavalry leaders of the First Empire, prevailed upon the general's daughters to allow him to edit and produce it in 1887. The sober, almost bald, style and tone of the manuscript seem instilled with the simple self-effacing nature of its writer, whose career on more than one occasion suffered from his inability to sound his own trumpet with sufficient loudness and persistence to win the recognition justly due to his achievements. Thus it came about that the man whom De Brack calls

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"the most brilliant soldier in the Grand Army," and who had made his first essay in arms in 1793, was commissioned only in 1806, and rose to the rank of general only in the last year but one of his service, in 1813, while the rewards that many of his comrades collected with less desert fell to him rarely or not at all.

Jean Nicolas Curély was born on May 26, 1774, in the village of Avillers, near Verdun. His parents, poor peasants, were in no position to give their son any sort of education beyond the elements of the three R's. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1793 he at once enlisted in the 8th Hussars (later amalgamated with the 7th), which he joined on the Rhine after seven and a-half months recruit and depot training. Less than a fortnight brought him into his first action, and he took part in all the operations on the Rhine between that date and the conclusion of peace with Austria in 1797.

There is no space in this article to recount the history of those campaigns in which Curély took part in this early portion of his career, or even to mention those combats in which he personally distinguished himself. During his next period of active service, in Switzerland in 1798, he established a reputation in his regiment as a fine swordsman and an excellent soldier fit to be entrusted with responsibility. Following the conclusion of these operations he fought in Germany, first under Massena and then under Moreau, taking part in several actions, in one of which he was wounded in the left leg. In the course of this campaign he received his first step in promotion to the rank of *mareshal des logis chef* of his company after six years' service in the ranks, and this was followed, during the long period of garrison duty subsequent to the conclusion of hostilities in 1800, by a second step to the rank (non-commissioned) of adjutant.

On the renewal of war Curély's regiment was sent up to Dunkirk, where it formed part of the so-called "Army of England," and subsequently took the field against Austria as part of Marshal Davout's 3rd Corps. After the capture of Ulm this corps advancing down the Danube encountered and defeated at Mariazell an Austrian detachment which retired southwards.

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Curély's squadron formed part of a small force sent in pursuit, and at the head of 20 men he fought a brilliant little action against a whole regiment of Austrian Uhlans, which gained for him the cross of the Legion of Honour and also an invitation to dinner from the Marshal—no small honour for a non-commissioned officer of Hussars, and one which in fact seemed to its recipient so overwhelming that he could by no means be persuaded to go! It is to be hoped that his modesty was appreciated at its true worth, and, in fact, it would not seem to have hindered his advancement, for before the next campaign against Prussia opened in 1806, he had received his coveted commission to sub-lieutenant in the 7th Hussars. He distinguished himself in action at Zehdenick, where he captured a Prussian Dragoon officer single handed, and again at Prenzlau, where he carried out a bold and valuable reconnaissance, as a result of which he was able to report the presence of the whole remnant of Hohenlohe's army at that town. Finally he was present at Lasalle's astonishing capture of the fortress of Stettin, with his sole brigade of light cavalry. His experiences in this campaign caused him to reflect deeply on war and the best methods of making it: "War," he wrote, "is the greatest scourge in the world; I am convinced of it; and kings who love their people will not go to war. But if they are forced into it, let them make war with all their might and with all their available strength and resources; let them march into the enemy's country and force him in three months to lay down his arms!" This, which was wisdom one hundred and twenty years ago, is not less wisdom to-day.

From its brief and triumphant campaign against Prussia the Grand Army without a pause passed eastward into Poland, there to encounter the stubborn Russians. The 7th Hussars still formed part of Lasalle's brigade, which, on being ordered to charge in its first engagement at Golymin, was seized with an unaccountable panic, as punishment for which their intrepid commander retained them motionless under heavy fire for the remainder of the day. Curély attributes this breakdown of morale to the fact that just after the order was given to charge

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some injudicious junior officer endeavoured to halt his men—a fatal error which had disastrous and far-reaching effects; but the bad behaviour of the brigade was fully redeemed by its steadiness under the severe punishment inflicted on it by the hostile guns. Next day Curély had his first meeting with Napoleon, and his outspokenness as regards the disappointing results of the battle was apparently little to the Emperor's taste. Colonel Edouard Colbert now took command of the 7th Hussars and he was quick to recognize and reward the outstanding merits of his young subordinate, in whom he found a man after his own heart. During the long pursuit of the Russian Army which ended at Eylau, Curély, always at the head of the advance guard, rendered striking services. He saved the life of one of his brother officers who had been surrounded by the enemy; he led a headlong charge into Landsberg at the head of 25 men and captured the village single handed; he rushed a bridge which the enemy were endeavouring to set on fire, and the destruction of which would have prevented the arrival of Ney's corps on the battlefield at the crisis of the action; and his bold attitude while on rearguard duty during the subsequent withdrawal of the army to winter quarters went far to prevent any interference with the movement by the ubiquitious Cossacks. On the resumption of active operations in June he was hit by a bullet in the side at the crossing of the Passarge, and a few days later received a second wound in the left arm from a Cossack lance—both slight injuries, of which he took little account. After the conclusion of peace at Tilsit the regiment returned by very easy marches to Westphalia, where it arrived in December, 1808. And here in the spring of the following year at the opening of the war with Austria our hero severed his connection with the regiment in which he had served for over fifteen years, and from which he parted, as he tells us, only after considerable hesitation and with much regret.

His Colonel, Colbert, having been promoted General, offered Curély the post of aide-de-camp to him, and the latter accepted it, as also did De Brack, then also a sub-lieutenant in the 7th Hussars. These two officers, however, did not take up their

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new duties till after the operations round Eckmuhl, at which battle Curély tells us he received five or six bruises from sabre cuts, had his horse slightly wounded, and himself cut and thrust until he could no longer move his right arm for stiffness. He joined his General at Vienna in time to be present at the battle of Essling. Subsequently Colbert's brigade was sent to Hungary to observe the movements of the Archduke John's army retiring from Italy to join the main Army under the Archduke Charles on the Danube, and here Curély carried out one of the boldest and most skilful enterprises of his life, of which we owe the full account, not to his own memoirs, but to De Brack's book. Taking with him 100 men, he rode round the hostile army, and coming round in rear of it, lay up in concealment in a wood a short distance from the village which was the Archduke John's headquarters, and separated from it by an open dusty plain. Two or three stragglers who fell into his hands apprised him of the state of affairs, and at the opportune moment a large herd of cattle returning from the fields passed close by his hiding place. Emerging he seized the herdsman and rounded up the animals, which on the coming of darkness he set in motion once more, his own party dismounted and leading their horses moving in the midst of them, concealed by the darkness and the clouds of dust raised by their passage. So protected, he penetrated into the village, gathered full information on all points, and made his escape, without loss of man or horse, after shooting down the sentry at the headquarters gate before he could raise the alarm. The information thus secured by Curély was of the utmost value to his commander, who safely effected his junction with Prince Eugene's Army of Italy a few days later, while the Archduke John's Austrians reached the decisive field of Wagram too late to avert the defeat of their comrades. During these operations Curély was once more wounded in the left cheek in a cavalry action at Karako. The brigade now came under the command of General Montbrun, of whose talents and judgment Curély had a very low opinion, and an unfortunate misunderstanding led to the General refusing to recommend the offender for the cross of the Legion of Honour, for which his name had been put

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forward. A few days later at Wagram, Colbert and Curély were both wounded, the latter by a bullet in the left knee, which prevented his further participation in the campaign. Another long spell of garrison duty, during which his marriage took place at Nantes, intervened between this and his next period of active service in Spain in 1811.

Curély's year of service in that country was spent entirely in Catalonia against the Spanish insurgent bands. Ordered to select a squadron of the 20th Chasseurs to go with him, he chose 200 "hard cases," convinced as he was that "led with gentleness and firmness" they would make good soldiers—as in fact they did—and joined the Army after a march of 37 days without losing a man or a horse, or even having a sore back. He soon had a chance to show his mettle when with his little command of 100 men he rode down and completely annihilated a Spanish requisitioning party of thrice his own strength at Puycerda. Shortly after a violent attack of rheumatic fever laid him on a sick bed for some weeks, and on his return he was faced with an epidemic of dysentery in his command, which in default of hospital accommodation he had to and did deal with in person, and with complete success. He was next allotted to the army sent from Barcelona to relieve Tarragona, which was being blockaded by the Spaniards; the besiegers were driven off and dispersed in a pitched battle, wherein Curély at the head of two squadrons charged headlong into the Spanish cavalry, and threw them back pell mell on to their infantry, who at once broke and fled. This brilliant little attack was in fact decisive of the whole action, the French infantry not having occasion to fire a shot; but in the matter of rewards Curély's usual ill fortune still pursued him, his General recommending him in error for the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he had had since 1806. Shortly afterwards he and his men were ordered back to France and thence, after refitment, to join the Grand Army then concentrating for the Russian campaign—much to their joy, for in Spain there was little honour to be gained and a thousand peculiar difficulties and discomforts to be endured. They had, however, fared better than most during

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their stay there, for their rations had never failed them; they had never been compelled or, indeed, allowed to "live on the country"; and fuel and extra messing had been found plentiful, and easy and cheap to buy. His men were not slow to recognize his care for and interest in their well being: "They regarded me," he writes, "as their father and benefactor, and yet I was doing no more than my duty; and I often heard them say when things were at their worst, 'If he could do anything better for us he would; and if he cannot it cannot be done.'" "Never," he adds, "was I happier than with the 20th Chasseurs."

On arrival at Mainz in June, 1812, Curély was given charge of a composite regiment composed of drafts of men for 23 different units, at the head of which he traversed the whole of Prussia from end to end to join the Grand Army beyond the Niemen. This involved a march of over 2,000 miles, which was covered in 115 days at an average rate of over 17 miles a day; and on arrival at Glubokoie the extemporised unit was broken up, Curély with his Chasseurs going to St. Cyr's corps, which was stationed at Polotsk on the Dwina to cover the left flank of the main army moving on Moscow. His draft was fully equipped, well-fed and in superb condition; the regiment, of which he at once assumed command, was in a pitiful state and its *morale* bad; but his energetic measures soon remedied all deficiencies, and by the date of its first engagement it was rested, comfortably lodged, well fed by means of supplies and forage assiduously collected from the neighbouring countryside, completely shoed and shod, and in every respect ready for action, while the rest of the corps, half starved, was reduced by sickness and desertion to less than one quarter of its full strength. At length the Russian army under Wittgenstein advanced in force upon Polotsk. In the ensuing battle Curély delivered a series of bold charges which inflicted heavy losses on the enemy cavalry and infantry, fighting with his customary fierceness and gallantry, and all but capturing the Russian General-in-Chief in person. His achievement won him a mention in St. Cyr's despatch, and a personal compliment from Wittgenstein. The French withdrew across the Dwina, but a

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Russian column, endeavouring to force the crossing, was brilliantly repulsed by a vigorous counterstroke, in which Curély and his men did more yeoman service. Corbineau's brigade, of which the 20th Chasseurs formed part, were now engaged in a series of rearguard actions covering the retreat of part of St. Cyr's command towards Vilna: of the difficult art of rearguard fighting Curély showed himself a complete master, and an ambush skilfully arranged by him imposed such caution on the Cossacks that the pursuit thereafter was hardly pressed. At length the brigade, having been called in to the main army, drew near the Beresina as the latter was approaching from the west, only to find that Tchichakov's corps coming up from the south had secured the crossings at Borisow right athwart Napoleon's line of retreat, which was now completely cut off. The situation appeared to all desperate; Curély nevertheless induced Corbineau to press on; a ford was found by which the river could be passed, and the brigade safely effected its junction with the shattered remnant of the Grand Army. At the head of Napoleon's vanguard it now retraced its step towards Borisow, and drove the enemy back over the river, not however before he had time to burn the all-important bridge. A place suitable for passage having been found, Tchichakov was induced by demonstrations and false attacks to concentrate in the wrong direction, and Corbineau and his men, first across the river, were engaged all the next three days in assisting to beat off the series of heavy onslaughts which the enemy, once undeceived, delivered with the intention of interrupting the passage of the Grand Army. Curély at the close of this successful resistance, in which he bore a prominent part, was promised his promotion to Colonel; but the step was not actually given him until nine months later. During the remainder of the painful and disastrous retreat he, however, retained command of his regiment —or the remnant of it which, though on arriving at Vilna it comprised only 100 men, was the only unit in the brigade to retain any semblance of corporate existence. Pushing forward in advance of the demoralised army, he succeeded in carrying this handful of survivors across the Niemen and out of Russia;

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repassed the Vistula on the ice just as it was about to break up, and in January, 1813, reached good quarters beyond the Elbe. Here recruitment and refitment were carried out in ample time for it to join the newly-levied army assembling on that river for the campaign of 1813.

During the first part of the campaign up to the armistice Curély took part in no action of importance, and the period of intermission between hostilities he devoted to the assiduous and thorough training of his men in handling of arms, equitation, musketry and manœuvre. Just as he had got his unit to such a high standard of efficiency that it passed for one of the best in the army, he was nominated to the Colonelcy of the 10th Hussars, which, though half the regiment consisted of raw recruits, was, as he says, "a fine command, and well worth waiting for." It formed part of Ney's corps, and Curély had hardly taken it over before he found a chance of showing his mettle at the combat of Haynau. After a series of fierce charges he was wounded, dismounted, and stunned in a mélêe and recovered his senses to find himself surrounded by a band of Cossacks; seizing a moment when his captors were thrown into disorder by the French artillery fire, he broke away from them and though cut and shot at—one bullet passing through his shako—managed by falling and shamming dead to deceive his enemies, who withdrew and left him to rejoin his unit when a favourable opportunity offered. His wound was not a serious one and he refused to leave the army because of it; and when Macdonald took over command of the army from Ney, Curély, though not completely cured, was back at the head of his regiment in time to be present at the Katzbach, where, however, he was not actually engaged with the enemy. Macdonald's command after a rapid retreat having reunited with the main army, the 10th Hussars had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves at Dessau; just as they were preparing to charge the flank of an enemy column falling back towards that town, the brigade commander, Beurmann, rode up to it crying "Halt!" "Forward, Hussars," retorted Curély, "take your orders from me," and they delivered their attack, routing the

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enemy and taking 450 prisoners. Curély had his horse shot under him in this affair. At Leipsic the regiment was in reserve to Ney's corps in the northern sector, and by a timely withdrawal to the west of the Elster escaped the confusion and difficulties of the retreat through the city. Thereafter it marched steadily west towards the Rhine, which it repassed on 3rd November, 1813, and went into cantonments at Germersheim. Curély, though he had brought back with him 600 mounted men—more than any other unit in the brigade—had left more than fifty per cent. of his original strength behind on the battlefields of Germany.

During the next month the 10th Hussars suffered severely from typhus, but the measures taken by their Colonel to deal with the epidemic were as successful as had been those taken some years before in Spain; not a single man was lost, and by the beginning of 1814 the plague had died out. Marmont, under whose command Curély now was, noticing that he was still without the officers' cross of the Legion of Honour, proposed to put his name up for it, but the latter declined the offer—somewhat brusquely it appears—preferring, as he says, to prove his title to it with his sabre. When the allies crossed the Rhine in force early in 1814, the weak French corps fell back before them through the Palatinate and Lorraine, fighting delaying actions as it went. One of these, in which Curély handled a mixed brigade with admirable skill, was fought on the future battlefield of 1870 at Colombey, just east of Metz; and a few days later he delivered a shrewd blow at the pursuing enemy near Fresnes-en-Woevre, using his cavalry to draw them into an ambush, where they were thrown into disorder by infantry fire, then charged in flank and driven back in disorder. Their loss amounted to some 75 men, whereas Curély had only one man captured. At the action of La Rothière, the 10th Hussars had the difficult and thankless task of guarding the flanks of the artillery in action, and their bold countenance successfully imposed on the numerous hostile troops who, had they attempted an attack, must have swept all before them. When the retreat on Troyes began, Napoleon placed Curèly in charge of the

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advance guard with instructions "to ride over anything he met." The movement, though unopposed, was conducted at great speed and in fearful weather conditions; nevertheless, the 10th Hussars, thanks to their Colonel's foresight, got their necessary food and a barrel of wine on arrival. "No one could do more for us than he does" was the men's verdict. From his observations Curély concluded that the Austrians were planning to turn the left of the French army's new position and reported to the Emperor to this effect. It was well that he did, for the infantry brigadier charged with guarding the bridges on that side had neglected to do so, and the enemy would have secured the passages but for his timely warning and subsequent vigorous action, by which the attack was repelled. The negligent general was severely dealt with, but Curély felt no regret for his conduct. "I have done my duty" he said in reply to remonstrances, "and perhaps saved the army from defeat. If everyone does his duty none of us will suffer for another's fault. So long as I can I shall be at my post and shall therefore have no reason to fear anyone or anything." Such uncompromising sentiments did him honour, but were likely to make him enemies none the less dangerous because secret.

At Montmirail Curély at the head of five squadrons brilliantly attacked and threw into disorder a hostile cavalry force of six times his own strength—a feat which obtained him a mention in the bulletin describing the victory and his appointment to brigadier-general. On the eve of the battle of Laon he assumed command of the 11th Heavy Cavalry Brigade in Roussel d'Hurbal's division, consisting of two regiments of dragoons from Spain, but a few days later was sent to the rear to organize a new composite brigade to comprise detachments of fourteen different regiments of the II and V Corps and a horse artillery battery. These were to be organized into a division of four regiments: two of light and two of heavy cavalry.

Curély was also ordered to assume command of all the area between Soissons and Compiègne, organize the local national guard units, and observe the line of the Aisne between the latter

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place and Berry-au-Bac; he had 2,400 men at his disposal for this purpose. In a few days' time he was called up with one of his brigades, consisting of three regiments of light cavalry, to the Seine, where the Emperor was once more in contact with the Austrians; while the main army moved to Arcis sur Aube, he was left to guard the bridge at Mery, in front of which place strong hostile forces soon presented themselves but dared not attack and eventually withdrew. Curély's brigade was then in its turn withdrawn to join the main army and on arrival broken up, its various detachments being sent to their parent units. Curély, who parted from his young soldiers "from whom no useful service could be expected" without any regret, was now attached to the Imperial Headquarters which he accompanied until the conclusion of the campaign. His last service was to hold the gap left in the French line by the desertion of Marmont and his corps; he then conducted the dragoon division of Roussel d'Hurbal to its place of demobilisation at Evreux, and after its dispersion, being offered no further command, took up his residence in the country at Jaulny, near Pont Mousson.

In the Waterloo campaign Curély's services, like those of many another of France's best soldiers, were not utilized. The division of dragoons at Metz, to the command of which he was appointed on Napoleon's return from Elba, did not take the field as such, and Curély did not reach the Army of the North until 17th June. He was put in charge of a Chasseur Brigade on the evening of the next day, but when he reached it the rout had begun and it had already melted away. During the course of the retreat he was given the command of a Cuirassier brigade in the Army of the Loire, which he retained until its dissolution. At the end of October he was relieved from duty, ordered to return home, and placed on half-pay a few months later.

Thus at the age of 41, after 22½ years in the army, Curély's active career came to an end. His record of service showed that he had taken part in twenty campaigns, thirty-eight battles, and close on fifty smaller engagements, during the course of which he had been six times wounded. None the less, though he was by no means a particular favourite of Napoleon's, he was

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never employed again. In 1820 he applied to the Minister of War, Marshal St. Cyr, under whose eyes he had performed such eminent deeds at Polotsk, for reinstatement, but the Marshal, who enjoyed throughout the army an unenviable reputation as a bad comrade, was not inclined to interest himself in his behalf, and in 1825 he was finally placed in retirement. He continued to vegetate in inactivity, concerning himself with the education of his children, until his death in 1827. Three of his sons lived to reach manhood; all served and two of them died in the army; his three daughters survived him, and it was from them that General Thoumas obtained the manuscript autobiography on which this article is based.

Let us pass the word once more to De Brack, who, himself of noble birth, darling of society and lover of great ladies, yet found in the simple lowly-born soldier, because of their common sentiments of honour, loyalty and devotion to the career of arms, a man to admire and love, and append his epitaph on his friend—such an epitaph as few soldiers have merited and fewer still obtained.

"This man, brave, intrepid, strong willed, skilful, prompt, of such sound judgment in his daring enterprises, was when in command of a detachment at once its doctor, veterinary surgeon, saddler, shoemaker, cook, baker, farrier; up to the moment of meeting the enemy he showed himself to be the most brilliant soldier in the Grand Army.

"When he took part in an engagement the men under his command were always more fresh and more ready to fight than others, and their conduct showed this.

"Was a man of this sort to be measured by the common standard and to be kept at the level which ordinary men of the same or superior stamp keep fixed so firmly for great ability? Curély served for fifteen years, and always during time of war, before he got his epaulette. Why had he to wait for it for so long? Because those who could have asked for it for him had not themselves ability enough to recognize his value. He vegetated until a colonel, a man of like character to his own, understood him and threw down the barrier which kept him back. His

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rapid promotion was then only an act of strict justice, for if at first it was so slow, the fault rested with others.

"In 1815 Curély retired; his soul was not one of those which knew how to bend; it was wounded, ill, it preyed on his vital powers and fled a few years ago to join those of his noble brothers in arms, dead on the battlefields of the Empire, or the scaffold of the Restoration. A wooden cross marks the place which his body occupies in the churchyard of the little village which he had quitted thirty years before as a simple volunteer. Why did not death delay? He would have shaken the dust off the flag concealed under his humble straw bed. A battlefield on the day of victory, a standard taken from the enemy, were the only tomb, the only shroud, worthy of him."

And once more on the last page of his book De Brack returns to sound the final tribute over the humble grave of his beloved friend:—

"In mentioning General Curély, I have chosen the personification of all military virtues; if I had known a model more perfect I would have mentioned him instead; nevertheless I have been happy and proud to have found among my best and dearest friends the most worthy example, and throw a humble and withered garland on the simplest and most honoured of graves, so ungratefully ignored by his country.

"Curély has left nothing to his children but his name; it is not much but it is still a fortune.

"Should his sons, now non-commissioned officers in the army, ever want help or protectors and but pronounce their name, they would find many an old Hussar of the Grand Army who, on hearing it, would receive them with a sigh and a tear, and be to them as a second father."

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AN ARMY LIST OF 1799

By John Aye.

It was more or less boredom that drove me to pull down this old neglected Army List from the shelf where so long it had laid undisturbed, but once I had commenced dipping into its pages it was only a pressing call to duty that made me put it down.

In the first place, compared with the Army List of to-day it is an aristocrat among books. Instead of the flimsy paper cover that almost tears at the touch, the thin leaves that will not bear handling and the smallest size print, this old fellow is handsomely bound in red leather, the paper is of stout material and gold-edged, and the print such as is welcome to eyes that are now not so good as they were forty years ago.

Dipping into its pages from a cavalry point of view we find that the mounted troops at this period consisted of three regiments of Household Cavalry, seven regiments of Dragoon Guards, seven regiments of Dragoons, twenty-two regiments of Light Dragoons and the York Hussars, the latter being a showy corps of foreign Hussars which existed only from 1790 to 1812, and which took precedence, not as a cavalry regiment, but after the Foot.

The normal establishment appears to have consisted of a colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, six captains, one captain-lieutenant, seven to eight lieutenants, six to eight cornets, a paymaster, an adjutant, a surgeon, with one or sometimes two assistants, and a veterinary officer. In the Household Cavalry, however, there was only one lieutenant-colonel and one major, but in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards a supernumerary lieutenant-colonel and major (shown as such) were added.

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At this period Cox and Greenwood, of Cray's Court, were the principal agents, serving eleven regiments. Following them came Collyer & Son, of Little Street, Leicester Square, with seven, while the remaining twenty-one units distributed their custom among 14 firms, of which nine belonged to Dublin.

Judging by the dates given, promotion varied very much among regiments, captains serving from two to six years before attaining their majority, lieutenants an average of five years and cornets two to five years. A somewhat closer study shows how hardly the purchase system pressed upon the poor officers. Thus the senior lieutenant of the 4th Dragoon Guards had held that rank for nearly twenty-two years, while the next officer in seniority had held his only two and three-quarters years. Similarly the senior lieutenant of the 12th Light Dragoons had 13 years seniority as against three of the next on the list, and the senior captain of the 8th Light Dragoons, 16 years in that rank or ten and a half more than the next in seniority.

On the other hand in a large percentage of cases the senior regimental officers held army rank superior to their regimental rank. Thus of sixty-nine cavalry lieutenant-colonels shown in the list three were lieutenant-generals in the army, ten were major-generals, and twenty-two full colonels. The proportion of higher ranks was, however, then much greater than it is to-day, as at this date there were on the active list sixty-two generals, sixty-five lieutenant-generals, and one hundred and sixty-six major-generals. The most striking example of this difference in rank occurs in the 1st Dragoon Guards where the senior captain was also a lieutenant-general in the Army.

The bodily welfare of the troops appears to have been better looked after than their spiritual welfare, for whereas each regiment had its surgeon and assistant-surgeon (and in some cases two of the latter), there is no mention made of any regimental padre, except in the case of the Royal Artillery, who were favoured with two. At this time the chaplains department consisted of fifteen chaplains at home and thirteen abroad, but though the Royal Warrant of 1796, which abolished the regimental system of chaplains, laid it down that there should be

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one to each brigade or to every three or four regiments, those appointed appear to have been always posted to garrisons. A chaplain's pay at this period was £115 5s. 0d. per annum as against the surgeon's £172 17s. 6d.

In connection with the surgeons there is an interesting entry under the heading of the 18th Light Dragoons. This gives the surgeon as Francis Fraser. It was this officer who in the preceeding year brought the remnant of the regiment home from the West Indies, where it had been since 1795, he being the only officer that the climate had spared.

As regards the welfare of the horses the list shows that there were still thirteen regiments unprovided with veterinary officers. Up to 1796 the treatment of equine diseases had been entrusted to the farriers, but in that year, on the recommendation of a Committee of General Officers, it was laid down that properly qualified veterinary officers, nominated by the Head of the recently opened Veterinary College at Camden Town, should be appointed to every cavalry regiment as available.

Somewhat of a drawback to the book is the fact that the stations of units are not given, but it is safe to assume that the majority of the cavalry regiments were in Ireland, as in the preceding year, 1798, the year of the rebellion, the cavalry establishment for that country was fixed at twenty-two regiments. In addition we know that the 7th, 11th, 15th and 18th Light Dragoons were on service in Holland, the 19th and 25th Light Dragoons in India, the 20th, 21st, 27th and 28th Light Dragoons in the West Indies, the 8th and 29th at the Cape, and the 12th and 26th in Portugal, so that it would seem that with the exception of the Household Cavalry and a regiment or two of Dragoon Guards England was destitute of Cavalry.

Lastly, turning to the list of half pay officers, we find a very interesting entry under the heading of "Disbanded in 1712 and 1713, Gually's Dragoons," two officers of which, Count George Bell and Captain R. Browne, are still shown as in receipt of half pay. From this it would appear that these two officers had been drawing half pay for at least 86 years, and assuming that they were only fourteen at the time of disbandment,

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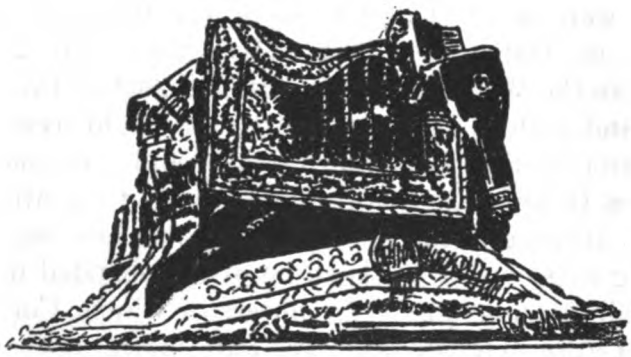
(a common age for a first commission), they would have reached the respectable age of 100. At the same time the Irish half-pay list gives a Cornet Witney Makean who also was in receipt of half pay in consequence of service in Lord Windsor's Horse disbanded in 1712-13. It is probable that these officers received their commissions under the system of giving rank for recruits, the men so raised being almost at once drafted to existing regiments and the officers placed on half pay. It was also about this period that the Duke of York, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in 1795, turned his attention to the abuse of granting commissions, and sometimes even higher rank, to boys who were literally school children. Indeed, to such an extent had the evil spread that about this period one father wrote to the War Office requesting further leave from his regimental duties for his son, a lieutenant-colonel, "as he was not quite old enough to leave school."

Another point which this old volume brings into prominence is the poor way in which records were kept at the War Office, as in over twenty per cent. of the officers either an incomplete or no Christian name is given.



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THE ROMANCE OF MILITARY BANDS.

By Major T. J. Edwards, F.R.Hist.S.

"*The sound of trumpet and of drum,*
That makes the warrior's stomach come."
Butler's "*Hudibras.*"

At the battle of Busaco Wellington had some anxious moments: his troops were dead beat, terribly hungry, and hard pressed by the French. Suddenly he ordered the regimental bands to go forward and play the National Anthem. The effect was electrifying: all ranks went about their duty with fresh vigour; fatigue disappeared, hunger was forgotten, and victory secured. At Talavera two bands were entrenched in a ravine and with their stirring strains contributed no inconsiderable part to the victory.

Bands cannot always be assigned to the "regimental etceteras." They are more than expensive trimmings.

One of the earliest accounts of the employment of bands in the field occurs in the Chinese Book of War, written 500 B.C., wherein Wu the Master states that order is affected "at night by gongs and drums, whistles and flutes." Primitive man marvelled at the sound of a drum and concluded it to be the voice of a spirit. This conception led him to make it an object of worship. To become endowed with strength he had simply to rub it on his thighs. Later the horn appears, but the particular function of this was to scare away the enemy.

According to Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, martial music occupied an important place in Egyptian affairs about 1600 B.C.

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Polybius tells us that when the Romans first came to Britain the sounds of horns and trumpets terrified the invaders. A few centuries later we find in "Beowulf"—

"They away hurried bitter and angry
The instant they heard the war-horn sing."

According to Tacitus the music of the Britons was not all of the "offensive" type, for "they marched to battle at the sound of their own voices," the rhythm making them forget their hardships, aiding momentum and stirring up the martial qualities. When William the Conqueror crossed the Channel his ships were "filled with music," and one of his minstrels led the van at the battle of Hastings singing the "Song of Roland," during which he slew an English standard-bearer.

A fillip was given to military music by the Crusaders who, having seen the fine performances of the Saracens, introduced several progressive features into our mediæval armies, the object being "to excite their spirit and courage, for the more violent the clamour become the more bold they were for the fray."

The armies of Europe began to assume definite formation in the 16th century, and with it an uniform system of signals by music for field movements and drill was adopted. This necessitated the services of trained musicians subject to the orders of the commander of the regiment. The trumpet, drum and bagpipe were the chief instruments at this period, "the bagpipe providing excellent marching music." Farmer in "The Rise and Development of Military Music" states that the "march' was adopted by us about the late 15th century "to ensure a regular pace": Apropos of this, Sir John Hawkins (1776) relates a *bon mot* of Sir Roger Williams, a 16th century soldier, who, in answering the French Marshal Biron's remark that "the English march being beaten by the drum was slow, heavy and sluggish," said: "That may be true, but as slow as it is, it has traversed your master's country from one end to the other." In other words, it might have been "slow" but it was also "sure," and the British drummers' march was, according to a warrant of Charles I, "acknowledged the best of all marches," both at home and in "forraigne parts."

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ON THE ROAD TO BLENHEIM 1704

Marlborough's Cavalry Marching to the Battleground

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

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In his "Instructions, Observations and Orders Mylitarie" (composed in 1591), Sir John Smithe gives very particular instructions regarding the position of the "drummers and phipers" on the march and also states the duties of the "sergeant trompettor, or trompettor major," and the "sergeant drummer, or drummer major." These latter terms are interesting in view of the fact that under Army Order 139 of 1928 we have just reverted to "trumpet-major" and "drum-major," titles which, officially, lapsed in 1881.

At this period it was the business of the sergeant-trumpeter and drum-major-general to provide trumpeters and drummers for the Army who were empowered to impress the men they required. Impressing was not always a pleasant job, for in 1637 a sergeant-trumpeter when impressing "one John Digges was challenged to fight and otherwise abused."

At the beginning of the 18th century trumpet bands appeared in the British Army. The musicians were not highly skilled but good enough to "enliven the march with a few tunes."

Towards the end of the 17th century the kettledrums of the Royal Artillery were not carried on horseback as is the custom in mounted bands to-day, but on a grand chariot, drawn by six white horses. According to Mallet in "Les Travaux de Mars" (1691) much was expected of kettledrummers, for he lays it down that he "should be a man of courage, preferring to perish in the fight than allow himself and his drums to be captured. He should have a pleasing motion of the arms, an accurate ear, and take delight in diverting his master by agreeable airs." If Mallet had given a few hints on the production of these "agreeable airs" he might have earned the blessing of many generations of succeeding kettledrummers.

The bagpipe was a great favourite in regiments until the fife was introduced. Sir James Turner, writing in 1683, says: "The bagpipe is good enough music for them who love it, but sure it is not so good as the Almain whistle (i.e., a fife of German invention). With us, any Captain may keep a piper

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in his Company and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him,"—then adds, "perhaps just as much as he deserveth."

It is to Frederick the Great that bands, as we know them to-day, owe their inception. He saw in them a means for making soldiering popular in addition to their value in rousing the martial spirit. In 1763 he ordered that bands were to consist of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. The Guards' regiments in France adopted a similar band organization in 1764 and Austria about 1769. It was not until about 1777 that such bands were introduced into England. Gradually these grew in size by the addition of new instruments such as the serpent and trombone.

Colonel Furse, in "The Art of Marching," gives Marshal Saxe the credit for reviving cadenced marching, which he held was the reason why the Romans made their long marches. The Romans appear to have had only the drum to assist them, but Saxe established properly-organized bands.

There are two interesting features in connection with the 3rd Hussars. On the 24th October, 1772, the Colonelcy of the regiment was conferred upon the Honourable Charles Fitzroy (afterwards Lord Southampton) and on his appointment Lady Fitzroy presented the regiment with a silver collar to be worn by the drummer. The collar is still with the regiment. The other distinction is the extra drummer and horse allowed in "Establishments." It appears that at the battle of Dettingen, 1743, the 3rd Hussars (then Dragoons) captured some kettle-drums from the enemy, and as a mark of distinction were permitted to carry an extra pair permanently.

Black men as drummers appeared in British military bands in the middle of the 18th century. Scott, however, introduces these "Sable" musicians into "Old Mortality," which gives the impression that they were employed much earlier. They were usually dressed in elaborate uniforms and performed extraordinary contortions and evolutions whilst beating their drums. They also carried the "Jingling Johnnie." This was nothing more than an ornamental pole, surmounted by a crescent in polished metal from which bells depended. (There is one in

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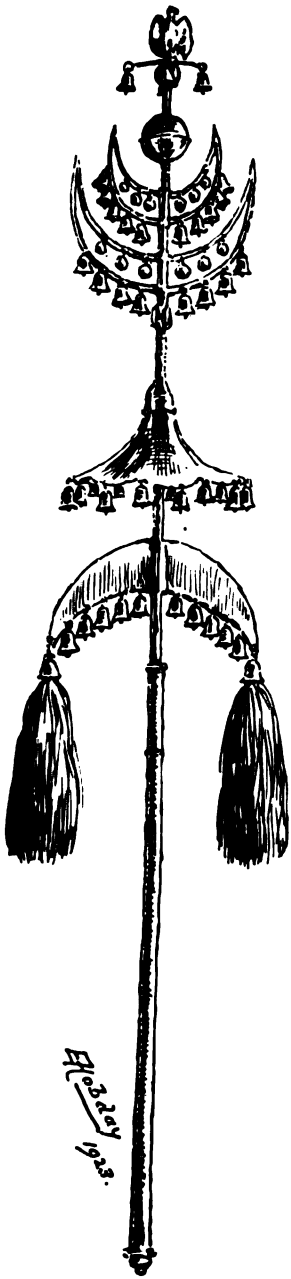

JINGLE JOHNNY

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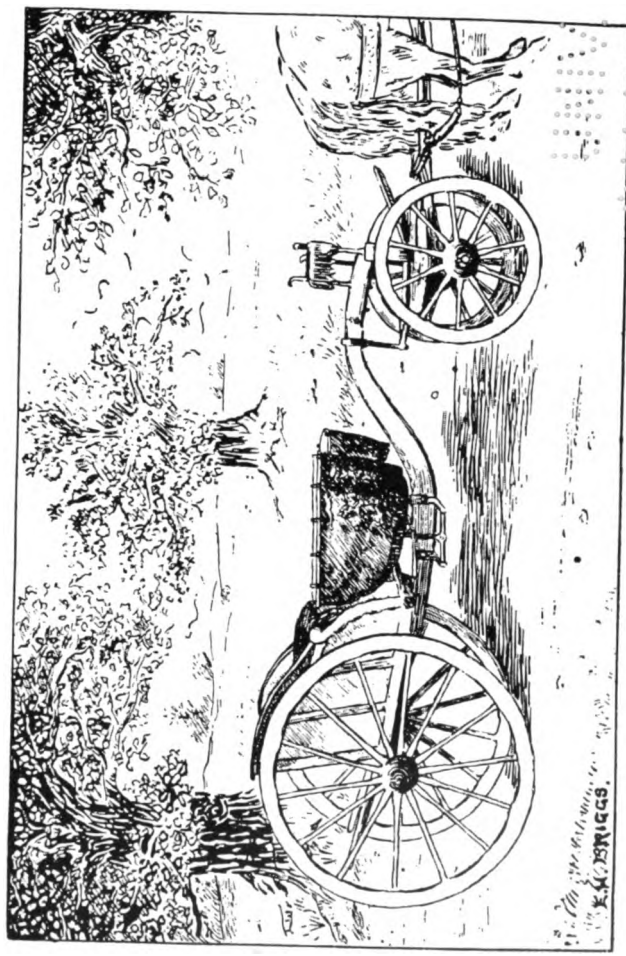

THE GREAT KETTLEDRUMS, TRAIN OF ARTILLERY, 1762

By kind permission of Doctor H. G. Farmer, author of Memoirs of the Royal Artillery Band.

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the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution.) These black men ceased to be employed in 1843. A survival of their employment is to be found in the infantry drummer's leopard skin, still worn, and the "swinging of the sticks."

Queen Anne instituted a Board of General Officers to deal with all complaints in the army and the many volumes of their "Proceedings" in the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane, provides very varied reading from complaints regarding rank, precedency and uniform down to quite trivial matters. Among the latter, under date "4th September, 1713," is to be found the following, which lends colour to Sir Walter Scott's contention :—

> A petition of one Brown a Black, read praying to be relieved in relation to his pay as Trumpeter and Kettle-Drummer to Col. La Boucheterre's Regiment of Dragoons; Upon Examination whereof it appearing that neither Kettle-Drummer nor Trumpeter is allowed by the establishment to Dragoons, and that the petitioner during the time of his service constantly received above the pay of Hautbois which the establishment allows.
>
> The Petition is Dismissed.

The French Revolution gave a great impetus to military music, and under Napoleon military bands made great strides, the influence of which was felt in our own army. The Militia and Volunteers were also affected, and eminent local musicians were in charge of their bands. We find that Herschell, the astronomer, was bandmaster of the Durham Militia, and Parry, the composer, of the Denbigh Militia.

Another musical celebrity connected with the army was the great Sims Reeves, the finest tenor singer of his day. He was born in 1818, in the R.A. Barracks at Woolwich, his father being in the R.A. band.

In connection with the French Revolution mention must be made of "Ca Ira," the regimental march of The West Yorkshire Regt. At the battle of Farmars in 1794 the British could not make much headway against the French, from whose lines could

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be heard issuing the strains of "Ca Ira," a popular song of the day in Paris. After some hours of fighting a heavy mist settled over the field, and the Colonel of the old 14th Foot, with a sudden inspiration, ordered his drums to play "Ca Ira," saying: "We'll beat them to their own damned tune," and so they did. The French were deceived and the British pierced their lines. In commemoration of this exploit The West Yorkshire Regt. was permitted to adopt "Ca Ira" as its regimental march.

By 1823 bands had become so necessary to military life that the War Office ordered all officers to contribute towards the support of a regimental band.

Valve instruments were introduced into England in 1830, first of all as a "great secret." Lord Cathcart was our Minister at St. Petersburg, and being much impressed by the playing of the band of the Imperial Guards, ascertained that their trumpeters were using a new contrivance attached to the instrument. His commendations so pleased the Emperor that he promised Cathcart to make him a present of a set of these "Chromatic trumpets" on the condition that he kept the idea a secret. Cathcart was colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, and as they played in public a good deal it was impossible to keep the secret long. Soon after this the cornet was invented, and in 1845 Adolphe Sax patented his "Saxhorns" by which military bands were soon augmented.

A universal key for military bands was not considered till after a regrettable incident during the Crimean War. At Scutari in 1854 the British troops, according to custom, held a review on Queen Victoria's birthday. All the regimental bands were massed for the occasion, and as they played "God Save the Queen" in a variety of keys the effect upon even the "unmusical" English and the staff of the Allied armies present can well be imagined. In 1857 a "Military Musical Class" at Kneller Hall (the forerunner of the Royal Military School of Music) was established for the training of potential bandmasters for the army, and this brought in a universal key for military bands.

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The greatest revolution in military music of recent date was the adoption by army bands in 1928 of the new Philharmonic Pitch.

In 1855 the Royal Artillery band made a concert tour in the north of England, and this seems to have given rise to a general demand for military bands for public engagements. As a result of this, in the 'eighties we find some of the greatest names in military music—the Godfreys of the Foot Guards, Boose of the Royal Horse Guards, Kappey and Winterbottom of the Marines, and "Cavaliere Ladislas Zavertal, the greatest musician the British service ever possessed" (Farmar) of the Artillery.

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WAR MEDALS OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY.

By Major M. L. Ferrar (late 19th Foot).

Part I. Up to 1846-47.

When it is the custom now to issue a medal or clasp for every campaign and expedition, great or small, it may not be generally known that such was not always the case. If we look back just one hundred years ago we will find that practically the only decorated officers and men were those wearing the medal for Waterloo, and already these were fast disappearing. In fact, at the beginning of the year 1830 there were less than 100 regimental cavalry officers wearing this medal, an average of seven per regiment. It is true that there were a number of Generals and senior officers on the active list who had gold crosses and gold medals for the Peninsular War, but the junior officers and the rank and file had nothing to show for their long and arduous service.

Previous to this grant of the Waterloo medal in 1816 there had been no issue to all ranks alike of any decoration except perhaps the medal granted by Cromwell for the battle of Dunbar in 1650 and that struck for the battle of Culloden, but the latter was probably restricted to a few of the senior officers. The earlier medals of the East India Company were confined as a rule to the native troops engaged.

We find therefore that what we may call the first war medal granted to the cavalry was the gold one given by the Emperor of Germany to the eight officers of the two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons for their conduct at Villers-en-Cauchies, near Cambray, on the 24th April, 1794, where they saved the life of the Emperor and prevented him from being taken prisoner. It

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DUNBAR, 1650

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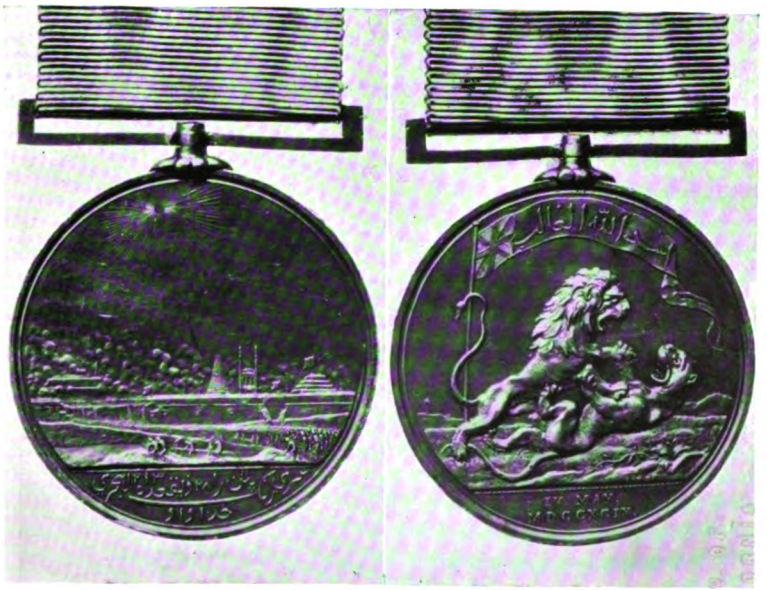

SERINGAPATAM, 1799

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is interesting to note that among the officers was Lieutenant Robert Wilson, afterwards Governor of Gibraltar, a celebrated writer and diplomatist. On the obverse of the medal is the bust of the Emperor, whilst on the reverse is "Forti Brittanó in Exercitv. Foed. ad Cameracvm XXIV Apr. MDCCXCIV." It was hung from the neck by a massive gold chain.

The Emperor, on the 5th March, 1798, notified his pleasure to Lieut.-Colonel Aylett, then commanding the Regiment, as follows:—

"The Emperor remembers with satisfaction the distinguished proof of valour that you, Sir, and the officers of the 15th Light Dragoons manifested on the 24th April, 1794, at Cambray.

"His Majesty regrets that the statutes of the order of Maria Theresa, confirmed by a constant custom, forbid the cross of this order, strictly national, being conferred on officers so worthy of being decorated with it.

"But wishing to give you and your honourable companions a public mark of his particular esteem His Majesty has commanded a medal to be struck to perpetuate the remembrance of this brilliant action, and he has ordered me to offer them the only impressions which have been struck except the one which is placed in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna.

(Sd.) "Le Baron Thugney."

In 1800 crosses of the Order of Maria Theresa were conferred on these officers, the doubt that this decoration could be granted having been overcome.

Seringapatam Medal.

The next medal that concerns us is that for the Siege of Seringapatam in 1799. This was awarded to all ranks of the besieging force in 1808 by the East India Company. It was issued in gold to general officers, silver gilt to field officers, silver to captains and subalterns, bronze to the rank and file of the British Army, and in tin to the Sepoys engaged. The obverse shows a British lion standing over a prostrate tiger, and the

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reverse a representation of the assault on the citadel. The 19th Light Dragoons took part in the operations. They were disbanded in 1821, but when the 19th Hussars were raised in 1860 they took on the honours won by their predecessors. The 22nd Light Dragoons, disbanded in 1819, were also present.

Army of India Medal.

We now come to the Army of India medal with 19 clasps for various battles and sieges beginning with the storming of Allighur in 1803 and ending with the siege and storming of Bhurtpore by Lord Combermere in 1826. This medal, however, was not sanctioned till 1851 when there cannot have been many survivors. Five clasps is the greatest number known to have been issued to any one individual and only four men received that number. The obverse of the medal has Queen Victoria's head and the reverse an armed winged figure of Victory seated. The ribbon is a light blue. The following cavalry regiments took part in eight of these campaigns, viz. :—

Allighur, 1803. The 24th Light Dragoons (disbanded in 1818).

Assaye, 1803. The 19th Light Dragoons (disbanded in 1821). This was the first battle in which Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) was in chief command. The 19th had their Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, killed. The honour "Assaye" is borne by the present 19th Hussars.

Leswarree, 1803. The 8th Light Dragoons (now the 8th Hussars). The 27th and 29th Light Dragoons, both disbanded in 1818. Colonel Thomas Vandaleur, of the 8th, was in command of the 1st Brigade and fell mortally wounded in a charge on the enemy's lines. He rode a celebrated racehorse of a jet black colour. Long after the death of its rider the horse kept his place in the Regiment and afterwards became the property of Cornet Burrows who took great care of him till the Regiment left India, when he was shot, so that he might not fall into unworthy hands. The battle was the crowning

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glory of Lord Lake's life and he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lake of Delhi and Leswarree. The 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars is the only regiment in the Service to bear the honour "Leswarree," and the 19th Royal Hussars the only cavalry regiment with the honour "Assaye."

Argaum, 1803. The 19th Light Dragoons. This battle broke the Mahratta power. General Wellesley in chief command.

Capture of Deig, 1804. The 8th Light Dragoons and 29th Light Dragoons. Only 48 medals with this clasp were issued to survivors.

Nepaul, 1814. Detachment of the 8th Light Dragoons. Sir Robert Gillespie, commanding the 8th, was killed whilst leading a charge. In the opinion of an army historian he is considered the bravest man that ever wore the King's uniform.

Maheidpore, 1817. One squadron of the 22nd Light Dragoons. Only 26 clasps for this battle were issued to the survivors of the 22nd.

Bhurtpore, 1826. The 11th and 16th Light Dragoons. The latter had just been armed with the lance for the first time. Lord Combermere specially thanked the cavalry for their services and for the spirited manner in which they had volunteered to assist in the storming of the Fort. Lord Combermere had formerly served in the 16th.

Peninsular Medal.

The next medal of interest to the Cavalry is that for the Peninsular War. This was granted for the various campaigns in Spain and the South of France, but was not authorised till 1847, and was issued to all survivors the following year. Notwithstanding this long lapse of thirty-four years, for the last action was that of Toulouse in 1814, the number of applicants was enormous, and the Board of Officers which sat to investigate some 19,000 claims cannot have had an easy task. There were

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about 2,000 officers, amongst whom some 300 had served in the cavalry. The medal had nineteen clasps for the Peninsula and eight others, to which we shall refer later. The greatest number of clasps attached to any one medal was fifteen, and only two men are said to have made good their claim to this number. The medal on the obverse shows Queen Victoria's head and on the reverse is represented Her Majesty crowning with laurel the Duke of Wellington. The ribbon is crimson with blue edges, the same as for Waterloo.

In addition to the 18th Light Dragoons (disbanded 1821) the 20th Light Dragoons (disbanded 1819) and the 23rd Light Dragoons (disbanded 1817), all the cavalry regiments on the present establishment served in this war with the exception of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, the Queen's Bays, the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), the 7th Dragoon Guards, the Royal Scots Greys, the 8th Hussars, 5th Royal Irish Lancers, the 17th Lancers, the 19th Hussars, and the 21st Lancers.

The 14th Hussars have more Peninsular honours (8) than any other regiment of cavalry, and is the only one with "Douro" to celebrate the passage of the river in 1809. The eight extra clasps that go with the Peninsular medal were granted for the battle of Maida 1806, the Capture of Martinique 1809, the Capture of Guadeloupe 1810, the Capture of Java 1811, three battles in North America 1812-13, and the Campaign in Egypt 1801, the latter being added in 1850.

We find that the 20th Light Dragoons (disbanded 1819) were present at Maida, the 22nd Light Dragoons (disbanded 1819) were at the Capture of Java, whilst a squadron of the 11th Hussars, the 22nd Light Dragoons (disbanded in 1802), the 12th Lancers and the 23rd Light Dragoons (disbanded 1817) took part in the Egyptian Campaign.

Russian Cross of St. George.

It may be of interest to note that during its service in Sicily a non-commissioned officers' party of the 20th Light Dragoons accompanied their Colonel, Sir Robert Wilson, who was sent to Constantinople in 1811 as British Military Commissioner.

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They afterwards proceeded to Russia and were present with the Army in its retreat before Napoleon to Moscow in 1812, and several of them received the Russian Cross of St. George for their services. They were afterwards present at the great battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden and Leipsic, a unique experience for these cavalry soldiers.

To attempt any description of the battles themselves for which medals and clasps were granted would be beyond the scope of these notes, but a brief study of the first Mahratta War, including Wellington's great victory of Assaye, Napier's Peninsular War, and the siege and storming of the hitherto impregnable fortress of Bhurtpore by Lord Combermere's Army in 1826 will prove of considerable interest.

Waterloo Medal.

The Waterloo medal to which we have already referred was granted to all the troops which fought at Quatre Bras and at the great battle itself. It was issued in silver to all ranks and has on the obverse the head of the Prince Regent and on the reverse Victory seated holding a palm and olive branch. A very wide crimson ribbon with blue edges, which was not allowed to be worn without the medal.

It is quite likely that had it not been for the issue of this medal there would have been no application for one for the Peninsula. But the officers and men who had gone through several years of hard fighting and privations were naturally disgusted that they, too, should not have been considered worthy of a decoration, but it took thirty years to bring their grievance to an issue.

The following table shows the cavalry regiments that took part in this great battle with the casualties of each, which secured the peace of Europe for nearly forty years. Most of these regiments were then styled Light Dragoons, but I have given each its modern title, so as to distinguish them more readily.

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The Cavalry at Waterloo.

Name of Regiment	*Killed or Died of Wounds*	*Wounded*	*Missing (supposed dead)*
The 1st Life Guards (2 squadrons)	28	5	—
The 2nd Life Guards (2 squadrons) ...	22	57	63
Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)	28	62	17
1st King's Dragoon Guards	32	131	88
1st The Royal Dragoons	92	88	3
The Royal Scots Greys, 2nd Dragoons ...	97	105	—
The Inniskillings 6th Dragoons	83	105	—
7th Queen's Own Hussars	22	102	11
10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own)	20	38	—
11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) ...	5	14	—
12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's) ...	47	62	—
13th Hussars	15	70	9
15th The King's Hussars	25	48	—
16th The Queen's Lancers	8	11	—
18th Light Dragoons (disbanded 1821) ...	25	83	—
23rd Light Dragoons (disbanded 1817) ...	16	31	8
	565	1012	199

Ghuznee Medal, 1839.

We now approach a period nearer our own times when medals for distinguished services were granted almost immediately after the close of a successful campaign or the gaining of an important victory. Thus, about a month after the British Army under Sir John Keane had captured the fortress of Ghuznee, Shah Soojah, the ruler of Afghanistan, intimated his intention to confer a medal on the troops engaged, and this was issued by the East India Company after the Shah's death. The obverse represents the fortress of Ghuznee and on the reverse is a mural crown with the date 23rd July, 1839. The ribbon is half crimson and half green. Besides the 16th Lancers there were two squadrons of the 4th Hussars at the siege.

1st Afghan War Medal, "Cabul."

In the first Afghan War of 1842 the 3rd Hussars were the only cavalry regiment which took part in it. They were granted

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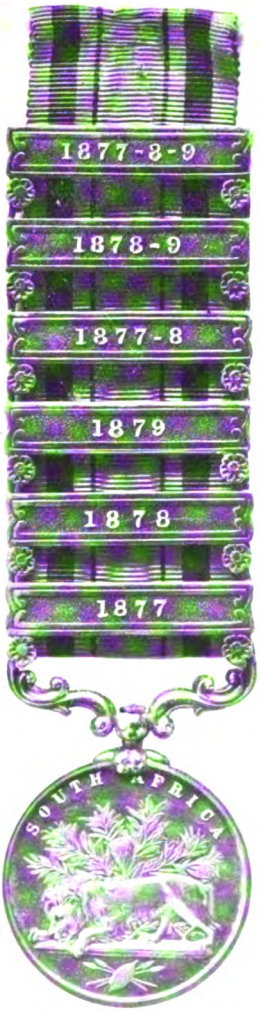
MOODKEE.



SOUTH AFRICA,
1853-79.

PUNJAB.

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the medal without a clasp, the obverse of which shows the Queen's head and the reverse the word "Cabul" with crown above and the date below. The ribbon worn was known as the rainbow pattern, meant to represent the eastern sky at sunrise.

Maharajpoor and Punniar Medals.

The year 1843 saw the Gwalior Campaign in which the two decisive battles against the Mahrattas, Maharajpoor and Punniar, were fought on the same day, 29th December.

Two six-pointed stars were given for these battles, made from the captured cannon, having a small silver star in the centre bearing the name of either battle. The ribbon is of the rainbow variety. The 16th Lancers were at Maharajpoor and two squadrons of the 9th Lancers at Punniar.

The Sikh War Medals.

The Sutlej Campaign or Sikh War introduces the great battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshur, Aliwal and Sobraon, and it is noticeable that the medal commemorating these fights was the first one issued with clasps. The ribbon is dark blue, and the obverse of the medal has the head of Queen Victoria and the reverse showing a figure of Victory. The name of one battle is in the exergue. Thus the 3rd Hussars received the medal and two clasps for "Ferozeshur" and "Sobraon" with "Moodkee" in the exergue, the 16th Lancers had one clasp "Sobraon" and "Aliwal" in the exergue, and the 9th Lancers the medal without a clasp, "Sobraon" being in the exergue.

The 2nd Sikh Campaign includes the Siege of Mooltan and the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat which completely destroyed the Sikh power, and for these another medal was awarded. The obverse shows as usual the head of the Queen, the reverse representing the surrender of the Sikh Army to Lord Gough. The ribbon is blue with narrow stripes of yellow. Three clasps were issued, but no man received more than two. The result of the war was the annexation of the Punjab.

During the siege of Mooltan, the engagement at Ramnuggur took place when *El Chico Blanco*, the fair-haired and gallant

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young leader of Peninsular days, Lieut.-Colonel William Havelock, K.H., of the 14th Hussars, was killed whilst leading a detachment of his regiment in a charge. Colonel Cureton, 16th Lancers, was also killed at Ramnuggur. He was one of the few cases of a man who had risen from the ranks, having served through the whole of the Peninsular War in the 14th Hussars. At this time he was in command of a brigade of cavalry. His son, Lieut. A. J. Cureton, of the 14th Hussars, was killed at Chillianwallah.

The 3rd Hussars, the 9th Lancers, and the 14th Hussars were present at Chillianwallah and Goojerat and received the medal with two clasps. The 3rd Hussars and 14th Hussars took part in the fighting before Mooltan, but did not qualify for the honour.

Kaffir Medal.

Africa now claims our attention, for fighting with the Kaffirs was taking place in 1846-7, and there was more trouble in 1850 to 1853. A medal was struck in 1854 to commemorate these campaigns. It has no clasps and shows the head of Queen Victoria on the obverse, whilst on the reverse is the conquered lion of South Africa. The ribbon is orange with stripes of dark blue. The 7th Dragoon Guards were engaged in the first of these campaigns and the 12th Lancers in the last.

(*To be continued.*)

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SOME TOPOGRAPHY

By "Captain Hook."

"The Commanding Officer wishes to see you immediately after stables."

Thus read Lieutenant X as he walked down the squadron horse lines.

"Good morning, X," said the C.O., as the subaltern saluted. "Brigade have allotted us a portion of the Route Book to correct —a matter of two hundred and ten miles. Judging from your topographical achievements at Sandhurst, I think you are the most suitable officer to carry out this particular job. You should find it very interesting indeed as the route runs through portions of the States of Gwalior, Udaipur, and Bundi. Apparently it has not been reconnoitred for thirty years or more. You had better make out a time table starting from about three weeks hence, as we have to let all Political Agents or Residents know when you may be expected."

X duly made his time table, which he submitted to the Adjutant, whilst at the same time he applied through each Political Agent for a permit to shoot in each State.

When the time came for X's small expeditionary force to set forth, replies had been received regarding the reconnaissance from each of the officials concerned, but only one regarding the (to X a very important question) shooting.

However, Expeditionary Force X, consisting of X, an orderly, a bearer, a syce, two drabis of the Supply and Transport Corps, three horses and six pack mules, moved towards the North from Neemuch on a good metalled road, which, after a short while, became less metalled and more dusty until at the end of

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twelve miles it ceased to exist, ending abruptly at a small village surrounded by fields brilliantly carpeted with opium poppies.

A short distance beyond this garden of many acres, on the fringe of an expanse of scrub jungle, the force pitched its first camp. A further reconnaissance by X that evening yielded three brace of partridges, two teal and a black buck.

Soon after dawn the next morning, as the column was moving off, a small family of Chinkara (gazelle) was sighted, with what appeared to be an exceptionally good head among them. "Father," however, refused to make a stand, but stamping a small hoof and uttering his usual sneeze he made off, followed by his ladies. An hour later, however, he fell with a .280 Ross bullet through the heart. His horns measured 13¼ inches, and he still looks down on officers from the wall of a mess ante-room.

For the next two days no serious action took place, though several small additions were made to the pot in the shape of partridges and sand grouse.

On arrival at a village named Ratangarh, however, which lay at the foot of a long rocky ridge covered with something more in the nature of real jungle, a serious situation arose, not so much from the fact that there was no water, except from the village wells, for a distance of about 12 miles round, but from the fact that it was reported that a tiger was refreshing himself nightly from a pool 12 miles west of the village.

X, after consultation with the local Tehsildar, who was alarmed at the loss of a buffalo a few nights previous, endeavoured to appreciate the situation. The chances of getting the tiger were remote, and reference to the somewhat ancient map showed that the position of this pool according to the information received was just within the limits of Gwalior territory and but a mile from the Udaipur boundary. Now Udaipur was the one Durbar which had definitely granted X a permit to shoot, and, if by a hundred to one chance Mr. Tiger did offer himself to be shot, it would be at the Gwalior pool.

Then there passed through X's mind instances in military history where the politician had interfered too much with the Army Command.

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He re-constructed an ancient proverb to read: "It is better to incur a slight reprimand than to forego the chance of a tiger."

A plea of self-defence even occurred to him.

By lunch time temptation had prevailed.

X, his orderly, and the jungle man who had reported the tiger, set off towards the pool.

That evening they were wending their way along the banks of a very dry nullah when the jungle man called a halt. He himself then went forward and disappeared from view.

In a few minutes he reappeared beckoning to them to follow. For a few hundred yards he led them through thorny scrub jungle interspersed with "Flame of the Forest" trees, which were already showing signs of blooming. Then they emerged into a kind of natural amphitheatre in the midst of which was the pool, and very cool and refreshing it looked in the evening light.

He showed them fresh and unmistakable "pugs" of a tiger and the marks in the sand where he had evidently had a roll. Yes, the tiger had certainly been here quite recently.

He then pointed out a tree, overlooking, and a few yards from, the pool, suggesting that X should there take up a position in a fork of the branches. Though not six feet from the ground, it was the only possible position to take up. Next the Orderly and the jungle man selected their hiding places in trees a short distance away.

X ensconced himself in his tree, tried various positions, now and then bringing his rifle to the aim, and finally settled himself in a not too uncomfortable attitude.

The vigil commenced.

About three-quarters of an hour later some peafowl arrived on the far side of the water. It was not yet dark, so X, full of interest, watched all the hens line up whilst a cock with full spread fan and the conceit of a modern super "lounge lizard" strutted up and down before them. Presently there was a disturbance at the far end of the pool which upset the peafowl reception. Pig arrived on the scene followed by more pig, and

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still more, and judging by the grunts, arguments and splashings . . . it was now almost dark . . . a goodly company of the genus "Sus scrofa" must have been assembled together. They gradually dispersed, and for a while complete silence, except for the occasional distant cry of the jackal, reigned.

Towards ten o'clock the moon rose, shedding its silvery light on the still water. The poetic atmosphere, however, was at the same moment eliminated by the action of an unknown insect which disturbed X some distance below the shoulders. He refrained, however, from any expletive, but began to wonder whether or not he was a fool to expect to get a tiger on the off-chance like this. Much better to have stayed in bed and had a good night's . . COUGH! . . a cough even to the ininitiated, unmistakable! X's heart seemed to leap suddenly right out of his old shikar coat! He quivered from head to foot with excitement! His first real glimpse of His Majesty the Tiger in his own kingdom! There he stood in the moonlight, but twenty yards away . . . his tail twitching . . . a goodly picture . . . he coughed again . . . drops of perspiration fell on X's rifle.

The tiger appeared to be dancing in the neighbourhood of a foresight . . . "CRACK!" . . . a low moan . . . the first sound magnified by the still night reverberated around the rocky hills rippling and crackling away into the distance . . . then a more complete silence than before reigned in His Majesty the Tiger's stead.

He lay, or almost seemed to sit, very very still, his head between his forepaws.

It was not a dream after all. X had actually shot his first tiger, a hundred-to-one chance!

So elated was X at his success, that it was not until he had returned to Ratangarh that there dawned upon him the possibility that his tiger was "poached." Haunted by such a thought as he rode towards the Bundi frontier, an unexpected gallop after a pig, spotted by his orderly, put a more rosy complexion on life for the time being.

Shortly after this interlude, X, as he looked up from setting his map, was surprised to see a section of multi-coloured Lancers

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approaching at a canter. They halted whilst their leader advanced to announce that they had been sent by the Bundi Durbar to escort and assist him during his progress through the State. A few miles further on was a camp, already prepared. There were camels, horses, ponies and supplies. Truly the height of hospitality.

That afternoon as he sat comfortably in the verandah of a luxurious tent, the sight of that tiger skin being stretched in the sun again disturbed X's thoughts. Again, later, as he was having tea, the wind veered slightly and the skin of the tiger seemed to cry aloud, "I am poached!" It was moved further away. . .

The walls of Bundi City appeared next morning in the distance as a page from the history of five hundred years ago.

This impression was intensified on the approach of one of His Highness's staff, accompanied by an escort of men in a species of chain armour, their ponies adorned with trappings of varied colours. A mediæval picture.

The Equerry or A.D.C. informed X that His Highness would send a carriage at three o'clock to convey him to the Palace.

And so that afternoon saw Lieutenant X attired in his best jungle suiting, seated in a plush-lined carriage drawn by a pair of plumed countrybreds and escorted by Knights of old.

His Highness enquired as to when the British Army might be expected. X diplomatically explained that the Sirkar had merely sent him to gain information about the roads and the country, and that there was no intention whatever of sending the British Army into Bundi. The audience ended with an invitation to X to attend a "tamasha" the following day, when leopards would be let loose on a big maidan and ridden with spears:—apparently a favourite entertainment in Bundi.

On this occasion X was mounted on a state pony, an entire, which, though it might have been suitable for the summit of a monument on Constitution Hill, was anything but a suitable ride, especially with a leopard in the offing. He therefore changed to a horse of his own. A large audience had assembled some distance away from where the cage containing two

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leopards, on an elephant cart, was drawn up. Some were armed with spears, some with lathis, whilst many were unarmed. The Stars of the piece, about fifty spearmen, were mounted. His Highness viewed the proceedings from an elephant.

At first there was difficulty in evicting No. 1 leopard, which finally backed out of the cage and rolled on the ground. A tremendous uproar ensued and the scene was obliterated in a cloud of dust as he made off across the maidan. Two or three minutes later the tumult subsided and the lacerated remains of the leopard were brought and laid before His Highness's elephant.

An individual who appeared to be the stage manager then gave instructions for the release of the second unfortunate animal, which made off across the arena in a series of leaps and bounds hotly pursued by the yelling squadron of spearmen. This time a large portion of the crowd could be seen flying for their lives, to a flank, accompanied by several riderless horses. It appeared to be a longer hunt than the last, and as it turned out, there were two casualities among the spectators, one of whom was rather badly mauled in the head and chest. X, as he watched the rather primitive methods of treatment applied to the casualties, could not help recalling the lines of Swinburne:

> So to my soul in surer fashion
> Your savage stamp and savour hangs;
> The print and perfume of old passion,
> The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

X, very reluctant to leave Bundi State, where he had lived the last few days in an age past and gone, wended his way towards Deoli. Thence, expeditionary force X struck out across country again in the direction of Chitorgarh.

The force encountered nothing eventful, until one day X, when shooting snipe, suddenly found himself surrounded by a threatening crowd, who wished to confiscate his gun. He was rescued however by his orderly who, in a tactful manner, acted as mediator, afterwards explaining to X that the inhabitants of

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the district were Jains, whose religion prohibits the killing of any creature.

In a few days time Chitorgarh with its wonderful Rajput fortress was reached. Here X formally handed over command of the force to the orderly and entrained for Neemuch after thirty days full of interest and enjoyment.

Amidst a pile of mail letters awaiting him in the Mess was a belated permit, from Bundi, to shoot. From Gwalior, no communication. The tiger was definitely a "poached" one.

* * * * *

A few days later X might have been seen talking to H.H. The Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior in his private office at the Jai Bilas Palace. H.H. was thoroughly enjoying the confession.

A confession which not only gave X the most wonderful shooting for years to come, but also the friendship of that most loyal of Indian Chiefs, who is now, alas, the other side of the stream.

* * * * *

A month later a letter was brought to X. A slip attached read "For information and return please." The substance of the letter read: "I am directed by the G.O. C.-in-C. to request that you will convey to Lieutenant X his appreciation of the excellent sketches and reports submitted by him in connection with the revision of the Route Book."

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"THE CROSSING OF THE ANDES" AND "THE MARINE CAVALRY"

By A. W. S.

GENERAL interest among readers of military literature has recently been revived in the epoch-making lives of two men who played so important a part in liberating the peoples of parts of South America from the yoke of Spain.

A century ago, San Martin and Pàez were fêted and honoured by the inhabitants of Latin America and indeed to many in Europe their names were household words, but, unfortunately, like so many of their contemporaries, their fame was short-lived and they died later in exile—now almost forgotten except by the keen student of history.

From a military point of view, their lives are packed with incidents of an interesting and varied character, but for the purposes of this article, it is only proposed to take the famous strategic march of 1817 in the case of San Martin and give a glimpse of the life of Jose de Páez and one or two of his outstanding cavalry feats.

A. San Martin. "The Crossing of the Andes."

"What spoils my sleep is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains," San Martin is reported to have said, as from Mendoza he gazed upon the snow-clad summits of the Andes which, as a mighty barrier, separate the wide plains of the Argentine from the smiling valleys of Chile —through 22° of latitude from the desert of Alacaina to Cape Horn.

Although San Martin is often quoted in military circles as "The Hero of the amazing march across the Andes," the actual operation is little known.

Before dealing with this battle, perhaps a brief summary of the life of San Martin will enable the reader to understand

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better the man and the brain which conceived such a stupendous task and also the conditions of his time.

Jose de San Martin was born in Yapeyu, Argentine, on 25th February, 1778. Sent by his parents to Spain at the age of 8, he continued his studies there until he entered the Army in 1791. He retired with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel and then offered his services to the cause of the South American Independence, arriving in Buenos Ayres in March, 1812. The Government commissioned him as Colonel to organize a Regiment of Mounted Grenadiers, with which he took part in the campaign against the Viceroy Vigodet, defeating him in January, 1813, at San Lorenzo. In 1814 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief to the Army in Upper Peru to replace Belgrade, but, seeing the Spanish power could not be broken until it were attacked from the Pacific Ocean and deprived of the rich sources of Peru, he matured a scheme for an invasion of Chile. Under protest of ill-health, he returned from the Command of the Army and went to the province of Cuyo as Governor in September, 1814. There, with the co-operation of the Chilian emigrants, he organised the famous army of the Andes and, obtaining the assent and tacit aid of the Argentine Dictator, he set out with his Army in 1817, details of which are given in the following pages.

After his success on the 15th February, 1817, he was elected Supreme Chief of the Republic, but declined and proposed O'Higgins, only reserving for himself the Command of the Auxiliary Argentine Army.

After the surprise attack by the Spaniards at Canaha Rayada in March, 1818, he re-organized his forces and totally defeated the Royalists at Maipo on 5th April, 1818, thus finally liberating Chile from Spanish rule. After a visit to Buenos Ayres, he returned to Chile and soon began to organize, with O'Higgins, a fleet and army for the invasion of Peru. In May, 1820, he was called with his troops to Buenos Ayres, but, disobeying (as no established Government existed in the Argentine) he was proclaimed by his army as Independent Chief, and in August, 1820, sailed with an army of 4,500 men from

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Valparaiso, landing at Pisco on 7th September. After a brilliant campaign he entered Lima, which had been abandoned by the Spaniards, and on 27th July, 1821, proclaimed the Independence of Peru. In August he was elected by the grateful populace "Chief of the Government" under the title of "Protector." During his short administration he abolished slavery and the tribute that had been levied on the Indians and also introduced many other reforms, especially in the system of education.

He sent his famous Regiment of Mounted Grenadiers to assist Bolivar in his struggle for independence in Ecuador and, seeing the importance of united action, he met him at Guayaquil on 25th July, 1822. What passed at this interview is unknown, but on his return, San Martin resigned, left for Europe and established himself in Brussels. In 1828 he returned to Buenos Ayres shortly after the battle of Stuzaingo, but finding his country plunged in internal troubles, he returned to Brussels, as he is reported to have made a vow never to unsheath his sword in a Civil War. In 1830 he settled in Paris, and died in Boulogne on 17th August, 1850. In San Martin one found an experienced soldier, a real leader and a genius for organization and detail. In a country seething with internal wars and with many men filled with the enthusiasm for the freedom of their country, he was one of the few men who was able, by his foresight, generalship and initiative, to seize the reins and lead his country to the Independence they so earnestly desired.

The judgment of posterity is unanimous in respect of the importance of the Passage of the Andes by San Martin, not alone as a great military feat, but also for the influence it had upon the final result for emancipation in South America. In many schools of thought, the task achieved by San Martin is cited as one of the best examples of the importance of discipline in the army; of the value of foresight and attention to details on the part of a General and how, by organization, preparation and great strategical skill, an efficient army was formed out of a mere handful of semi-trained men, an almost impenetrable

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country was conquered and a time-table carried out, over a 1,300 mile front, to within a few hours of schedule.

It is intended in this article to confine ourselves to the period from September, 1816, to February, 1817, this being the actual time concerned with the passage of the Andes. The reasons necessitating the battle on the 15th February, 1817, and the subsequent results, are more or less known to readers of history.

To comprehend fully the magnitude of the operations, one must visualise the country concerned. From the sketch map it will be seen that a range of mountains at 33° South latitude divide into two parallel ranges—one running southward along the borders of the Pacific Ocean and the other forming the Grand Cordillera upon which San Martin gazed from Mendoza. Between the Cordillera and the Coast range stretches a great valley, cut across in places by spurs from the higher mountains. The Great Cordillera can only be crossed with great difficulty at certain passes, which are only rugged defiles and paths as a result of volcanic action, and those which have connection with our history are :—

To the North:

Those of La Ramada and Come-Caballos, by which the Argentine province of La Rioja communicates with Coquimbo and Copiapo.

In the Centre:

Those of Uspallata and Los Patos in front of Mendoza and San Juan.

To the South:

That of Planchon, which gives access to the valley of Talca and that of Portello which leads to the Plains of Maipo and to the capital of Chile.

These passes, from 9,000 to 22,000 feet above sea level, are covered with snow in winter and were deemed only practicable in summer. Until 1817, they had only been crossed by small detachments of soldiers or by troops of mules, the passes being in many places so narrow as only to give room for one mounted man at a time. The crossing of a numerous army with guns and baggage was, therefore, held to be impossible and so the

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Royalists of Chile felt comparatively safe from attack in large numbers from that direction.

The road by Uspallata passes to the south of the Great Peak and through the valley of Aconcagua to the frontier town of Santa Rosa.

The road by Los Patos is much longer and, passing to the north of Aconcagua, leads up the valley Putaendo to the narrow pass of Achupallas.

Thus any force stationed at this point would be placed between two fires by the convergence of two Divisions, and if it retreated to the Sierra of Chacabuco, which lay to the South, would leave the Plain of Chacabuco available for the concentration of San Martin's army. Chacabuco was, therefore, the strategical point upon the occupation of which depended the issue of the whole campaign.

San Martin's plan was to send three forces over the passes, each to reach the other side by a given date and then to simultaneously rush like a thunderbolt from the western slopes of the mountains and do battle in the open. His real intentions he kept from his friends and enemy alike, and it was only on the eve of departure that he unfolded his plan to his subordinate commanders. By his complex spy system he knew of every movement of Marco, the Royalist leader, and so deluded him into the belief that the real attack would come from the South.

So much for the formidable task San Martin had before him so far as his routes of attack were concerned. Now a word or two about the army with which he proposed to carry out this attack.

In September, 1816, he had but a small nucleus of trained men on which to build an army. The organization of this army is one of the most extraordinary feats recorded in military history. The country was filled with men eager to help in the fight, but beyond their natural born horsemanship, they knew little or nothing of soldiering in the true sense of the word. By the collection of these men and the promise of freedom for the slaves, he enrolled many men under his banner. When completed, the army was a war machine, composed of men filled

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with the spirit of the Argentine revolution and with a passion for things American, without which spirit and passion it could never have achieved the task before it. Never was the military automaton more thoroughly endued with human energy.

In December, 1816, San Martin had recruited some 4,500 men. This army was sustained by a combination of patriotic subscription, gratuitous service and of regular and arbitrary taxes.

For the furnishing of arms, powder and equipment, special measures were adopted. San Martin found a mendicant friar who, because of his extraordinary talents, became entrusted with the establishment of an arsenal. Cannon and shot were made from church bells, etc.—limbers were improvised and made for the guns, the fertile brain of the friar designing carriages specially adaptable for the conveyance of war material over the steep passes. Later the friar took off his frock, donned the uniform of a Lieutenant and, with a monthly salary of 25 dollars, became the Archimedes of the Army of the Andes.

In addition to the arsenal, San Martin established a laboratory and a powder factory. Army cloth was manufactured and the uniforms made *free* by the women of Mendoza.

Water bottles were made from the horns of animals killed in the encampment. Thirty thousand horseshoes were prepared for the 10,000 mules and horses; without them the hoofs of the horses would have been worn down in the transit over the stony passes.

All the food necesary for 15 days they arranged to take with them, also 600 bullocks for slaughter and a special supply of onions and garlic, very necessary at high levels both for men and beast. Large provision was made of charquica, a food much in vogue among the muleteers, composed of beef dried in the sun, roasted, ground and powdered, then mixed with fat and Chile pepper and pounded into a small compass. A soldier could carry enough of this concoction to last him eight days. Mixed up with hot water and maize meal ready roasted, it formed soup very nutritous and appetising.

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Four cables, each 170 feet long, and two anchors were made to form a portable bridge.

A military tribunal was created, Commissariat and Treasury placed under strictest regulations—everything, down to the minutest details, being prepared for an offensive war and distant operations.

No maps were in existence, so San Martin conceived the idea of sending his Aide-de-camp, Condarco, a skilful engineer, with a copy of the "Declaration of Independence" to the Governor of Chile. His real errand, however, was to reconnoitre the passes by Los Patos and Uspallata. He was told to take the longest road by Los Patos and to return by Uspallata if not imprisoned and hanged.

As San Martin anticipated, the copy of the Declaration which Condarco presented to Marcó del Pont was burned by the public hangman at Santiago and the messenger sent back with scant courtesy, but in his receptive brain, Condarco brought back with him plans of both passes, which he drew out on paper at leisure, and these plans, so obtained, became the chart of the first operation of the Army of the Andes.

In January, 1817, San Martin brought his various corps from their individual camps and encamped them in the open plain about a league North of Mendoza, where the whole force was taught to act in concert.

The army now consisted of 3,000 infantry of four battalions, five squadrons of Mounted Grenadiers (700 sabres), 250 gunners with ten 6-pdrs., two howitzers and nine 4-pdr. mountain guns. Twelve hundred mounted militia from Cuyo accompanied the army, besides muleteers and artisans.

The Army was arranged in three Divisions, each entirely independent of the other. The main body and detachments had orders to get secretly through the passes and to debouch on Chilian territory on 8th February. Each Commander was given by San Martin a pen and ink route he was to follow with notes and written instructions.

San Martin himself went by the pass of Los Patos, but had arranged a system of flag signals by which he could communicate

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with the Commander of the troops across the intervening valley.

All the troops were mounted on mules and marched in single file along the narrow paths, each 20 being in charge of a muleteer. The length of the day's march was decided by the scarce facilities for grass and water at the halting places. The main body had greater difficulties than the other detachments to contend with, for not only was the road more treacherous than that of Uspallata, but on account of the higher elevation and of its vicinity to the eternal snow, the cold was very intense and the rarefaction of the air caused many men to drop in the ranks.

The endurance of the men through the difficult marches is worthy of record. Napoleon is reported to have said "The first quality of a soldier is constancy in enduring fatigue and privation, valour only comes second." The men of the Army of the Andes might well be considered such soldiers.

Cabot, the Commander of the northern body, left San Juan on 12th January and on 8th February issued from the Northern passes. By the 12th he was master of the province after sharp fighting and the capture of many prisoners.

After the capture of the city of Copiapo, the whole of the north of Chile was in the hands of the invaders. They did not meet with much resistance owing to the Royalist leaders being absolutely nonplussed as to what direction they could expect attack. This uncertainty led them to dispose their various troops at many points up and down the country, with the result they were not really overwhelmingly formidable to a tired enemy at any one place.

The one outstanding cavalry charge was that led by Necochea, the commander of the Mounted Grenadiers. On the morning of the 7th, he was met by the Royalists and, by feigning to retreat in the face of superior numbers, induced the enemy to follow him up the valley with 300 horsemen, leaving their guns and infantry in a strong position behind him. When he had drawn him well away from his reserve, Necochea suddenly wheeled his men into line and charged, completely breaking up the enemy and driving him back to the shelter of his guns. This crushing repulse was the turning point in the resistance met by

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the invaders, and they were subsequently enabled to arrive at their rendezvous without much further delay.

By the implicit obeying of orders and great strategic skill, each commander was able to reach his objective by the allotted date. Thus the preliminary operations were crowned with success. A combination of movement over a period of nearly a month, through an almost impassable country and over a frontage of 1,300 miles, was completed in every point on the day prefixed by the originator of the plan. The loss of mules was some 6,000 and two-thirds of the horses foundered or were killed, but all the guns came through the passes intact.

San Martin has reason to be proud of his exploit, but neither then or at any other time was he known to boast of it.

How he concentrated his forces, after the crossing of the Andes, and won the decisive battle of the 15th, is another story. The passage of the Andes by San Martin was a feat requiring greater strategic powers and skill than the passage of the Alps by Hannibal and Napoleon. In place of vengeance, greed and ambition, San Martin was animated by the hope of giving liberty and independence to a new world. The passage of the Andes resulted in Maipo, a victory which, together with that gained by Bolivar in the north, liberated entire peoples from the slavery of foreign despotism. The passage of the Alps merely resulted in sterile victories of Trebia and Marengo.

B. Jose de Pàez. "The Marine Cavalry."

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, in his recently published book "Jose de Pàez," says: "Such men as Pàez are rare in any country—only heroic periods bring them forth." Pàez well deserves this praise. Born in the Llanos in 1790 of very poor parents, receiving little or no education, he eventually became Venezuelan President. He came to the front in the War of Independence and his military activities began about 1810. The principal battles in which he distinguished himself were Mata de le Miel (1815), Montecal and throughout the province of Apure (1816) and at Puerto Cabello (1823). In 1829 he furthered the secession of Venezuela from the Republic of Colombia and he became its first President (1830-1834). He

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was again President in 1839-1843 and Dictator in 1846, but soon afterwards headed a revolution against his successor and was thrown in prison in 1850. Later he was released and left the country, but eight years later he returned and in 1860 was made Minister to the United States. A year afterwards he again returned and made himself Dictator, but in 1863 he was overthrown and exiled. He died in New York in 1873.

This brief record but faintly gives a glimpse of how crowded was his life with adventure. He was a soldier natural born and, like all men of the Llanos, a horse formed part of his very existence. As a leader of the Llaneros he early showed his worth, and by his daring and initiative many men flocked to his banner to join forces with those of Bolivar. Pàez was too independent by nature to work successfully in co-operation with another, nevertheless he served under Bolivar loyally during the actual wars and only broke away when it came to the political question of the independence of Venezuela.

His particular mounted followers earned the name of "The Marine Cavalry," for the many occasions on which they swam the rivers, either to reach speedily an objective the other side or to attack actually the enemy in mid-stream.

The outstanding incident of the latter kind is given below and is taken from Mr. R .B. Cunninghame-Graham's book previously mentioned. Incidentally, this book is one well worth reading, for it enthrallingly portrays the life and adventures of a national hero who lived in stirring times.

"It was when Bolivar and his army crossed the River Apure. The 'Liberator' had no boats and the Spaniards an armed squadron of launches. Pàez had promised to fill the deficiency. When they had got within a mile of the river, Bolivar asked Pàez where the boats were that he had promised to provide. Pointing to where the launches lay out in the middle of the stream, Pàez said 'There they are.'

"'I see them,' said Bolivar, 'but what I do not see is how to take them.'

"Pàez said smilingly 'With our cavalry.'

"'Where is this water cavalry, then?' Bolivar said, and Pàez, pointing to his Guard of Honour, answered 'Here.'

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"With fifty of his Guard of Honour, riding with their girths and crupper loosened, Pàez galloped to the bank. Then, letting their saddles slide to the ground, without dismounting they plunged into the stream.

"One of those panics that now and then seize men confronted with a situation that they cannot possibly have dreamed of, took possession of the soldiers in the boats. After an irregular discharge that did no damage, for all they had to aim at were the horses' heads and the men, naked from their waists upwards, they took to their canoes and fled. The horsemen, from the horses' backs, leaped on board the boats after a bloodless victory.

"Turning their horses loose, which at once swam back again to the same bank that they had left, without a single loss, Pàez in triumph brought the launches back to where Bolivar and his staff were sitting like equestrian statues, hardly daring to believe their eyes."

On yet another occasion Pàez crossed with his cavalry the Rivers Canequar and Paguey, each about a quarter mile in width and surprised the Garrison of Bainas, taking many prisoners. As he had no boats at his disposal and his men were encumbered by plunder, he improvised hide boats like coracles. These he formed by cutting holes all round the outside edge of a cow's hide and running a strip of hide through the holes. The articles of plunder he put inside, tightened up the bags, and then towed them back across the river.

He believed in the superstition that white horses are the best swimmers and delighted in having his men, half naked, carrying their saddles on their heads and their lances in their mouths, swimming strongly to some unsuspecting fort.

Except for the exploits of Pàez and his white-horsed cavalry, there are few other incidents where cavalry have undertaken so many amphibian tasks.

The lives of San Martin and Jose de Pàez are well worthy of study. The military lessons that can be learned, even in these modern days, are many. In character they were unalike, and yet each, in his own way, materially helped to make history in the New World a century ago.

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SPORTING NOTES FROM THE EAST

Ootacamund Hunt Point to Point, 1929.

These races were run on September 21st, the weather conditions being perfect, sufficient rain having fallen to soften the ground.

The Ooty Hunt country is rather like the Devon and Somerset country as regards hills, but it is all grass with streams and bogs in the valleys which can only be crossed at certain places. There are no jumps. All the races this year, except the Hunt Cup, were circular. Competitors had to start near the finishing post and go round a flag or a covert in the distance and back again. There were many choices of the best way to go, and some went round right handed and some left handed. The courses were pointed out to competitors two days before, except in the Hunt Cup (about 4¼ miles), the competitors in which were taken to a point out of sight of the finish and started off on their journey. It will be obvious that a good knowledge of the country is a necessity. The country is over 7,000 feet above sea level.

Results :—

Ootacamund Hunt Cup.

Nicaragua (Lt.-Col. Dennistoun)	Owner	1
Horsley (Lt.-Col. Dennistoun)	Mr. K. Leech	1
The Gaffer (Mr. C. R. T. Congreve)	Mr. Greig	3

6 starters.

The Ladies' Cup.

Snoudualmie (Mrs. Johnstone)	Owner	1
Countess (Mr. Happell)	Mrs. Campbell Harris	2
Florican (Miss Barber)	Owner	3

6 starters.

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Peter Pan Cup.

Plucky Lad (Mr. Greig) .....Owner 1
Hit Hard (Countess of Shannon) ...Lt.-Col. Dennistoun 2
Juno (Mr. Bridge) .....Owner 3

Ladies' Open Race.

Quality (Mr. Moore) .....Mrs. Platts 1
Souriya (Miss Flemmich) .....Owner 2
Minstrel Boy (Mr. Happell) .....Mrs. Campbell Harris 3

A Match.

Experiment (Mr. Congreve) .....Owner 1
Powder Puff (Rajah of Khallikote) .....Owner 2
Each carrying 15 stone.

Light Weight Race.

Scotch Steel (Mr. Gasson) ..... Lt.-Col. Dennistoun 1
Fox Trot (Rajah of Khallikote)
Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs 2
Hill and Dale (Lt.-Col. Dennistoun) ..... Mr. Leech 3

Polo in Ceylon.

The year 1929 has seen a great revival of Polo in Ceylon, a fact largely due to the game having been taken up seriously by the Ceylon Mounted Rifles, whose Regimental Polo Club was formed in 1928. Until then, the Colombo Polo Club, the headquarters of Polo in Ceylon, had carried on with great difficulty since the war, and only through the keenness and generosity of some of the older members, and of the Ceylon Police Polo Club. An influx of new players, who have learned or are learning the game at outstations with the help of the ponies owned by the Mounted Rifles Regimental Club, has helped greatly to improve matters.

The chief difficulties, in a country where most men have to work hard for a living, are the scarcity of suitable ponies at a reasonable price, and the lack of full sized polo grounds outside Colombo, where the ground on the Racecourse is one of the finest in the East. However, Polo is now played on small grounds at

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Badulla, Diyatalawa, Kandy and Taldua, fairly regularly, while in Colombo the game is played three times a week practically throughout the year.

The standard and pace of Ceylon Polo has improved a lot during the year, though a good coach and two or three good umpires would be a great help.

The chief tournaments are :—

1. The Broom Cup, played under handicap, in January or February each year.
2. The Nicholson Cup, an open tournament, played in September or October each year.
3. The Fellowes-Gordon Cup, an open match between teams representing Colombo and Up-country, in August each year.

Matches, in all the above, are confined to 4 chukkars..

The winners in 1929 were :—

Broom Cup Final. Score 8 goals to 3.

The Ramblers	beat	*The Royal Artillery.*
(Bk.) E. H. Davies		(Bk.) Capt. J. F. L. Austin
(3) O. P. Mount		(3) Lt.-Col. W. G. B. Barne
(2) Major A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh		(2) L. C. M. Nash
(1) Lt.-Col. J. A. M. Bond		(1) G. Elliot

Nicholson Cup Final. Score 4 goals to 3.

The Ramblers	beat	*The Ceylon Mounted Rifles (holders).*
(Bk.) C. R. Brocklehurst		(Bk.) J. H. Swan-Benzie
(3) O. P. Mount		(3) Lt.-Col. J. A. M. Bond
(2) Major A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh		(2) J. A. F. Wallace
(1) E. B. Creasy		(1) E. P. Paynter

Fellowes-Gordon Cup. Score 4 goals to 3.

Colombo	beat	*Up-country.*
(Bk.) A. I. Sherringham		(Bk.) J. A. F. Wallace
(3) O. P. Mount		(3) Major A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh
(2) E. B. Creasy		(2) Capt. H. L. Bucknall
(1) Capt. J. F. L. Austin		(1) Lt.-Col. J. A. M. Bond

There are, in addition, various inter-troop and inter-squadron Cups confined to the Mounted Rifles, and the Clifford Cup,

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a 2 chukkar one pony tournament, played under handicap for teams with a maximum handicap of 7 goals, in which the holders can be challenged every fortnight.

The Duke of Gloucester and his Staff played Polo in Colombo during their short stay in Ceylon in April.

On the whole, the game is in a more flourishing state in Ceylon than ever before. A few Arabs and a good many Walers are still played, but the best value for money has been received in the importation of South African ponies. These are hardy, comparatively cheap, easy to teach, and considerably faster and stronger than any Arab pony.

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THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE.

From a Cavalry point of view.

By MAJOR-GENERAL T. T. PITMAN.

All delays are dangerous in war.
Dryden.
Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends.
Shakespeare, King Henry VI iii.2,

SINCE the publication of the Official History, much has come to light both on the German side and on that of the Allies. The various staff tours held during the last twelve months have filled in gaps in the detail of the smaller units, and much controversy has arisen, especially as regards the action of the cavalry, with a general feeling that they might have done more than they did do.

The battle can now be viewed in its true perspective, and the "wise after events" have solved innumerable problems showing how the battle should have been fought.

The object of this article, however, is to try and reproduce the atmosphere of September, 1914, and to show what the cavalry actually did do, the orders they received, based, as they were, on the information available at the time; how far those orders were carried out, and the reasons which prevented the cavalry from pushing on, at a time when in the light of present-day information it might appear that more vigorous action was possible.

The pursuit of the Germans to the Aisne, 5th-12th September.

On the morning of the 5th September, G.H.Q. received "instructions" from General Joffre for a general advance, in which the combined French and British Armies would turn and

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take the offensive. The B.E.F. commenced this operation at a considerable disadvantage. The French Army had received the order on the previous day and had halted, while the B.E.F. continued the retreat, with the result that when the advance in a northerly direction commenced, they were some ten miles south of their allies. The Cavalry Division (1st, 2nd and 4th Cavalry Brigades) under General Allenby and the 3rd and 5th Cavalry Brigades, acting together under Brig.-General Gough, were ordered to cover the front and flanks of the B.E.F. and connect with the French Armies, between which the British Army was moving.

In the daily operation orders issued by G.H.Q. between the 6th and 12th September, the main operation is described in the words "the pursuit will continue."

The cavalry operations during the pursuit are so full of incident that it is hoped to give a detailed account in the next number of the JOURNAL, and for the present we will pass over the period up till the 12th, which date marks the opening phase of the battle of the Aisne.

On the night of the 11th the cavalry were billeted as follows: Cavalry Division in vicinity of Loupiegne (7 miles south of Braisne); 3rd and 5th Cavalry Brigades in vicinity of Parcy Tigny (8 miles south of Soissons).

G.H.Q. operation order issued at 6 p.m. on the evening of the 11th, as far as it affected the cavalry, read as follows:

(1) The German Army appears to be in full retreat N. and E. before our advance.

(2) The Army will continue the pursuit to-morrow. Every endeavour will be made by the cavalry, in co-operation with the French cavalry on the right and left, to harass the retreating enemy.

(3) Heads of Corps will cross the road Saponay-Grand Rozoi-St. Remy-Louatre* at 6 a.m.

(4) The crossings over the Aisne will be seized, and the columns will reach the high ground overlooking the river.

* About 8 miles south of southern edge of map.

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It will be seen that there is no mention of the possibility of the German armies taking up a defensive position on the line of the Aisne, and so we find the cavalry pushing on in a north easterly direction on the morning of the 12th, to carry out the instructions issued to them.

The official history states : "Low clouds and rain made aerial reconnaissance so difficult that the Flying Corps could furnish no reports of value on the 12th." It was therefore on the cavalry alone that G.H.Q. had to depend for the next few days when nothing could be seen from the air.

The following is a sample extracted from many cavalry messages which have been preserved :—

From Cavalry Division Hd. Qrs., 8.50 a.m., 12th September.

"Enemy has been driven out of Augy and wood to south east, but is still holding Braisne with infantry. Another party of infantry, at least a battalion, is advancing through Brenelles towards Braisne. Another battalion is deploying on the ridge towards Brenelles. The position of our guns is about Peupier, but it is not a good one as there is so much dead ground in front of it. In front of our guns are two squadrons who have driven the enemy out of Augy and are now engaged against enemy in Braisne where he is entrenched. It looks as though enemy means to make a stand at Braisne as a flank guard or rear guard as the bridge at Courcelles has been destroyed. If cavalry cannot force a passage at Braisne it must cross the river at Bazoches where the French are fighting."

(Signed) A. F. Home, Major.

The 1st Cavalry Brigade who were acting as advanced guard to the Cavalry Division, gained first contact with the enemy at Braisne at about 6.30 a.m., but it was not until well into the forenoon that a combined dismounted attack by the three regiments (Bays, 5th Dragoon Guards and 11th Hussars) was made on the village. Two hours fierce fighting ensued. The bridges were barricaded and houses loopholed, and by 12 noon the village was practically cleared with the exception of the northern exit. Fifty prisoners were captured and many Germans were

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killed. Our own casualities were heavy and it was not till 1.30 that the last of the Germans were driven north of Braisne.

All this time our infantry had been steadily pushing on. The First Division reached Bazoches, the Second Division Courcelles, where the 5th Infantry Brigade managed to cross despite the destruction of the bridge, the leading battalions pushing on to a farm about one mile north east of Braisne where they caught in enfilade the last of the retreating Germans driven out of Braisne by the cavalry. Over 100 laid down their arms.

Further to the west the 3rd and 5th Cavalry Brigades proceeded to Serches and from there advanced on the Chassemy heights from which the Germans were driven by the leading regiment, the 4th Hussars, and a section of the R.H.A. The brigade being established on the heights, the 4th Hussars were sent on to seize the Vailly bridge over the Aisne. They drove the enemy from the chateau north of Chassemy and established themselves 500 yards from the bridge at Vailly which was found to be destroyed. The bridge at Conde they found intact though strongly held.

The way was now open for the remainder of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade to advance to the river (about 4 p.m.). General Gough was up with the advanced guard on the high ground near Chassemy when a force of German infantry was reported advancing from the direction of Brenelles. An immediate mounted attack was decided on, and under covering fire by a troop of the 16th Lancers and the machine-guns of both the 16th and 5th Lancers, the remainder of the two regiments were led further to the left. The charge, which was also supported by gunfire, was completely successful. About 70 Germans were killed and the remainder, over 100, surrendered.

After the action at Braisne, the 1st Cavalry Brigade pushed on north east and reached Dhuizel in the late afternoon where they went into billets for the night, pushing out patrols to the Aisne, which found the bridge at Pont Arcy had been destroyed. The advanced guard of the Second Division (General Hakins' 5th Infantry Brigade) reached Dhuizel about an hour after the First Cavalry Brigade.

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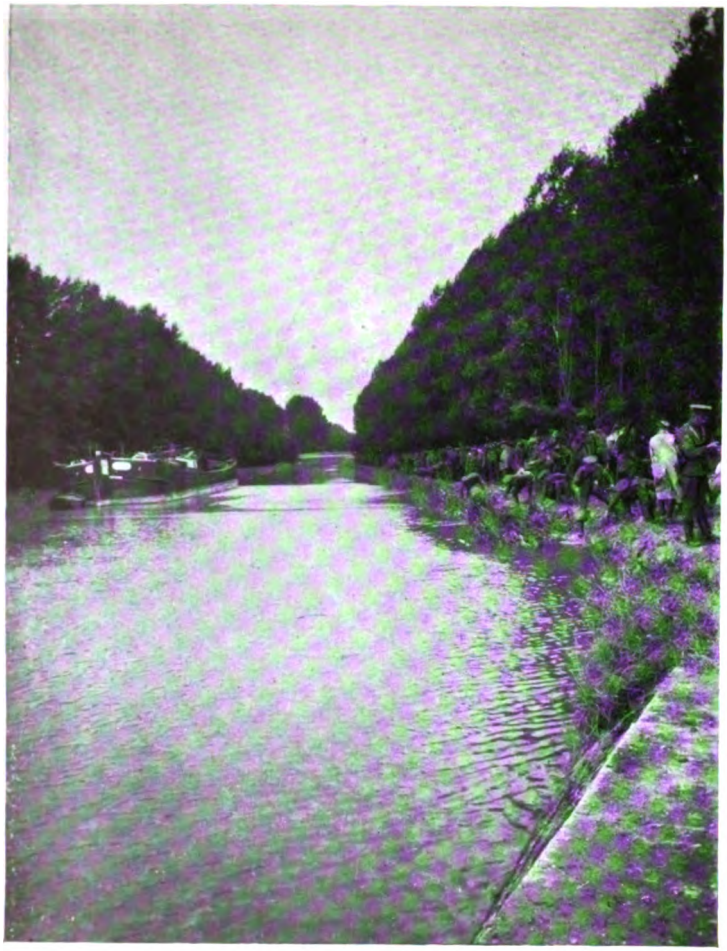
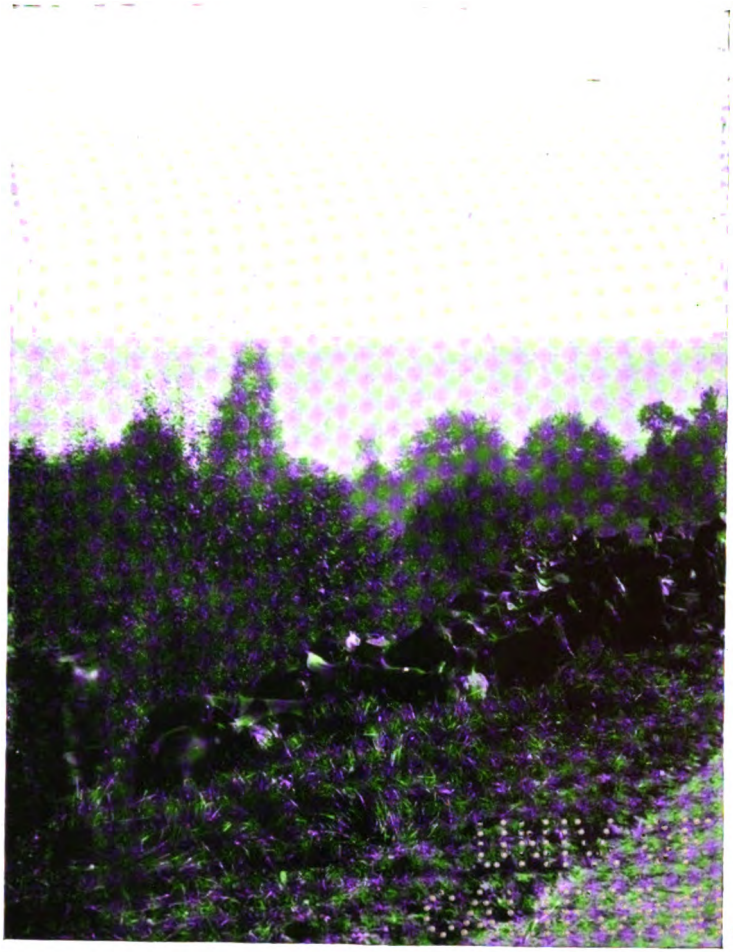


XI Hussars watering on Canal at Bourg,
September, 1914



Led Horses concealed in the Valley of Aisne,
September, 1914

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On the extreme left the III Corps had made a great stride forward. At 3 p.m. they were within three miles of the Aisne. The divisional cavalry (19th Hussars) reported that the bridge over the Aisne at Venizel had been damaged, but was still passable by cavalry and infantry. The ground to the north of the bridge had been entrenched for defence and a large column of Germans were seen moving north east from Soissons over the plateau.

Two companies of infantry moved at once down to Venizel and the Germans attempted to blow up the bridge. Only one, however, out of the four fuzes, exploded. The others were removed by the R.E. after dark.

Thus ended an eventful day. The B.E.F. were in the positions assigned to them by G. H. Q. operation order, but not a single bridge was in our hands except Venizel on the left where the Germans were holding a commanding position on the north bank of the river. During the night the leading brigade (General Hunter Weston) of the Fourth Division was pushed over Venizel bridge and by a surprise attack at dawn succeeded in establishing a bridge head on the north bank of the river.

Extract from G.H.Q. Operation Order issued at 7.45 p.m. on 12th September :—

(2) The Army will continue the pursuit to-morrow at 7 a.m.

(3) Heads of Corps will reach the line Lierval-Chavignon-Terny.*

Still no indication of the possibility of the enemy standing to fight and no special task allotted to the Cavalry though the orders indicated the roads and crossings they were to use. The morning of the 13th was wet and miserable. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade (General DeLisle) acting as advanced guard to the Cavalry Division pushed on to Bourg. The enemy were in position with machine guns in houses on the north bank of the river, while the houses on the south bank were held by riflemen. The leading squadron (4th Dragoon Guards) were soon pinned to

* A line about 7 miles north of the Aisne in a north-westerly direction from starting position.

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the ground, and when reinforced by the remainder of the regiment, still failed to turn the position. It was not till two squadrons of the 9th Lancers who ferried over the canal in boats made a real turning movement, that the Germans were forced out of the position. It took nearly four hours to clear Bourg and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade pushed on to the high ground on the north of the village. The 1st Cavalry Brigade following close on the heels of the 2nd, struck north east in the direction of Pargnon to gain touch with the French.

Sir Douglas Haig's orders for the 13th had directed the First Corps to push on to the river, with divisions closed up ready to act on the information obtained by the cavalry. In the event of the enemy seriously disputing the passage of the river, attack orders would be issued. In the event of his continuing his retirement, the First and Second Divisions were to occupy ground beyond the river at Bourg and Pont Arcy.

It may be interesting here to note what information the cavalry sent in.

Message from Cavalry Division to First Division, timed 12.45 p.m. :—

" Situation of Cavalry Division at 12.45 p.m. : 2nd Cavalry Brigade on detached hill 175 between Bourg and M. of Moulins. 1st Cavalry Brigade marching on Pargnan. 4th Cavalry Brigade in mass off road half-mile north of Bourg. 2nd Cavalry Brigade reports that it cannot make further progress without artillery support. There are about two German batteries on ridge north of Troyon. The whole of the ridge has been under our observation, and there appear to have been on it this morning a strong division or weak corps of hostile cavalry, and a brigade of infantry. After considerable movement to and fro, they show a tendency to move northwards. Divisional Head Quarters will be at 1 p.m. half-mile north of Bourg."

By 1.30 p.m. the 2nd Cavalry Brigade was at Moulins and the 1st Cavalry Brigade on the right in close touch with the French Fifth Army (Alpine Brigade).

By 6 p.m. the whole of the First Division were across the river, and the Cavalry Division, less the 2nd Cavalry Brigade

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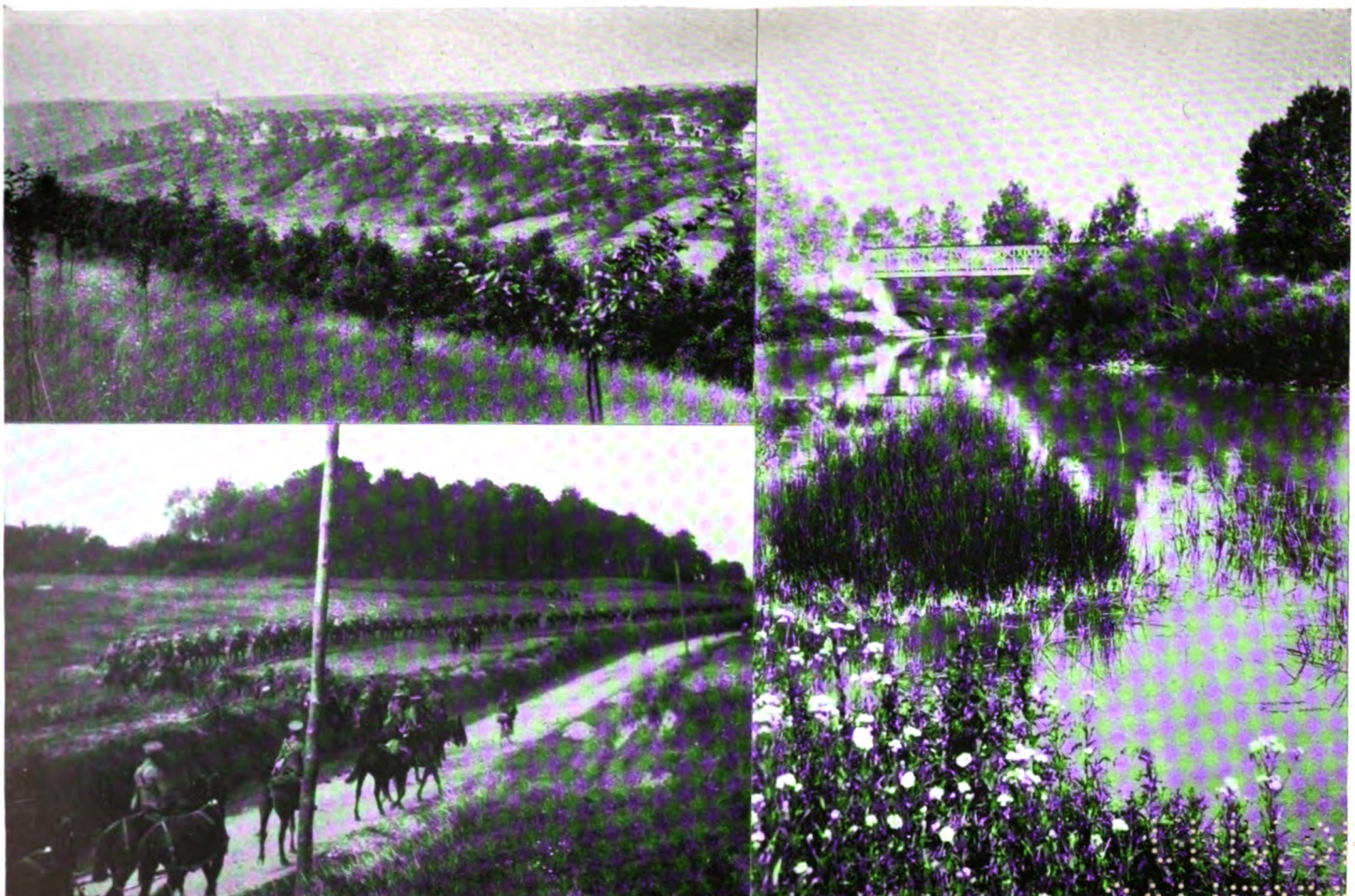

Pargnan Village with Chemin des Dames in the distance (*top*)
XI Hussars on the march, September, 1914 (*bottom*)

Pont Arcy Bridge over River Aisne.
(*Photograph taken in* 1929.)

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who remained at Paissy, withdrew to billets on the south bank. Further to the left the Divisional Cavalry of the Second Division (Squadron of 15th Hussars), had reported soon after dawn that the bridge at Chavonne had been destroyed and that the approaches to it were held by German snipers. At Pont Arcy the demolition of the bridge was only partial, men on foot could use it and it was feebly defended. The 5th Infantry Brigade pushed across and a pontoon bridge was made. At noon the 2nd Coldstreams were sent to Chavonne to secure the crossing which they succeeded in doing and established a bridgehead on the north bank. The pontoon bridge at Pont Arcy was completed by 4 p.m.

In the II Corps area, an attempt was made to cross at Vailly bridge. The 8th and 9th Infantry Brigades of the Third Division established themselves on the north bank, the 7th Infantry Brigade remaining on the south side. The 3rd and 5th Cavalry Brigades had to remain inactive throughout the day, there being no scope for them until the bridges were captured and repaired. The 13th Infantry Brigade had secured a small bridgehead at Missy, and in the III Corps area the whole of the Fourth Division were across the river in the vicinity of St. Marguerite.

G.H.Q. Operation Order, issued at 6 p.m. on the 13th September :—

(1) The Army has succeeded in obtaining a footing on the north side of the Aisne in face of considerable opposition by strong rear guards of the enemy's III Corps, supported by one or two Cavalry Divisions.

The 5th and 6th French Armies have also succeeded in crossing on our right and left respectively, working in close touch with us.

(2) The Army will continue the pursuit to-morrow at 6 a.m. and act vigorously against the retreating enemy.

(3) Heads of Corps will reach the line Laon-Suzy-Fresne.*

* About 13 miles north of the Aisne.

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(4) The Cavalry Division will advance in general direction Courtecon-Laon. Communication to be maintained with I Corps, General Gough's command, in the general direction Allemant-Wissignicourt. Communication to be kept with II Corps. Every endeavour must be made to harass the enemy's retreat.

It will be seen that this order did not err on the side of "pessimism," and as it was only on the extreme right that the army had made any considerable advance on the 13th, G.H.G. were distinctly "optimistic." Sir John French was, however, only doing his best to carry out the instructions issued by General Joffre who from information available at the time still believed the Germans to be continuing the retreat.

The 14th September is described in the Official History as "The Day of Battle," and an extremely heavy days' fighting it was. Our Divisions were launched to continue the pursuit and very soon bumped into German troops in position along the whole length of the Chemin des Dames and the spurs leading down from the same to the valley of the Aisne. Units were thrown in piecemeal, and the operations developed into a "soldier's battle" with very little artillery support owing to the lie of the ground and the shortage of howitzers.

Considering what the infantry (as is now known) were up against, the individual performances of units was nothing short of prodigious. Except perhaps at one point, the extreme right of our line, there was little scope for cavalry.

The Cavalry Division started before dawn to carry out the *rôle* assigned to it. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade leading, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers pushed through the infantry as they started their advance. Dawn was just breaking and the leading squadron went astray, the 2nd squadron thinking that they were covered suddenly bumped into the German outposts, who opened rapid fire on them. Luckily they were proceeding up a sunken lane at the time, somewhere between Troyon and Cerny. Rapidly dismounting they lined the ridge and held the enemy in check until the arrival of the infantry. It soon became

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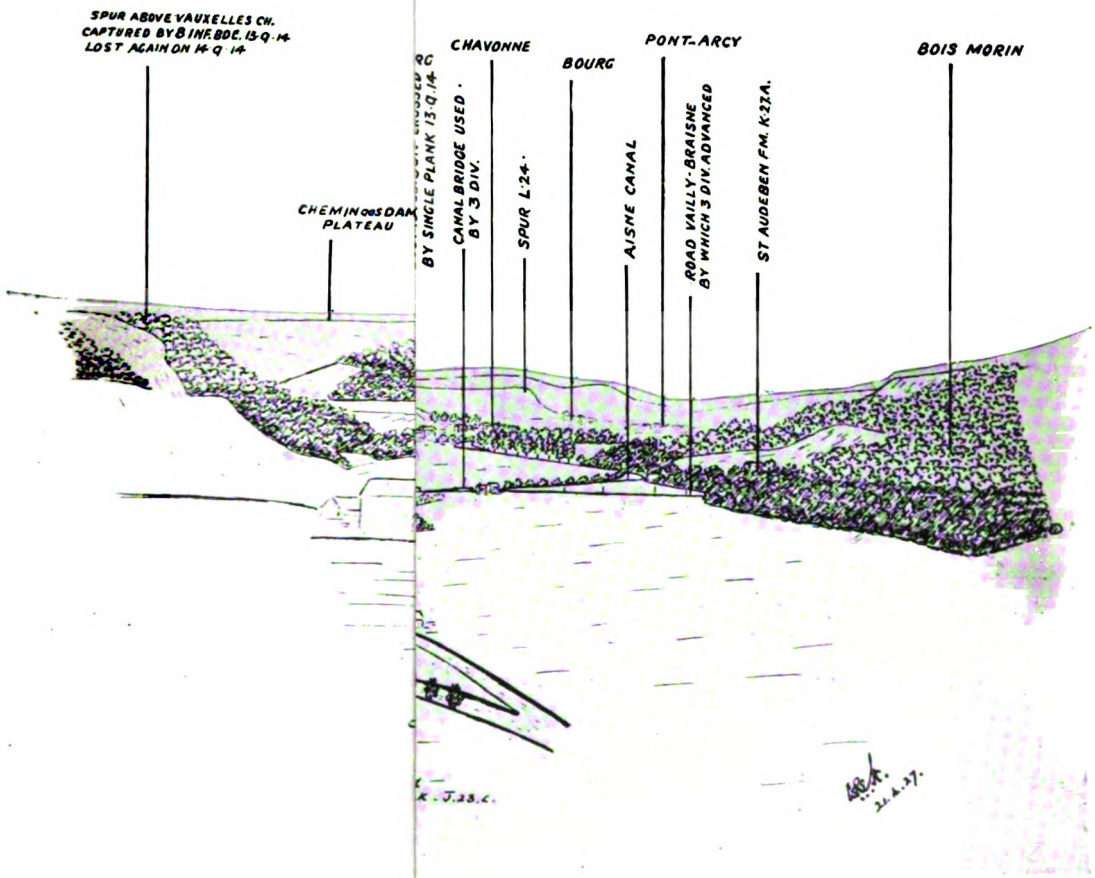
Sketch No. I.



By kind permission of Major C. W. Norma

Panorama from S nd German Observation of Aisne Valley

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evident that the enemy were holding the line of the Chemin des Dame in strength and that there was no immediate possibility of the cavalry going through at this point, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade remained in close support of the infantry throughout the morning.

Further to the right the 4th Cavalry Brigade kept touch with the French, who were unable to make any progress. Patrols from this brigade reached the top of the ridge north of Paissy and penetrated some distance beyond it, and this seems to have been the one spot where the line was thinly held by the Germans. The Queen's Regiment were well over the ridge by the afternoon, the cavalry protecting their right flank. General Allenby, however, did not feel justified in pushing on. In this decision he was mainly influenced by the fact that the French, with whom he was to keep touch, were held up to his right rear. The 1st Cavalry Brigade remained throughout the day in close support near Paissy.

About 2 p.m., I Corps received news of the repulse of the Third Division, and Sir Douglas Haig being anxious about his left, the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Brigades were transferred to the left flank. The 1st Cavalry Brigade made a rapid march to Chavonne (about 8 miles from Paissy) and arrived there in time to support the left flank of the Guards' Brigade which was "in the air," and connect up with the right of the Third Division, the 11th Hussars filling the gap.

In the centre and left of the British front the situation was less satisfactory. They were up against stout opposition.

During the night of the 13th, a pontoon bridge was constructed at Vailly, and the 5th Cavalry Brigade followed by the 3rd Cavalry Brigade was ordered to start crossing at 6 a.m. A mist hung over the river when, under the delusion that the infantry was making good progress north of the river, the 5th Cavalry Brigade started to cross. The Scots Greys and 12th Lancers were already over and the 20th Hussars in the act of crossing when the mist lifted and the enemy started to shell the bridge at close range, and with considerable accuracy. The 20th Hussars were brought back over the river and withdrawn

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to Chassemy chateau. The Greys and 12th Lancers, after sending forward reconnaissances to ascertain the infantry situation, moved up to the northern exit of the village. Here a steep bluff afforded shelter from the enemy's shells, which at this time were falling into the village with some frequency. The two regiments remained in this unpleasant predicament until about noon with the infantry only a few hundred yards ahead. Eventually as the village was being more heavily shelled and as the infantry were being hard pressed, it was decided to retire over the river by troops. It was necessary to move over the pontoon at a walk, and in full view of the enemy. Each troop as it crossed received four shells, and under the circumstances it is surprising that the casualties were not more than about 30 men and 20 horses.

On the 15th September, Sir John French realised that the "pursuit" was at an end and ordered the whole line to be strongly entrenched. His view of the situation was confirmed by the receipt at 1 p.m. of the following telegram from General Joffre :—

"It seems as if the enemy is once more going to accept battle, in prepared positions north of the Aisne. In consequence, it is no longer a question of pursuit, but of a methodical attack, using every means at our disposal and consolidating each position in turn as it is gained."

And so the battle continued till the end of the month, the cavalry remaining in close support of the infantry. Regiments were thrown into the line to fill gaps and moved up to support threatened points. In this manner the value of the mobile reserve was fully exemplified. Every regimental history contains episodes of this period and the following from the history of the 4th Dragoon Guards is selected to show the nature of such operations :—

"September 19th. The First Army were in difficulties, and General DeLisle perceiving that our infantry were being pushed back and forced from their trenches on the high ground north of Paissy, orders were received that the regiment should, if possible, retake the trenches. A and C squadrons galloped

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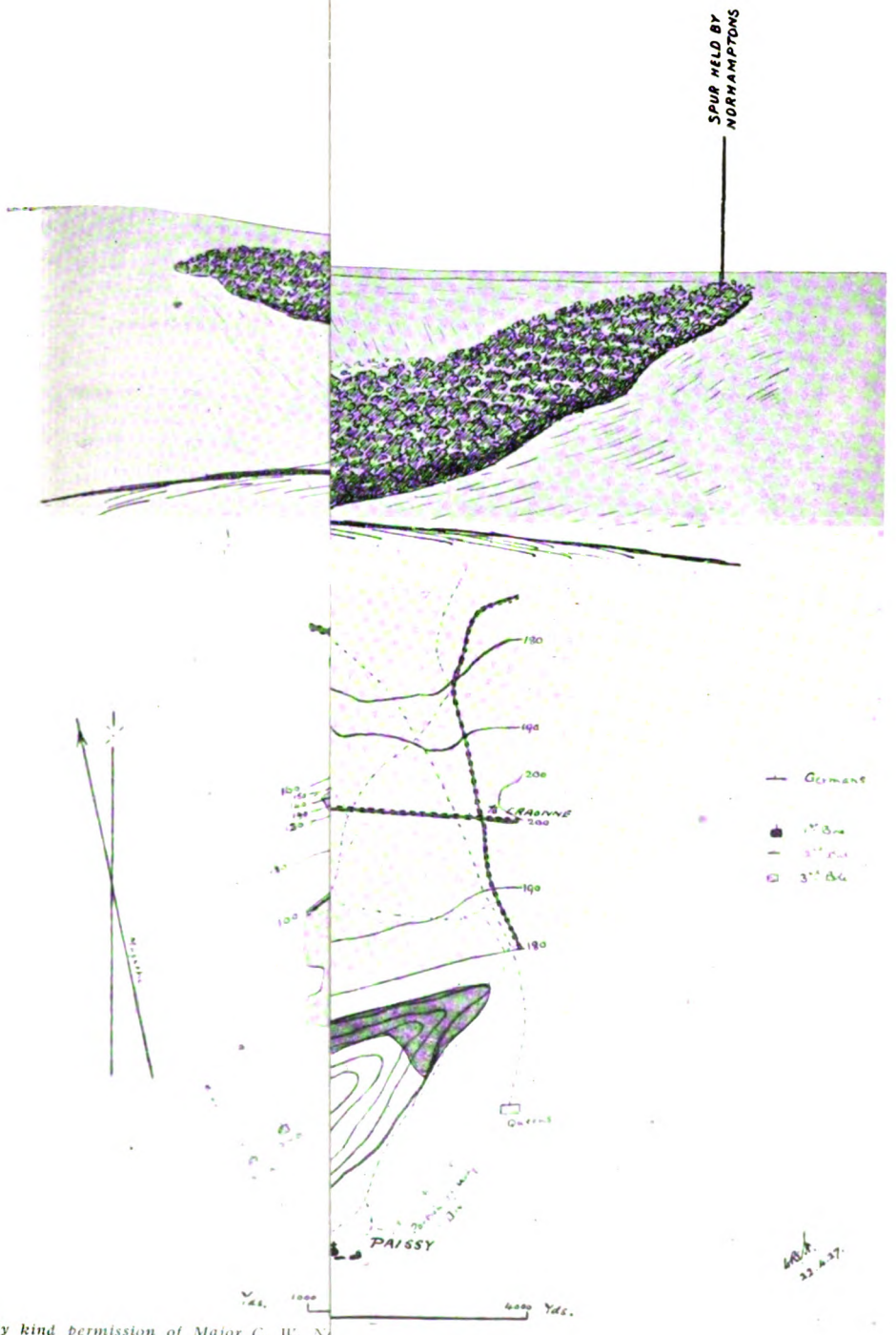
Sketch No. II.



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Croyon 14-9-14

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across an intervening valley of about one and a-half miles, which led to a very steep hill, thickly wooded, and ending in a steep scarp bordering a plateau. Here the infantry were leaving the hill and had already fallen back about 1,000 yards. Leaving Captain Hornby to dismount the two squadrons, Major Bridges went forward to reconnoitre on foot. On coming over the top of a rise he picked up an infantry officer whom he took forward to view the situation. Here the Germans were seen advancing in fairly large numbers, and some appeared to have got round the right flank. Major Bridges, waving to Captain Horby to come on, the men came forward at a sharp double, deploying as they came forward. The Germans were met at some three of four hundred yards distance, and a hot fire was opened on them, our men standing up. The Germans took to their heels, whereupon we advanced to within two hundred yards of the Chemin des Dames, where we were ordered to lie down and keep up a sharp fire on the Germans who were now retreating over the next rise. Major Bridges now went back and found the officer commanding the West Yorkshire regiment and ordered him to advance his battalion, which he did. Two of his companies had been captured but he mustered some three or four hundred rifles and moved them up to where the cavalry were lying. Led by Major Bridges the cavalry and infantry moved forward until they reached the original infantry position."

The Battle of the Aisne, now that the movements on both side are known, is one of the most interesting studies of the war. Two semi-demoralized German Armies (Von Kluck and Von Bulow) are retiring with a gap between them of some 20 miles, held mostly by cavalry. Against this gap the B.E.F. are rapidly pushing on. Forty miles to the rear of the German Armies, Von Zwehl with the VII Reserve Corps is ordered to advance with all speed to fill the gap. He completes the forty miles in twenty-four hours and his leading troops reach the Chemin des Dames two hours before the leading troops of the B.E.F. Had the situation been reversed and the B.E.F. been two hours in front of the Germans, the whole line might have been hurled back another fifty miles. All credit to Von Zwehl and also to

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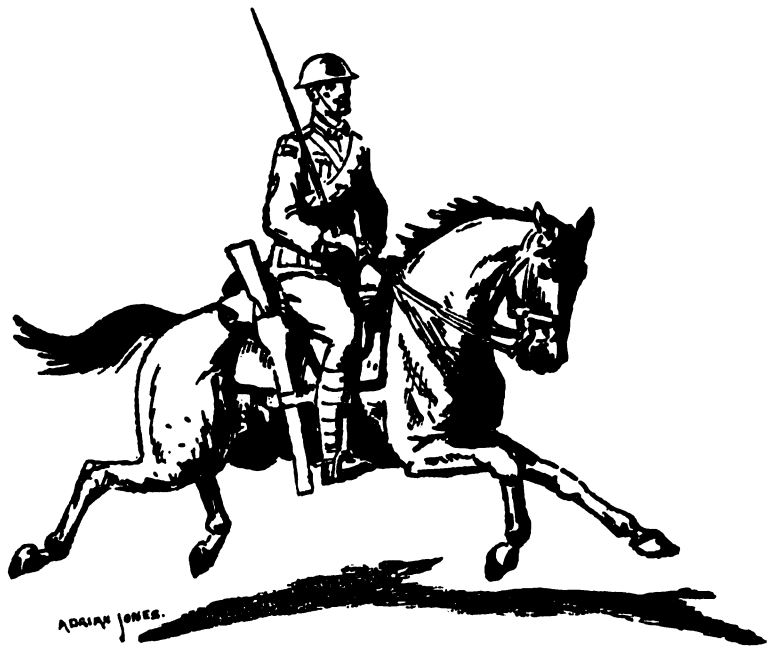
the German Cavalry which put up sufficient resistance when acting as rear guard to delay their opponents and also for carrying out what the British Cavalry had to do so often during the next few months, the holding of a position until relieved by infantry.



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NOTES

"Cavalry Journal" Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the "Cavalry Journal" Committee was held in the Council Room of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, on 27th November, 1929.

Present: Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (in the Chair); General Sir G. de S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.; Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.; Major-General A. F. W. Harman, C.B., D.S.O.; Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Leetham, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., F.S.A.; Lieut.-Colonel W. Jelf, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major O. J. F. Fooks, 14/20th Hussars; Major C. W. Norman, 9th Lancers.

The following extracts are taken from the proceedings:—

1. The Statement of Accounts for the year was examined and passed. The surplus of assets over liabilities on 31st October, 1929, was £838 17s. 1d. Major-General Pitman stated that 49 new subscribers joined in 1929, and that single copies of the journal sold to the trade rose from 450 to 490.
2. The resignation of Major O. J. F. Fooks as Honorary Editor, was laid before the meeting.
3. It was proposed by Major-General Pitman and seconded by Major-General Harman that Major C. W. Norman, 9th Lancers, should be appointed Editor, *vice* Major Fooks. This was carried unanimously.
4. It was proposed by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, seconded by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, and carried unanimously, that a vote of thanks be accorded to Major Fooks for his services as Editor over a period of 3½ years.
5. It was proposed by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Arthur Leetham and seconded by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell that some form of recognition be paid to Major Fooks. After deciding to leave the details to Sir Arthur Leetham and Major-General Pitman, the motion was carried unanimously.

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6. A vote of thanks to the following voluntary contributors during the past year was proposed by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, seconded by Major-General Pitman, and carried unanimously:

General Sir George De S. Barrow, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., Colonel 14/20th Husars.
Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., Colonel 13/18th Hussars.
Colonel L. F. Arthur, D.S.O., O.B.E.
Major-General Sir Neville M. Smyth, V.C., late 3rd Carabiniers.
Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore, C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D, D.L., late Essex Yeomanry.
Colonel R. J. P. Anderson, C.M.G., D.S.O., late 11th P.A.O. Hussars.
Colonel R. P. Laurie, D.S.O., late Royal Scots Greys.
Lieut.-Colonel R. Evans, M.C., Royal Horse Guards.
Lieut.-Colonel R. Chenevix-Trench, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Corps of Signals.
Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Vickery, C.M.G., D.S.O., Royal Artillery.
Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Mowat, 7th Light Cavalry, I.A.
Major H. G. Eady, Royal Engineers.
Major H. C. H. Robertson, D.S.O., Australian Staff Corps.
Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., R.A.M.C.
Major H. N. Kermack, Royal Engineers.
Major R. S. Timmis, Royal Canadian Dragoons.
Captain M. N. T. Gubbins, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Artillery.
Captain C. B. Thorne, M.C., 3rd Carabiniers.
Captain John Bury, 17/21st Lancers.
Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.
Captain E. A. James, 48th Divisional Signals.
Captain G. L. Caldwell, Veterinary Corps, U.S.A.
F. H. Swyer, Esq., Army Educational Corps.
The Editor, "United States Cavalry Journal."
The Editor, "The Royal Military College Magazine and Record."
Messrs. Fores, Fine Art Dealers, Piccadilly, W.
Messrs. John McMaster, Picture Dealers, 19, Panton Street, S.W.
Messrs. Express Photos, Ltd., 29, Poppin's Court, E.C.4.
Best's Brewery Co., Ltd.

7. The Editor having announced that Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Connolly, D.S.O., and Colonel L. F. Arthur, D.S.O., O.B.E., had resigned the sub.-editorships for Canada and India respectively, a vote of thanks for their services was proposed by Major-General Pitman and seconded by Major Fooks and carried unanimously.

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8. It was proposed by Lieut.-General Lord Baden-Powell, seconded by General Sir George Barrow, and carried unanimously, that a vote of thanks be accorded to Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby for having kindly undertaken to preside at this meeting.

Cavalry Journal.

The undermentioned have become subscribers for 1930:—

The Cavalry Club, Montreal, Canada.

Captain T. J. Comerford, Remount Department, India.

Captain A. P. MacDonald, Army Veterinary Corps.

Captain R. F. K. Gooch, late Warwickshire Yeomanry.

Lieut. J. de Moraville, 4th Queen's Own Hussars.

"Cavalry Journal" Staff Changes.

In accordance with the decision of the Committee of the "Cavalry Journal," Major C. W. Norman, 9th Lancers, who has been appointed Honorary Editor vice Major O. J. F. Fooks, 14/20th Hussars, will edit the April, 1930 and future issues of the Journal.

Military Appointment.

The King has approved of the appointment of Major-General G. A. Weir, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., as Colonel of the 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards), in succession to Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D., Colonel, Royal Horse Guards (The Blues).

Overseas League.

A report written by The Overseas League on the subject of settlement in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, has been received. It is not possible to publish this report in full, but any officers or others who are interested in this subject should write to the Secretary, Migration Bureau, The Overseas League, Vernon House, Park Place, S.W.1.

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From the report it appears that the climatic conditions of the Colony are very favourable to the growing of fruit crops, especially apples. There are ample opportunities for recreation and sport—"as an outdoor playground for the hunter and fisherman, Nova Scotia is hard to beat." Fur farming is also attracting a large number of people. There is a Federal Experimental Station situated at Kentville where agricultural specialists are employed studying the problem of that industry, and information is given freely to those who visit it.

The Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society.

The next Show of the above will be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on March 4th, 5th and 6th.

The London Thoroughbred Stallion Show for 1930.

The War Office announces that a Show of Thoroughbred Stallions will be held, in conjunction with the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on March 4th, 5th and 6th, 1930.

A Challenge Cup, presented by His Majesty The King, will be awarded for the Champion Stallion in the Show; and a Gold Medal will be awarded by the War Office to the owner. Sixty King's Premiums (including six Super-Premiums) will also be offered for award by the War Office.

In addition to the King's Premiums a very limited number of War Office Premiums will be available for award on the recommendation of the County Horse Breeding Committees. These awards will not be made, however, until the routes of the King's Premium Stallions have been arranged.

Copies of the Regulations governing the award of the premiums can be had on application to the War Office.

National Pony Society.

It is announced that the next National Pony Show will take place on Friday and Saturday, March 7th and 8th, 1930, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"The Fighting Forces," October, 1929.

The Editor has provided his readers with his usual "shepherd's pie" of grave and gay; articles of the latter category on this occasion bulking the larger of the two. Of the former, the account of the Schneider Trophy Contest, by Squadron-Leader Trewin is both timely and useful, and Squadron-Leader Burge, continuing his series of articles on Air Warfare, deals admirably with the vexed question of low flying attack aircraft. Brigadier Clementi Smith and Lt.-Colonel Hitchins propose to replace the Cardwell system by dividing the present army into two, the one at home, and the other overseas; the present 64 infantry battalions at home would be divided into eight groups, each of eight battalions, each group finding drafts for six battalions in India and two at other overseas stations, while the cavalry regiments at home would be amalgamated to form 12 regiments, and would similarly form three groups of unequal sizes finding drafts for abroad in the same way. The scheme sounds attractive and workable and would have many undeniable advantages. Three other articles deal with the French army and its history. Major Burne gives a clear little *prècis* of the battle of Ethe, based on Major Grasset's well-known work; Lt.-Col. Butler describes the battlefield of Worth as it is to-day (he is, by the way, wrong in saying that Colonel Henderson's study of the battle was never published; it is to be found in most large military libraries); and Major Goodliffe describes the French Military school at St. Cyr. The Editorial notes, reviews and other regular features maintain their normal high standard of interest.

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"Journal of the Royal Artillery." October, 1929.

The present reviewer feels himself incompetent to appraise the three alarmingly technical-looking articles, by Major Cherry on anti-tank equipment and training (the winning Duncan Silver Medal Essay); by Captain Krohn on "Anti-aircraft Practice in Peace"; and by Major Macrae on "Auto Frettage"; and little more at home with the "Notes on Training Horses for Racing" by Major Younger. The articles of more general interest are uniformly excellent. General MacMunn writes of the romance of that strangest and most criminally unwise of adventures—which nevertheless achieved so real, if fleeting, a success—the First Afghan War, and Major Shaw throws more light on that little less disastrous of our campaigns, the First Boer War, with special reference to the always creditable part played by the guns. Colonel Grasset's article on "Mondement, 1914," translated by Brigadier-General Evans, is of vivid and absorbing interest, with its wealth of picturesque and personal detail, and its equipment of sketches and maps. A useful series of "Notes on Army Administration," by Brigadier Logan, and a most entertaining account of a motor journey from Cairo to Ostend make up a first-class number. E.W.S.

"The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly" has been revived and is a welcome addition to the list of Service Journals. It is being produced at the R.A.S.C. Training College, but at present only two numbers will be published annually. The first number of the new series (October) is a great success and the producers are to be congratulated. Although it is stated that the articles are unofficial, yet it is apparent they are written by experts. Subjects dealt with in this issue include recent developments at the R.A.S.C. College, the R.A.S.C. organization within the Division, Ammunition Supply of the Division, pack transport and petrol supply, all of which are instructive and not too technical. The information contained in this number is invaluable to staff officers and to all who wish to fathom the working of our Supply Services.

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Another newcomer to the number of Service journals is "The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps," the first number of which has just been issued. It is to be published Quarterly at the R.A.V.C. School, Aldershot, and the subscription is 10s. 6d. per annum. This periodical is well got up and printed. Major-Gen. Sir John Moore, who is well known to readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, has contributed an interesting article "In the Beginning," on the events in 1914. The supply of Horses for the Territorials is dealt with by Lt.-Col. P. J. Simpson. There are included also Sporting and Garrison Notes. The remaining articles are chiefly technical ones.

It behoves all who are interested in veterinary matters to support this new Journal by becoming subscribers and by submitting contributions. O.J.F.F.

"The Canadian Defence Quarterly." October. Ottawa 50c.

This number contains several articles of general interest. Foremost amongst these is one by the Commanding Officer of the Royal 22e Régiment de Québec containing personal memories of Marshal Foch who was honorary Colonel of the Regiment. The frontispiece is an excellent autographed portrait of the Marshal. As the Editorial says: "Canada not only occupies the position of Interpreter as between Great Britain and the United States but also between Great Britain and France."

"Disarmament," by Professor Mackenzie of Toronto, is a clear summary of the steps taken by the Powers towards security and stability, and the difficulties which have arisen since the War. It leads up to the Kellogg Peace Pact and the author closes with the belief that, in spite of world armaments on the whole being in much the same position that they were ten years ago—"with a fuller understanding of the causes of war, with a wider realization of its destructiveness, and with better guarantees of security and provisions for the settlement of international disputes, disarmament will follow naturally and logically." The Rhodes lecture by General Smuts on this subject of World Peace emphasizes this same belief and points the way to the next step. H. N. K.

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THE Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following :—

The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps	Aug., Sept., Oct.
The Strathconian	July, Oct.
The Military Gazette	Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20.
On the March	Oct., Nov.
Our Empire	Oct., Nov.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal	Oct., Nov.
The Eagle	Oct.
Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps ...	Oct., Nov.
The Ypres Times	Oct.
**The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly* ...	Oct.
**The Journal of the Royal Artillery*	Oct.
The Xth Royal Hussars' Gazette	Sept.
**Canadian Defence Quarterly*	Oct., 1929.
**The Fighting Forces*	Oct.
The Police Journal	Oct.
The Wasp	Sept.
**The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps*	Nov., 1929.
The White Lancer and the Vedette	Nov., 1929.
The Journal of the United Service Institution of India	Oct., 1929.

*Reviewed in this number.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

In the issue of the "Revue de Cavalerie" for September-October Chef d'Escadron Davadant continues his account of the part played by the 5th Cavalry Division during the months of May and June, 1918, and his criticisms are by no means lacking in severity, while he seems to claim that the prolonged *guerre des tranchées* had in large measure unfitted the cavalry of France for the task set it at this period of the war. Many months of static warfare had, so he states, made of the cavalry a mere body of infantry, while all seemed to have forgotten that cavalry unaided could effect little or nothing, and that it was required to work miracles deprived of all those aids which months of warfare had shown to be indispensable. If cavalry are ever again to be expected to do anything effective under similar conditions, it must, urges the writer, be composed of a large body of real cavalrymen, it must be assisted by mechanically propelled arms of all kinds, while all possible means of maintaining *liaison* between every branch of the cavalry body and attached arms must be as perfectly organized as possible.

This number contains the opening chapter of an account of a reconnaissance carried out by five small parties of French cavalry officers after the battle of the Ourcq, when the initial German advance had been stayed and the retreat commenced, but when the French High Command was anxious to obtain more accurate information as to the exact disposition of the invader's forces. The account of the work carried out in rear of the enemy lines by five subaltern officers of cavalry reads like something of a prose epic and makes indeed a very stirring story.

Under "*Chronique Sportive*" Captain de Laissardière, who himself was a competitor, describes this year's International Horse Show at Olympia, and incidentally it is pleasant to read

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his tribute to the public before whom he competed—"ah! quel charmant public, en effet, qui celui de l'Olympia," he writes.

The "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militärzeitung," of the 15th September contains a plaint by Major Koller regretting the very small amount of purely cavalry literature which he finds in the military periodicals of the present day, and he considers it matter for regret that cavalry officers do not write more, and give their opinions more freely, about the future of their arm. It is, indeed, unfortunately the case that on the Continent the number of Cavalry Journals has in late years terribly decreased, and that in those which deal, generally, with all the different arms of the Service, but few papers on cavalry operations are now to be found.

The "Schweizerische Monatschrift" for October gives some details of the organization of the United States Cavalry as recently promulgated, and closes with the remark that it is very evident that the responsible military authorities in the United States have no intention whatever of permitting the cavalry arm to be ousted from its place by *motorisierte Truppe*.

The "Militär Wochenblatt" is one of the comparatively few foreign Military Journals which makes a point of publishing from time to time articles dealing with the mounted services, and in the number dated the 4th September, a writer, who appears to belong to the field artillery, enters something of a plea for the retention of the horse and for the very serious need for cultivating its military uses in every possible way; urging, what some of our military writers fail to realize, that *all* weapons and branches of the service are merely parts of the one machine.

The Army Veterinary Corps in Germany has recently issued a report on its work in the late war, and this is remarked upon in the "Militär Wochenblatt" of the 11th September; it is claimed that the remount bred in East Prussia has no equal for military purposes, that he has immense endurance, and not merely exists but actually flourishes on poor and irregularly issued rations. The case is quoted of a German squadron mounted on East Prussian horses; it started on the Russian

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campaign with 154 mounts, lost several in action and from accident, and that at the end of eighteen months extraordinary exertions, 31 of the original number were "going strong," while the ages of those 31 varied from four 6-year olds to four of from 14 to 18 years! The writer claims that horses of from 8 to 15 years are the most enduring for military, and especially campaign, purposes. In many squadrons, the writer declares, 20-year olds went comfortably through the whole war.

H.C.W.

Cavalry Journal (*United States*).

The October issue is devoted to the French Cavalry and is a very interesting number. General Brecard, the Inspector-General of Cavalry, contributes an important article on the operations and experiences of the French Cavalry during the Great War. He shows how its fire power was insufficient (a French Cavalry Division in 1914 had only six machine guns), and its system of intercommunication was rudimentary. Based on war experience, the present organization of the Cavalry Division is two mounted Brigades, one Regiment of "Dragons Portés" of three battalions carried in motor vehicles, two or three squadrons of armoured cars besides artillery, engineers and aeroplanes. General Brecard concludes by describing the present-day conception of cavalry rôles and how these rôles are to be carried out.

General Lafont writes on "The Cavalry School at Saumur," and it is to be noted that there is now a cavalry armoured car instruction centre there.

There are also three interesting articles on horses: "The Anglo-Arab," "The Barb," and "The Horse-Breeding System in France." It is pleasing to read that polo in the French Army is becoming more and more popular. In an article devoted to this subject we learn that although in 1922 only four French Cavalry regiments had polo teams, yet in 1929 all Cavalry regiments except four had teams.

O.J.F.F.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Part I. Military.

"Afghanistan. From Darius to Amanullah." By Lt.-Gen. Sir George Macmunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. (Bell & Sons.) 21s. net.

This is the first book published, which contains the history of Afghanistan as a whole and its medley of races, and which emphasizes the inseparable connection geographically, politically and ethnologically between Afghanistan and India. It was not till the time of Aurangzib's death in 1707 that Afghanistan as a country and the Afghans as a separate people appeared on the horizon. The tale told by Gen. Macmunn is a terrible one. Fratricide and the popular policy of "Amir-blinding" were the customs of the day. Nor is such a story to be wondered at, if the saying is true "that in Afghanistan statesmanship consists of changing sides at the right time." The Amirs Abdurrahman and his son Habibullah (murdered in 1919) maintained an iron hand and refused to bring in reforms too rapidly. Had Amanullah only heeded the former's advice of "Festina Lente," the house of cards might not have fallen in 1929.

This book is a most important one from the military point of view. The three Afghan campaigns are summarized and the lessons to be deduced from each are explained. The part played by Great Britain in its dealings with the Kabul Court and the various phases of popularity of the three policies—*i.e.*, The Forward, Back to the Indus, and The Scientific Frontier, are fully described. As a conclusion Sir George Macmunn examines the economic situation and the question of trade and commerce which is in the hands of Persians, Indians and Jews.

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He favours the construction of motor roads rather than railways, which would not be paying concerns. The book is thoroughly interesting and is one to be recommended for study both from the political and military standpoint. O.J.F.F.

"The Weary Road." By Charles Douie. (John Murray.) 6s.

After the somewhat unpleasant flood of acid war reminiscences with which the public has recently been deluged, it is a pleasure and a relief to turn to the admirably sober yet vivid pages of Mr. Douie, and realize at the end that here is something one is not only glad to have read but would be proud of having written. The author left Rugby soon after the outbreak of hostilities, and after serving for a time with the 51st Division in England, was posted to a Regular Battalion of the Dorset Regiment, with which he served overseas in France until the last few months of the war, which he spent on the Italian front. His is the point of view of the educated, reflective, temporary officer, on whom this country has always largely relied—and not in vain—to lead her wartime armies to victory, and as such must be of vital interest to all Regular officers, who in the next great war—if such there is ever to be—will be the comrades of such men. In this book there will be found nothing of that theatrical horror or paraded coarseness with which a recent school of war literature has satiated us almost to nausea. There breathes throughout its pages the fine mind of a cultured gentleman, who, while as resolved as any that war is an evil which, if human endeavour can avoid it, must never recur, feels it no shame to have taken part, with all the best of humanity, in the latest and greatest of wars, and seizes and holds our attention by the grace and simplicity of his tale.

"British Strategy." Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Sir G. Milne, G.C.B. (Constable.) 10s.

This is a book for which not only all soldiers, but also all others interested in Imperial development, will be grateful. General Maurice, after an introductory chapter explaining the

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nature of war, considers the principles of war, as laid down in Field Service Regulations, Volume II, 1929, analyses them, gives many historical illustrations, and demonstrates conclusively their decisive influence. He emphasizes the importance of studying them from the British as against the continental point of view. "This book, in fact," says the C.I.G.S. in his introduction, "emphasizes the special characteristics of the British Empire, and shows that, in the application of strategical principles, these characteristics confer upon us peculiar advantages and disadvantages."

The chapter that will probably most interest the cavalryman is that on mobility, where the author deals clearly with the difficulties of the problem of transport and supply with modern development in mechanization, and the consequent complication of staff work, and shows how the cavalry, as a striking force, is being replaced by the modern mechanized force.

The only criticism which might be levelled at the author is that the historical examples quoted are rather general in type, but this is perhaps natural in a work dealing with strategy on this scale.

"This work," writes Sir George Milne, "is not only for the soldiers, it merits the attention of all who may be called upon in the future to direct the policy of their country." H.G.E.

"The Life of the late Marshal Foch." By Major-General Sir George Aston. (Hutchinson.) 24s.

This is a large book and within its covers the author has collected, so far as one can see, nearly every story and saying of Marshal Foch from published sources, and a number of inedited ones, presumably supplied by his family, with whose collaboration and approval this so-called "official" biography has been issued. The military career of its hero has been treated in great detail, though it would have been of interest to have a résumé of the Marshals' philosophy on war as expressed in his two published works, "Principles of War" and "Manœuvre for Battle," the latter of which has never been translated into

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English. There is, moreover, a wealth of portraits and other illustrations.

There are two faults in the book to be noted, and one more general criticism—to be offered with diffidence. The proof-reading has been almost unbelievably careless, and has allowed the escape into the text of far too many errors, many of them ludicrous and all irritating. The equipment of maps is quite insufficient, consisting as it does only of four sketches, all dealing with the early, and, from the point of view of the Marshal's biography, the least interesting period of the War. Both these faults should, and doubtless will, be remedied in any new edition.

The criticism is less easy to express, and less easy to satisfy. At the end of it one lays the book down with the feeling that one has after all not got into touch with the real Foch. Perhaps it is rather too much to expect of an "official" life, which usually has the effect of burying, as well as praising, its hero; perhaps it is too much to ask of any biographer that he should be a genius—for this is what the criticism amounts to. But surely that strange figure, leaping about his room, the *képi* dancing on his head, chewing an unlighted cigar to fragments, or eternally lighting a pipe which would never keep alight, expressing himself in eager, fragmentary, disconnected words and sentences shot like bullets from a gun, or more often by expressive gestures, often disconcerting, sometimes unrefined—surely this figure might have been brought to life, with some attempt at explanation? As it is, Sir George Aston has told us all about Foch, and much that none of us knew before: yet the real man still eludes us and remains an unsolved—and perhaps insoluble—enigma. E.W.S.

"The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant." Col. J. F. C. Fuller, C.B.E., D.S.O. (John Murray.) 21s.

Colonel Fuller has set out to show that General Grant stands high in the ranks of Commanders in history as a strategist. He has really divided his book into five parts: an introduction, the

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nature of the war, Grant as a subordinate, Grant as General-in-Chief, and the generalship of peace. The average reader is frankly advised to omit the introduction or he may find himself drowned in a sea of words, which are précis-ing the "trinities" and involved theories of the author's "Foundations of the Science of War." In the next part the author explains the origins of the war, which really was the result of the industrial revolution, and the general topography of the country. We then see Grant as the subordinate. Interesting and vivid descriptions of the fighting at Vicksburg and Chattanooga are given, but there is insufficient background of the war as a whole to see these incidents in true perspective, or to test the deductions as to the development of Grant's strategical and tactical education, made by the author, who assumes, here, that his reader has already a wide knowledge of the war. This difficulty is not helped by the very indifferent maps provided, many of which are printed facing the wrong way so that they cannot be easily read in conjunction with the letter press.

In dealing with Grant as the Commander-in-Chief the author becomes clear and interesting, and his analysis of Grant's reasons for undertaking the Wilderness Campaign is excellent, piece of special pleading though it may be. He at any rate makes it clear that Grant was far from being the mere "butcher General" of legend. At the same time, one cannot help feeling that in his comparison of Grant and Lee, to the latter's detriment, Colonel Fuller has somewhat studiously ignored the disparity in numbers, not merely in the Wilderness, but throughout the country.

The last part of the book has very little to do with Grant, but much with the author's theories on the origins and prevention of war in general.

This is an interesting book, though not quite convincing, and is one which should certainly be read by all students of military history, while it should have a considerable sale in the United States.

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"12th Annual Report 1928-1929 Imperial War Museum." H.M. Stationery Office, Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2. 9d. net.

It is evident that the popularity of this museum is still growing. Since November 11, 1924, up to March 31, 1929, over one million visitors have been recorded. A large number of new items of historical interest have been added, among them being a case showing the evolution of the present cavalry sword, made up of service weapons. Students of the Great War will find in this museum a large amount of useful matter which would help in any compilation of history.

Part II. Sporting, Horse Management and General.

"A Hunting Alphabet." By G. D. Armour. (Published by Country Life, Ltd.) £1 1s. 0d.

Twenty-six (a good! number, considering the title of the book) splendid coloured illustrations accompany the verses, devoted to hunting and stable incidents. Readers need no introduction to the author G. D. A., whose sketches are well known in *Punch*. Herewith a sample and a lesson for the "Greenhorn."

"O for the 'young 'Oss' some Coper has sold
To a mug, who discovers he's thirty years old."

We, however, prefer "Z"—always a difficult letter for the rhymster.

"Z for the zig-zags the old foxes plan
On a bad scenting day to bamboozle a man."

An excellent illustration accompanies this.

"Moorland Mousie." By Golden Gorse. (Country Life, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is a charming story of an Exmoor pony "Mousie," written "straight from the horse's mouth." The pony's life and adventures, his likes and dislikes of persons, animals and places are ably depicted, whilst the arts of training, riding, and

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horsemastership are explained not from the "mere human's" point of view, but from the pony's point of view. Mousie's thrill on seeing his first hunt, and in later years his pride on obtaining the mask for his boy-rider, are as great as those of any child. Mousie certainly experienced the ups and downs of life, and it was Mr. Greengrocer, who talked kindly but acted cruelly, who was the most unpopular. In the words of the pony "We want knowledge and justice before kindness."

The book is absorbing to grown-ups—indeed the reviewer could scarcely lay aside the book, and it can be thoroughly recommended for children. The method employed to teach is original and the lessons should be easily taken to heart by the novice. The illustrations by Lionel Edwards are, needless to say, most attractive.

"Manners and Mannerisms." By Crascredo. Illustrated by Charles Simpson. (Country Life, Ltd.) 21s. net.

Crascredo has given us in this volume some sketches on Fox-hunting, and deals with certain criticisms levelled against this great sport. Some of the foolish mannerisms of Fox hunters are explained, minimized and excused, such as the solecism (!) of calling a hunting whip a crop, which it is. His statement that "Hunting 'shop' is boring to those who keep another kind of shop" should be taken to heart as an axiom by all fox hunters who, as a class, are undoubtedly prone to think of naught other than their "own shop."

Crascredo's advocacy of a "Kennel Sunday for Children," at which the grown-ups who come to scoff remain to stay and to learn (being too proud to own their ignorance of hounds and kennel work), is an excellent suggestion and might be carried out successfully by a very tactful Master. Again, we agree with the author that the scorned "road-riders" of Surtees day are really no longer to be numbered among the cautious ones. "Far better a fall over a gate than a fall on the tarmac."

Yet throughout this book we have the feeling that the author is pulling our legs: he is certainly on sure ground when he says

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that "a man can have a season's hunting for anything from £25 to £2,500."

Mr. Simpson has illustrated this book profusely with sketches in an original style.

"Modern Horse Management." By Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. R. Canadian Dragoons. (Cassell & Co., Ltd.) 15s. net.

This is a revised edition of Major Timmis' book, first published in 1915. The author, who is well known not only in Canada but also in England for his practical knowledge of the horse, imparts to his readers many sound words of wisdom, and his advice in matters of horsemastership are most valuable. Some of his views may not be quite orthodox, but experts do not always agree.

The opening chapters deal with the history and psychology of the Horse, and the author cites many interesting incidents to prove that the horse's intelligence and memory are keener than most people imagine. Some principles of training, including circus tricks, are explained in Chapter III. The remaining chapters are devoted to horsemastership and the horse in health and sickness, and are ably written and instructive. The author, although going into great detail, has yet written in an easy-to-read style, and therefore the knowledge is easier to digest than in the average book on this subject.

The book can be recommended to all cavalry officers, who should not only master its contents but maintain it on the library shelf for rapid reference.

"Fifty Years with the Rod." By John Stirling. (Philip Allan & Co.) 15s. net.

Mr. Stirling, whose work has been for many years directed towards the prevention of river pollution and the improvement of our trout and salmon fishings, writes with expert knowledge. His "Fifty Years with the Rod" contains five parts, dealing respectively with Equipment, Technique, Angling Haunts, and Essays on the Salmon and Sea Trout.

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It behoves those who wish to improve their methods, to take to heart the author's experiences and his hints on technique. The book is advanced and instructive, and the experienced fisherman cannot fail to profit by the lessons brought out by the author. The most interesting part of the book are the two essays on "What we know to-day concerning the Salmon and Sea Trout." Science, in the way of scale reading, has helped us to elucidate the salmon's wanderings, but yet little is known of its life in the sea. It is a matter of regret that it is now so difficult to get through our busy Parliament, Acts to regulate fishing, but it is of interest to note that a Bill was passed in 1424 instituting penalties for the offence "of slauchter of Salmonde in tyme forbodyne be law," and during the next 100 years a dozen Acts for the protection of fishing, etc., were brought into force.

The prevention of river pollution is a matter of some urgency and is one which should not be neglected.

"Four Months Camping in the Himalayas." By Dr. W. G. Van der Sleen. (Philip Allan & Co.) 21s. net.

The object of the author's tours was to undertake geological research in the Himalayas, but only a few particulars on this subject are given in this book, and the reader will find the latter bare of data and technical terms. The author's party started from Simla and worked up the Sutlej River Valley through the little known State of Bashahr, but remained within two weeks' marching distance of Simla. The wild country, its feathered life and the strange habits of the people inhabiting these rugged regions are related in an interesting manner. The reviewer, who also knows Ladakh, is in entire agreement with the author as to the value of the white man's medicine case. A few grains of permanganate of potash in a glass of water has proved an excellent cure to those suffering from such illnesses as fever, toothache, sprained ankles, etc., for "Faith in the remedies is always a help towards recovery."

The ardent shikarrie will not be able to derive knowledge of

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the game animals from this book, and may be amused that the heads of two domestic goats formed "A fine addition to my head of Skulls." It is a pity that no map showing the author's wanderings is given. This volume, however, is a most interesting travel book and well worth reading. The author, who is a Dutchman, writes in a most pleasing style.

"Foxiana." By Isaac Bell, M.F.H. (Country Life.) 15s.

The author, who has had twenty-five years' experience as master, huntsman and breeder of hounds, has produced a most entertaining book on Hunting, containing many secrets let out of the bag, and written from the points of view of the man, the horse, the hound and last but most important of all, the fox. The craft and subtleties displayed by the huntsman are well described, likewise the methods of the wise and comic hounds. Note Harkaways's pride and conceit in narrating his yarn of a wonderful run, which he stage-managed so successfully, and note the doctrine of the pack as explained by the old hound: "That our one aim is to kill our fox through the staunchness of our pack, with no eye for individual kudos. That we wish to share triumph and fun with all."

The outspoken comments of the hunter to his new master in "You and the Chestnut 'Oss" are very appropriate. How often is the ancient proverb of "The Master's Eye" neglected.

The fox, too, has his say, priding himself on his cunning and giving some sound words of wisdom. Let those who wish to hunt but whose pockets are not very deep, take to heart the author's words in "Coin and Kind."

This is a most enjoyable book, to be read at any time, and after a good hunt what could be more pleasant than to absorb by the fireside the interesting sketches and essays of "Foxiana," so excellently illustrated by G. D. Armour. It is understood that the profits on the book are to be handed over to a good cause —The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society.

O. J. F. F.

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"Times of Stress." By Colonel Lionel James, C.B.E., D.S.O. (Murray.)

When Colonel James writes that the years 1905 and 1906 were a lean period for the stormy petrels of the Press, and then recounts his adventures as a casual labourer at that time, he gives us the keynote of what is an enthralling composition.

To one who in the space of thirteen years has represented *The Times in* "eleven properly organized campaigns," besides carrying out special missions in every quarter of the habitable globe, it naturally appears as a series of minor incidents to earn his keep by holding babies and minding perambulators outside public houses, to fight cab-runners for the privilege of "humping" heavy baggage, to act as a strapper at an omnibus terminus and to live in a Rowton House. These are treated as episodes scarcely worth recording in comparison with the other events with which this remarkable chronicle deals. All the time we are at the heart of affairs—now in the Russo-Japanese war, now in the mutiny at Sevastopol, now on the North-West frontier of India, in the Caucasas, Turkey, the Balkans, the North coast of Africa—and all the time we murmur that well-worn platitude "Truth is stranger . . ." The most hardened writer of sensational fiction would not have risked straining the imagination of the most credulous reader with the *coup*, the audacious opportunism, by which the contents of the Servian Reply to the Austrian Ultimatum in 1909 were filched from the very Council Chamber.

Colonel James is no sensation-monger. He writes with restraint, here and there with charm—as we see in his delicate description of the mountain paradise of Prizrend. Only once do we catch him tripping in a desire to add to the vividness of his picture. In his account of the battle of Sydney Street he writes of London being treated to the "unique spectacle of a section of Royal Horse Artillery galloping through its streets." As one of the few surviving members of that section, I would like to assure Colonel James that on *this* occasion, in spite of tradition, the R.H.A. did not gallop! R.E.

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"Maps of 'Iraq, with Notes for Visitors." (Published by the Government of 'Iraq.) Obtainable from Edward Stanford, Sefton Praed & Co., etc. 6s. 6d.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a very useful guide to Mesopotamia—useful not only to the tourist but to anyone who wishes to learn something about the country, its people and its customs. The pages devoted to its history are succinctly written and provide the pegs on which to hang details.

Those who had the misfortune to spend many weary days in 'Iraq in 1914 to 1918 will find this book of great interest.

"Gathering of Eagles." By Val Gielgud. (Constable.) 7s. 6d.

Napoleon's Russian campaign has afforded the background for a large number of historical novels, of which this one is an excellent specimen. It is concerned with the adventures of a young Pole, Adam Konski, a French Officer, Captain Auric, and his wife Diane, who,—the last named disguised as a man —penetrate into Russia as spies in advance of the Grand Army. They fall into the hands of a Russian lady, a sort of super-counterspy cum-vamp, who holds and uses Auric for her own ends. Diane and Adam escape, fall in love of course, go through all the horrors of the retreat together, only to find Auric, released from his thrall by the death of the Russian woman, ready to receive his wife once more. Adam surrenders her to him and goes out to find death with the French rearguard.

The historical background is well and vividly painted in; and while one does not believe either in that somewhat demodé figure in fiction, the Russian superwoman, or in the possibility of a French girl so effectively disguising her sex as to be accepted for such peculiarly confidential and perilous employment, the story moves forward swingingly enough to allow the average reader to forget these improbabilities and give himself up to the enjoyment of its many admirable qualities. E.W.S.

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The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the JOURNAL :—

"Stable and Saddle." By Lt.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (Methuen & Co.)

"Marlborough and His Campaigns." (Gale & Polden.)

LATE NEWS.

VISIT OF A POLO TEAM FROM AUSTRALIA.

In the October number it was stated that the New South Wales Polo Association was sending a team to America. Although a team was selected and a start made in collecting ponies, the tour has been postponed and will now take place at the end of 1930.

It appears that the American Polo Authorities felt that with the visit of a team from Argentine, and the approaching international matches, they were unable to arrange a suitable programme for a representative Australian team. They hoped that a private team might pay a visit, but if a representative team was coming the next season would be more suitable.

Following on this postponement the Goulburn team, consisting of the four Ashton brothers (holders for the last two years of the Countess of Dudley Cup), have decided to visit England during 1930 as a private venture.

The team will consist of the four brothers only, no emergency being included, and they propose leaving Australia about the middle of January with twenty-five ponies. The tour is being made by arrangement with Hurlingham and they propose to enter for any competitions which their form warrants.

It is not proposed to bring any of the ponies back to Australia. Presumably they will be disposed of in England although possibly some may be taken to America for the visit of a New South Wales team to that country later in the year. As the Goulburn team is one which believes in bitting of ponies they should adapt themselves much quicker to English conditions than a number of other Australian teams.

The team is as follows :—Geoffrey Ashton No. 1, Philip Ashton No. 2, James Ashton No. 3 (Captain), R. R. Ashton No. 4.

In 1928 when they first won the Countess of Dudley Cup Geoffrey Ashton was unable to play owing to an injured leg, and in 1929 Philip was similarly incapacitated.

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AN OFFICER OF THE XIXth LIGHT DRAGOONS, 1792

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AN OFFICER OF THE NINTH LIGHT DRAGOONS, 1792

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

APRIL, 1930

THE BRITISH CAVALRY OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY

By Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.

It seems a curious thing, considering that in every one of the Presidencies regiments of European infantry were raised and maintained almost from the very earliest days of British rule in India, that British cavalry was for many years represented by no more than single and isolated squadrons, raised at times of emergency, only to be as hastily reduced, though admittedly very useful and efficient, so soon as the moment of crisis was past.

In the matter of the provision of European cavalry the Madras Government appears to have taken the lead, though it it was not until war broke out between England and France in 1744, followed by the fall of Fort St. George in September, 1746, that Madras seems to have made any serious effort to raise anything like a regular army; and only in January, 1748, was it decided to proceed, tentatively, with the creation of a troop only of British cavalry, and sanction was then given to the outlay of a sum, the equivalent of £2,450, for the purchase of 100 horses. The establishment of this troop was fixed at six officers

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and 42 other ranks, and the task of forming and disciplining the troop was entrusted to a Lieutenant James Kilpatrick, who, so we are told, had served in the cavalry in England. This troop was employed with the army during the siege of Pondicherry in August and September, 1748, but little or no attempt appears to have been made to keep its ranks filled, and by the end of 1752 its establishment was reduced and was then fixed at one officer, of the rank of lieutenant, and 35 non-commissioned officers and men. It then seems to have wholly disappeared, for in August, 1758, a fresh order was issued directing the formation of a new troop of British cavalry of a strength of two officers and 36 other ranks, and this troop of horse formed part of the garrison of Fort St. George during the siege.

In October, 1759, it was directed that the European cavalry on the Madras establishment should be augmented to one hundred privates by drafting men to it from the Company's European infantry battalions, and that, when complete, two troops, each of fifty privates, should be formed. But Wilson, in his *History of the Madras Army*, is doubtful whether this order was ever carried into effect, since at the Battle of Wandewash of January, 1760, when presumably all available cavalry would have been brought into the field, no more than 80 European cavalrymen were present, *including* de Beck's troop of foreign deserters, which numbered some 45 all ranks.

During the period 1761-63 there appear to have been in the Madras Army two troops of British horse and one of foreign hussars, each of these having five officers and 60 other ranks; and at the India Office there is an order, dated the 16th February, 1761, for the raising of one of the former of these, described as "an additional troop of Light Horse upon our Fort St. George establishment." The raising of this troop was entrusted to a Captain John Freake, who appears to have been specially recommended to the H.E.I. Company by Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier. Captain Freake had joined the 3rd Dragoon Guards as a cornet, his commission being dated the 19th July, 1759, but he only served a very few months in that regiment, coming out to India in 1760, became a captain in the

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Bengal Army and was A.D.C. to Major Thomas Ford during his campaign of 1763 in Bengal.

At this time the military authorities in Madras appear to have given out that they looked upon British cavalry, not so much as an arm likely to exercise any very great influence upon military operations in the field, which from the paucity of its numbers was perhaps hardly to be expected, but rather as a pattern upon which the native or irregular cavalry on the establishment might be raised, moulded and trained.

At this period in Bengal also, where Captain Caillaud was engaged in important operations, the need of British cavalry was much felt, and he had raised two troops of European dragoons and one of hussars from his European infantry battalions; while a troop of cavalry, which had been raised in England and arrived in Madras at the end of 1761, not being then needed at Madras, was sent on to Caillaud in Bengal. In 1765, however, Clive disbanded the whole of this body of European cavalry, no doubt from motives of economy, retaining only enough for a small personal escort. In 1772 the whole body of cavalry in Bengal, British and Native, was disbanded, and not a single mounted man remained in the service of the Company in that province.

In Madras matters did not go to quite such lengths; European cavalry was retained, but was never maintained at a greater strength than a hundred privates, and in 1780 it appears in the returns as no more than a troop of 35 private soldiers.

When General Sir Eyre Coote became Commander-in-Chief in India, he seems to have taken a larger view than had his predecessors of the needs of the army maintained by the Company: and during the course of the war in the Carnatic his calls for reinforcements, particularly of British cavalry, had been loud and insistent. The cavalry of Hyder Ali numbered not less than 25,000, and included a body of French dragoons and hussars, while the H.E.I. Company maintained only a small European troop, and even the native cavalry under its orders were a mere rabble of horsemen borrowed from the Nawab of

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Arcot, badly paid, worse drilled and wholly undisciplined. Coote had over and over again pressed the urgent need of cavalry to follow up and consummate his victories; and at last the Court of Directors applied to the Crown for the lease of a regiment of British cavalry, and it was determined, as was the usual practice at that time, to raise a regiment of cavalry in England for service in India.

In September, 1781, then, a warrant was issued to Colonel Sir John Burgoyne of the 14th Light Dragoons, to raise such a corps, and the regiment, which was numbered the 23rd Light Dragoons, was made up largely of drafts from the 8th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 20th and 21st Dragoons, and was officered mainly from the last four of these regiments; its Lieut.-Colonel was Major Floyd, who was promoted from the 21st, and who, as a boy of twelve, had charged with Eliott's Light Horse at Emsdorff, where he had his horse shot under him.

Sailing from Spithead on the 6th February, 1782, the ships containing the 23rd Light Dragoons did not reach Madras until the end of October, and when landed at Fort St. George it was discovered that no horses fit to carry British dragoons were procurable in Madras; that no horse transports were available by which remounts might have been sent from Bengal; while there were no troops to be spared in Bengal who might have escorted them by land. Consequently it was not until June, 1783, that the 23rd was at last mounted and ready to take the field. The regiment on arrival is described by contemporary writers as being of magnificent appearance, but it landed with only some 360 men fit for duty, and within nine months 78 of these had died; the remounts supplied appear to have been equally sickly, for 135 of them died or had to be cast between June, 1783, and May, 1785; and at one time Lord Macartney, Governor of Madras, seems to have conceived the idea of allowing the 23rd gradually to disappear through lack of men and horses, the news that peace had been made in Europe having, in his view, made less urgent the need for the presence in India of a regiment of British cavalry.

Colonel Floyd was himself a great believer in the influence of cavalry upon military operations, particularly in a country

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like India so well suited to its movements; he had introduced in his own regiment an excellent system of field training, and non-commissioned officers and even privates were sent among the native cavalry of Madras and even Bengal to impart the rudiments of a system of cavalry training, which endured in India up to the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857.

On the 26th April, 1786, an order was issued to the effect that henceforth the regiment was to be numbered the 19th instead of the 23rd.

The regiment had been over nine years in India, and longer than that in existence, before it had any opportunity of seeing something of active service, and this opportunity was now to be afforded it by the outbreak in January, 1790, of war in the Carnatic, when the regiment was ordered to take the field.

Tippoo Sultan, the son of Hyder Ali, had invaded Travancore, then under British protection, and his action had caused General Medows to take the field against him in alliance with the troops of the Peshwa and the Nizam; and when, in June, the army moved forward towards Mysore, the front was covered by a small mixed force commanded by Floyd and containing the 19th Light Dragoons; and in the campaign which followed, and which ended in December of this year under the walls of Trichinopoli, the 19th were always in the van, and with the native cavalry regiments of its brigade frequently engaged the Mysore Horse under conditions of very serous numerical inferiority.

In January, 1791, Lord Cornwallis assumed control of the military operations; Madras was now to be the base, Bangalore was to be captured, Mysore was to be invaded from the north-east, and Seringapatam was to be invested and occupied. In March, Bangalore surrendered, but in the covering operations of the siege the cavalry attacked under serious disadvantages of ground and numbers, and the 19th suffered some loss, Colonel Floyd being among the wounded. Marching on Seringapatam, the army was engaged on the 14th May at Arikera, when the 19th again sustained some casualties.

The army now fell back on Bangalore, the vicinity of which was reached by the middle of July, and the whole of the cavalry

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was then sent back to Madras to recruit; here, however, it was found that no remounts were to be procured, so three out of the five native cavalry regiments now with Floyd were dismounted, and their horses handed over to the 19th and the two regiments of Madras cavalry; and Floyd was able to rejoin the main army near Bangalore early in 1792, in time to cover the junction of the Bombay troops with those of Lord Cornwallis, being heavily engaged while so employed, and also during the investment of Seringapatam, which ended in the treaty signed with Tippoo in February of this year, when the force marched for Madras and there broke up.

During the campaign, thus for a time at least brought to an end, the 19th Light Dragoons had assisted in the capture of 56 forts and 656 guns of all calibres.

For some few years now the 19th was not actively employed, but in February, 1799, war once more broke out with Tippoo Sultan and the regiment again took the field; but now the value of the cavalry, British and Native, was greatly enhanced, while its mobility was in no way lessened, by attaching two galloper guns, 6-pounders, to each regiment. Joining the army under Lord Harris at Madras, the 19th found themselves in the cavalry force under their old C.O., now a Major-General, and were engaged at Mallavelly, where, as Lord Canbermere tells us, "into the enemy, with disciplined impetuosity, dashed General Floyd at the head of the old 19th Light Dragoons and two regiments of native cavalry, who in a few minutes sabred nearly the whole of the fugitives," capturing six enemy standards.

In the operations connected with the investment and fall of Seringapatam the cavalry had of course little share, but General Floyd's troops did very useful service in protecting convoys and bringing in supplies.

In 1808 the Company made a general issue of a medal to all troops engaged in the Mysore War, but it was not until 1815 that sanction for wearing it was accorded to King's troops, and it was only in June, 1818, that the 19th were given the Battle Honour of "Seringapatam."

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In 1800—1802 the 19th Light Dragoons were engaged in the operations conducted by General Wellesley against the free-booter, Dhoondia Wao; and then in 1803 when the Mahratta War broke out, it took part in Wellesley's campaign in the Deccan against Scindia, being present at Assaye, where "never," says a historian, "did cavalry perform better service or contribute more to the success of a battle." The 19th, however, lost their Colonel, who was here killed in action. "As long," wrote Milne, "as the word Assaye exists and has a meaning, will the valiant deeds and reckless bravery of the old 19th Light Dragoons, the 74th, and 78th Highlanders be remembered;" and for their services in this action the H.E.I. Company granted an Honorary Colour to each of these three regiments.

At Argaum the 19th were again present, and having assisted to rout the enemy, carried on the pursuit for six miles, and for the campaign the regiment was granted in 1807 permission to wear the badge of an elephant with the word "Assaye" on its appointments.

In 1806 the 19th rode with Gillespie to Vellore, and so closed with this stirring and romantic episode their long period of service in the East, for the regiment was now ordered to return to England, and actually sailed on the 20th October, 1806, twenty-four[1] years to a day since the regiment, as the 23rd Light Dragoons, had landed in Madras, and speeded by the most eulogistic farewell orders by the Governor of Madras and the Commander-in-Chief.

More than half a century was to elapse before the East India Company found it necessary again to raise British Cavalry for the Army in India. In May, 1857, the mutiny of the Bengal Army took place, at a time when the number of British troops in India was, proportionately, dangerously low, while of the ten regiments of Bengal Native Cavalry then in existence, seven had mutinied and two had been disarmed. In November, 1857, it was decided to form four regiments of European Light Cavalry of men recruited in England of ages between 20 and 30, and of a standard height of 5 ft. to 5 ft. 4 ins., and effect was given to this decision in G.G.O. No. 736 of 1858. Each regiment was to

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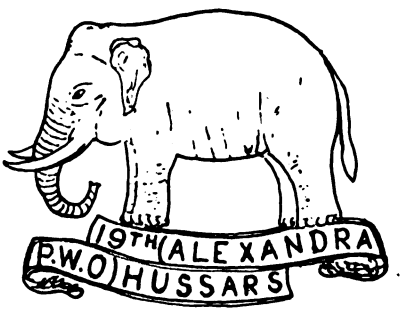
consist of ten troops of 70 privates per troop, and a depôt was opened at Warley. Recruiting was so brisk that at the end of three weeks the depôt was over crowded, and a large body of the men enlisted were at once embarked for Calcutta, whence they were sent up country to Allahabad, "where they were collected in June, 1858, an almost undisciplined mob, without permanent officers, without horses and without equipment"; while of them General Sir William Mansfield wrote to Sir Hope Grant: "not a man has ever been on a horse and the men are at present armed *with muskets!*"

The men thus recruited and sent to India were formed into four regiments of cavalry, known and numbered as the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th European Light Cavalry; while in November a fifth regiment was raised at Peshawar of volunteers from Queen's regiments who had served as cavalry during the Mutiny. The European officers for these Corps were mainly provided from the officers of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th and 10th Bengal Light Cavalry.

These regiments were naturally not in a fit state to take the field until the worst of the Mutiny was over; but in any case their allegiance to the H.E.I. Company lasted only a very short time, since in August, 1858, an Act was passed at home under which it was decreed that the Military Services of the Company became those of Her Majesty the Queen. This was made known in India by Proclamation issued on the 1st November, 1858, when the Company ceased to exist and with it its separate control of any military force. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd European Light Cavalry thereafter became the 19th, 20th and 21st Light Dragoons, and the 4th and 5th European Light Cavalry were disbanded.



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CAVALRY AT SEA.

By ADMIRAL G. A. BALLARD, C.B.

I PRESUME that it is not often that a naval officer can contribute much to the CAVALRY JOURNAL which is likely to be of interest to its readers, but I have been asked by my friend the Editor to describe my personal recollections of an occasion on which seamen and cavalrymen worked together in the very unusual operation of trans-shipping troop horses by open boats in the open sea, as I witnessed and assisted in it forty-six years ago. So I give them here for what they may be worth.

If anyone reading this article cares to look at a large scale Admiralty chart of the Red Sea, he will find among the dangerous maze of outlying coral shoals which extends nearly all up and down its western shores a patch about twenty miles outside Suakin harbour marked *Neera* reef. This was the scene of the wreck of the cavalry transport *Neera* in February, 1884, and of the incident to which I refer.

About a year after our military occupation of Egypt in 1882 the first Sudan rebellion broke out, and the Egyptian troops sent to quell it under British officers were utterly annihilated. The rising spread to the coast under the leadership of the ex-slave trader Osman Digna, whose business had been ruined by our cruisers, and who besieged the small Egyptian desert outposts at the villages of Sinkat and Tokar, about two days' march inland from Suakin. Here also an Egyptian relief force despatched to their rescue was disastrously defeated; whereupon the British Government stepped in and hastily organised a British relief expedition, partly made up by drawing on our army of occupation in Egypt, and partly by intercepting homeward bound troops from India on their passage up the Red Sea.

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The force employed consisted of two cavalry regiments, five infantry battalions, and a battalion of Marines from the Mediterranean Fleet; and the point ordered for disembarkation and assembly was Trinkitat Bay, which lies some twenty-five miles southward of Suakin, whither the troops from Egypt were hurriedly conveyed in any steamers empty of cargo that chanced to be lying at Alexandria or Port Said, for the beleaguered outposts were known to be very hard pressed. As the vessels immediately available were not large many units had to be split up for the passage, and among others the 19th Hussars, of which one squadron was embarked in the S.S. *Neera* together with a detachment of mounted infantry and a number of transport mules.

In those days the Red Sea was very incompletely surveyed except on the main trade route, and early on the morning of 21st February, when the *Neera* was not more than half a day's steaming from her destination, she ran at full speed on a previously unknown reef, where she stuck hard and fast with her bottom plating ripped out. A few hours astern of her was coming H.M.S. *Hecla* (in which I was a sub-lieutenant) commanded by Captain Arthur Wilson, who gained the V.C. in this same little war very shortly after, and ultimately became the well known Admiral of the Fleet. The *Hecla* was also making for Trinkitat, to which place she had been ordered to tow four of the large tank lighters used for watering ships at Suez, as no wells existed within miles of Trinkitat, which was simply a desert beach.

The *Hecla* was hustling along on a course somewhat to the eastward of that followed by the *Neera*, and when, as officer of the morning watch, I sighted a steamer about five or six miles distant on our starboard bow apparently heading southward, I was so much surprised at the rate at which we were gaining on her that I suspected a breakdown, and sent a message below to the captain. He came up on the bridge, took a look at her through his glasses, and ordered me to alter course towards her. When we got closer we made out that she was flying the signal: "Am aground and in urgent need of assistance." This was a bit of a

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surprise as the chart showed 70 fathoms, and of course we immediately reduced to dead slow for a cautious approach, heaving the lead both sides for soundings. Eventually we crept up thus to a distance of about two cables (400 yards) still in deep water, and then stopped engines and sent a boat with one of our officers to ascertain the state of affairs. He came back with the master of the transport and the officer commanding the troops and reported that she was undoubtedly a fixture and likely to break up if it came on to blow hard.

As that was twenty years before the days of wireless telegraphy no help could be summoned from anywhere at short notice; and as all the other ships making for Trinkitat were ahead of us, no likelihood existed of anything passing which could take on a message, in a position so far from the ordinary sea traffic lines as that in which we lay. The first thing to be done therefore was to remove the troops with their equipment, and such stores as could be easily carried in boats. This job was completed by the late afternoon. Then came a consultation about the horses, of which there were about 240 in the *Neera*. No means were available on the spot for trans-shipping them except the *Hecla's* boats as the tanks in tow were not to be fouled under any pretence, and under ordinary circumstances any naval officer or any cavalry officer would hesitate before putting horses in open boats in open ocean. But the hussars were very urgently needed, and obviously of no use for the work ahead of them without their mounts. The situation therefore was one in which risks had to be accepted though it was too near nightfall to begin till next morning. The *Hecla* accordingly lay off all night and after closing the wreck again at daybreak hoisted out her two boomboats to try and tackle the job.

One of these was an 18-oared launch and the other a 14-oared pinnace, both of the ordinary British service type. The launch was 42 feet long, with a maximum inside beam of 9½ feet and a depth of 4 feet from line of gunwale to upper line of keel. She could be safely loaded up to four tons in the state of the weather, or a cargo rather more than the weight of eight horses. The corresponding dimensions of the pinnace in feet were 32 by 8

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by 3½, and she could be safely trusted with the weight of five. Both boats had removable thwarts, which could be unshipped so as to leave a clear central space or well, about 24 feet in the fore-and-aft line in the launch and 16 feet in the pinnace. Both were fairly flat bottomed, though not flat enough for horses to stand or lie in without special preparation. The first thing we had to attend to therefore after unshipping the thwarts was the laying of a suitable floor, which was done by filling up the bilges with sails, awnings and rope flaked in lengths, to a depth of about a foot, the whole being covered with stout collision mats. This provided a soft level surface on which horses could either stand or lie without risk of injury, or even could fall.

All this time the *Hecla* had to remain under weigh at a safe distance from the reef, but by seven o'clock with a hot Red Sea wind blowing the boats were ready and despatched to the *Neera* in tow of the *Hecla's* steam pinnace, carrying a mixed party of bluejackets and troopers for the hoisting out work and others for duty in the boats themselves. At first it had been intended to tie each horse's feet together and make it lie in the bottom of the boat, but placed thus they would have occupied so much room that only three could have been carried at a trip. As time pressed therefore it was decided to try with them standing up athwartships, packed close, heads and tails alternately, with a couple of cross bars sawn to the necessary length and shipped in the rowlocks as props for the outside animals in each bunch. Standing athwartships had the advantage that as the boats rolled more than they pitched it was easier for the horses to keep their balance than if standing fore and aft.

The first business was to place them in the boats, and here matters were much facilitated by the lie of the wreck, which was across the direction of the wind and formed a breakwater with a comparatively smooth lee. The *Neera's* derricks were topped up and operations began with the usual displays of liveliness on the part of the horses in the process of slinging and hoisting up from the hold. The point of immediate interest, therefore, was to see how this could be controlled in the boats, but to the general surprise the animals saw to that themselves. They

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stood like lambs. Each horse was blindfolded by a jacket over its head, and though some were obviously nervous even the most restive beasts when once they felt the motion of the boat underfoot seemed to be impressed with the necessity of keeping all four hoofs firmly planted. They were packed so tight against each other and the cross bars at the ends that they couldn't fall sideways, and as this rib to rib stowage would have made the re-slinging at the other end difficult, the last horse lowered kept its sling on, so as to be the first hoisted out and thereby loosen up the others. Eight were lowered into the launch and ranged thus (which was all she could carry) and the first ferrying trip started off; and even when the boat was towed clear of the lee into more choppy water they gave no trouble whatever but seemed to be solely concerned to keep their balance. Each had a man at his head sitting on the gunwale and "making much" of him (and incidentally getting a wet stern himself from the splash alongside), but after the first trip even these were not required, and though all the horses were blindfolded their halters were simply hitched to the eyebolts inside the gunwale.

To be well placed for hoisting them on board, the *Hecla* formed a lee by lying with engines stopped across the run of the seas. Fortunately she could drift in this way safely as the wind was not blowing towards the reef, and whenever a boat alongside had been cleared and despatched for another load the ship steamed up to windward again and waited thus for the next. In this fashion after the first trip had proved a success we carried on the whole day without cessation. All the men took the keenest interest in the operation and worked like galley slaves, mainly no doubt because they realized that the emergency called for a special effort all round, but in a great measure also on account of the novelty of the proceedings. Most bluejackets, and I daresay most soldiers, take a fancy to a job that lies outside the daily routine of their ordinary duties, and certainly there are few things a sailor delights in more than work that brings him into contact with horses. The troopers for their part seemed to regard the boat work as a regular picnic; and the only difficulty with which the officers had to contend was to keep

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the men to their own proper line, as every bluejacket wanted to get hold of a horse and every trooper wanted to get hold of a painter or tiller. One trooper lost his balance and fell out of the pinnace in a sporting effort to handle a heavy boathook in a pitching boat, and one seaman was kicked half across the *Neera's* deck as a result of trying to pass a heelrope on a fidgetty horse by standing close behind it; but neither was a case for the doctor. No stoppage was allowed for meals, but cooked rations were served out and eaten as the work went on. Smoking was very wisely permitted the whole time, and every man had his short black clay in his mouth, as that was many years before cigarettes were known to the rank and file or the forecastle.

I cannot recall at this distance of time exactly how many animals were conveyed in the boats in the course of the day, and the *Hecla's* old log is not helpful on that point. But as each round trip occupied to the best of my recollection about an hour, and as thirteen horses altogether were loaded in the two boats for each, and the work went on from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m., the total must have been about a hundred and forty. That left, I know, about eighty horses and mules still in the wreck, and though it was dark by six o'clock we would have gone on with the work assisted by the *Hecla's* searchlights had the weather permitted. But towards nightfall the wind freshened too much to make boating safe, and we had to knock off and lie by. It chanced, however, that in the course of the day a sloop bound for Trinkitat had passed, by which we were able to send on a report of the proceedings to the Admiral. On receiving this he at once despatched the naval troopship *Humber* out to us with orders that if the weather was fine enough we were to repeat the process by transferring the hussars and their mounts to her for conveyance to Trinkitat, while the *Hecla* stayed by the wreck to remove the remainder. Next morning the *Humber* arrived, and as it was a flat calm we proceeded accordingly to carry out a second wholesale trans-shipment, which was completed before evening, whereupon she took her departure and disembarked the squadron in lighters next day. Meanwhile, four native dhows had been sent out in tow of a gunboat, of a size large enough to take at

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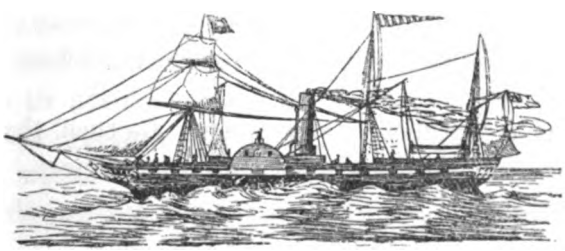
least twenty horses each and yet not too large to get alongside the *Neera*, so we were not required there any longer and went on to Trinkitat ourselves.

Throughout the whole of this double transfer of the mounts of a cavalry squadron only one casualty took place, when a particularly restive horse slipped its heel rope in kicking as it was being lowered, and after breaking a leg between the boat and the ship's side, had to be hoisted back and destroyed. The complete success of the operation conclusively proved that given moderately favourable weather conditions, good seamanship, good horse handling and proper preparation of the boats, the conveyance of horses in the open sea by the larger class of boats carried by H.M. ships is a perfectly feasible undertaking.

Within less than a week of the incidents described above these same horses and their riders were galloping in the charge of the Hussars at the battle of El Teb, and I am afraid some of both never set foot on a ship's deck again. That action opened the way just in time to save the fall of Tokar; but we were too late to relieve Sinkat, where the small garrison tried to break their way through to the coast and were cut to pieces in the attempt.

Those of us who were present in the operation of trans-shipping the squadron and still survive, are by now a very ancient crew; and the memory of events of nearly half a century ago is apt to be shaky on points of detail. Of the officers of the 19th I can only remember the names of Jenkins and Aylmer, but if this account should meet the eye of any reader of the CAVALRY JOURNAL who was there, I can only conclude by hoping that the reminiscence it calls up will be as interesting to him as it always is to me.



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CAVALRY TO-DAY—"HORSE V. MACHINE?"

By LIEUT.-COLONEL E. G. HUME, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry.

IT is still a matter of frequent occurrence to see the view expressed that the combining of horsed troops and armoured fighting vehicles in cavalry is a mistake; and that instead cavalry should either be composed entirely of horsed troops, or be completely mechanized; there is, moreover, little doubt that a considerable body of civilian public opinion subscribes to this view, which, however, to cavalry officers must clearly appear unsound. It may be of interest, therefore, to examine in more detail than is done in Cavalry Training, 1929, Vol. 2, para 1, sub-para (3), the respective spheres of usefulness and limitations of these two methods of mobility: the machine, and the horse.

While it is certainly true that many of the former purely cavalry rôles can be, and are, now more efficiently carried out by light armoured fighting vehicles; yet, on the other hand, is it not also true that in some conditions and for some duties horsed troops are still much more efficient than A.F.Vs.? If this is so, it is clear that an arm partially horsed and partially consisting of A.F.Vs. is a *necessity* at the present time; and that it is a matter of the greatest importance that horse and machine should co-operate wholeheartedly as part of the same arm, so that, as conditions change and developments take place, experts in the use of these combined forms of mobility may guide the future evolution and development of the cavalry arm on sound lines and without antagonistic prejudice in favour of the one or of the other.

There are, it would appear, two factors that primarily determine which, in any given circumstances, is the more suitable.

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The first is the "*Performance*" required; by this I mean capability in regard to time and space, i.e., circuit of action required in the particular conditions of terrain, mission, and time; and secondly, what the organization of the enemy's mobile forces makes it possible for *him* to do in these respects.

As regards "*Performance*," is is obvious, where ground and communications are good, that for distant missions and those in which speed is of the first importance A.F.Vs. are generally much more suitable than horsed troops; on the other hand, the more the terrain is broken, wooded, rocky, or hilly, the fewer the roads, and where unbridged rivers or mountain tracks may have to be crossed, the more does the balance swing in favour of the horse.

An obvious and fundamental point that, in view of the frequency with which it is overlooked, appears to need stressing, is the inherent mechanical superiority up to the present time of an animal over a machine as regards locomotion across any ordinary undeveloped country; where a sufficiency of roads, tracks, and bridges have been made, or where the country is very open, the advantage at once turns in favour of the machine.

In addition to the above aspect of the "*Performance*" of machine and horse, the question of the organization of *the enemy's mobile forces* has to be considered. Surely it is clear that where an enemy is strong in armoured cars and light tanks, these will have to be overcome by our own A.F.Vs. in the areas which are favourable to their use by both sides; while, where the enemy's mobile forces are largely horsed, horsed cavalry will have to be used in those areas which for some reason are unsuitable for A.F.Vs. In many cases of course, the greatest efficiency can be obtained only where horse and machine co-operate closely in carrying out the same mission.

The duties of cavalry are manifold both in the wider spheres of reconnaissance and protection and also in co-operation with less mobile troops in actual battle; is it not clear that, where the majority of foreign armies consist of predominantly man-power forces, and where large areas of possible theatres of war are, or may be made, unsuitable for A.F.Vs., it is essential that

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our cavalry should possess a considerable proportion of horsed, in addition to mechanized, mobility; in order that it may be able to operate in any terrain and circumstances that may be required?

Let it be clearly born in mind, however, that:—

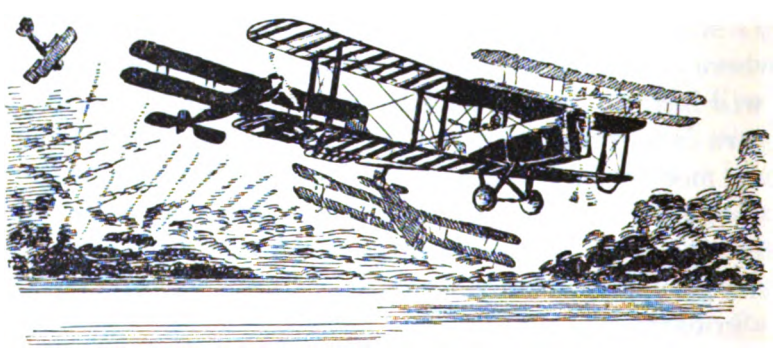
1. The greater cross country performance that the development of machines attains,

2. The better the communications in the probable theatres of war,

3. The more mechanized foreign armies become,

the more complete should be our programme of mechanization.

The future progress of mechanical development *and* mechanization is a certainty; it must therefore be our aim while possessing a cavalry suitable for all present eventualities, always to keep our lead in regard to technical mechanical development and a constantly improving and, up to a point, increasingly mechanized organization.



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OLD CAVALRY STATIONS.

Canterbury.

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

The ancient and venerable City of Canterbury has had so many things to occupy its attention that it has paid little heed to its records as a cavalry station. But cavalrymen who have fond recollections of the place (and any other kind is unthinkable) will excuse this seeming lack of interest, this scarcity of records concerning their own peculiar activities. After all, with a history of a thousand years or so as the cradle and metropolis of England's spiritual progress, Canterbury could not well be expected to dwell exclusively or even at any length on the activities of the cavalry within its gates. Nevertheless, there lingers still about the narrow, old-world thoroughfares a spirit of broadmindedness, a sense of large-heartedness which finds room even in these mechanized days, for the horse and his rider. After all, the horse was an important factor in the life of our race, remember Hengist and Horsa, and these legendary heroes are said to have landed on the coast of Kent and probably made their way inland by the road that leads to Canterbury. For that matter the bulk of the traffic to and from the Continent

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landing at any Kentish port would converge on the river crossing by the West Gate, and this had been going on for more than five centuries before the Saxons took over from the Romans and definitely founded their Cant Wara Byrig.

Even before that early period the horse held high place in the military life of the land. We have all heard how British cavalry and chariotry came down the beach to meet the Romans, how they retreated inland and how they harried the legionaries when the latter went harvesting where they had not sown. Now Canterbury lies in the north-west corner of a quadrilateral which must have been of primary importance in the days when invasions of this land were generally made on its south-eastern extremity. At the eastern angle of this quadrilateral was the considerable port of Sandwich guarded by the strong fortress of Richborough (Rutupiae), the south-western angle was at Stutfall Castle on the border of Romney marshes, where was also the ancient port of Lymne, Portus Lemanis. The Romans, of course, appreciated the strategic possibilities of this quadrilateral. They improved the Watling Street, already an ancient roadway, and on it laid the centre of an extended system of coast defence against invaders. The mounted troops were no doubt engaged in patrolling the coast and maintaining touch with G.H.Q., and it is not difficult to imagine the Cavalry Commander evolving from out his inner consciousness a suitable reply to G.O.C. Legion's demand for "Reasons in Writing" as to the landing of Saxons and other undesirable aliens.

At first it seems all manner of cavalry doings were attracted to the plain beyond Westgate. Strange pageantry has passed this way and owed its grandeur largely to the horses and horsemen that composed the glittering schemes of colour. Once Westgate in its earlier state, with its traces of Roman work, witnessed the passage of Richard Cœur de Lion and William the Lion of Scotland as they passed into the city, there to sign the Treaty of Canterbury in 1189, by which the latter recovered his freedom.

Lionhearted Richard was in his time acclaimed as a great cavalry leader, but modern historians are inclined to discount

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this virtue by declaring him lacking in finesse as a tactician, in fact some say he was no soldier. This remark has been made about prominent warriors from time immemorial down to the present day by those who would be hard put to it to answer the simple question "what is a soldier?" A practical answer to this question was given by one at least of the great leaders of men who passed this way. He went out in martial pomp and circumstance to Crècy and Poictiers and came back to be buried here. Above the canopy of his tomb in the Cathedral hang the gauntlets, helm and velvet surcoat of Edward the Black Prince who learned to understand the fighting value of his English soldiery at Crècy and led them to victory at Poictiers. This was the first great English captain. As Biscombe Gardiner says in his book on Canterbury: "We stand by this tomb and all the horrors, brutalities, cruelties of those cruel days are forgotten, and the air resounds with the echoes of the triumph of chivalry."

Chaucer's pilgrims saw the Westgate rebuilt by Simon of Sudbury, much as it is to-day, and his gentle knight must surely have heard of the great tournament that had recently been held in the city. On this occasion one enterprising knight led a wonderful display of cavalry manœuvres. For this feat the gallant was rewarded by his sovereign Edward III. with a beautiful bit of embroidery, a hood or a scarf, or something useful and ornamental of that kind. No doubt this distinction was as gratifying to the recipient as any O.B.E. awarded to the truly great of our less decorative time.

The day of regular cavalry dawned when Cromwell passed under Westgate with his Ironsides, and not long after the Restoration Canterbury became the home of successive regiments of Horse. Records of Canterbury's early days as a cavalry station are scarce, but it seems certain that the first regiment to be quartered here were the 3rd King's Hussars when, as Dragoons, they returned from campaigning in the Lowlands in 1698. There were no barracks for them, indeed such accommodation was quite unknown in England at the time and very unusual on the Continent; the cavalryman lived the life of a

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private gentleman in lodgings or billets which generally had some sort of stable accommodation at hand. In those happy days people were still content with the horse as normal means of locomotion. The 4th Dragoons were thus distributed in Canterbury and its surroundings in 1780 when they had an unpleasant experience. It was probably nothing very unusual, all in the day's work, which entailed, amongst other duties, that of assisting the Excise in the suppression of smuggling. The incident was sufficiently noteworthy to be recorded in the "Gentleman's Magazine" as follows:—

"As Mr. Joseph Nicholson, supervisor of excise in Canterbury, having made a large seizure of foreign geneva at Whitstable was removing the same to Canterbury, under the escort of a corporal and eight Dragoons of the 4th Regiment on foot, they were followed by a very numerous body of smugglers, upwards of fifty of whom had firearms, who, without demanding the goods, fired upon the party by which two dragoons were killed upon the spot and two were dangerously wounded; after which they unloaded the goods and carried them off on their shoulders.

"His Majesty's pardon to the informers with £100 reward from the Commissioners of Excise and fifty guineas from Lt.-Col. Hugonin being immediately offered for apprehending the offenders. John Knight, dredger, being apprehended at Whitstable, was tried and convicted at the assizes at Maidstone; and after being executed on Pennenden Heath was hung in chains on Borstal Hill, where the act was committed." Another duty, pleasant or otherwise, according to taste, was to escort Royalty to and from the coast. The East Kent coast has served as landing stage from the Continent for countless generations of notables from Julius Cæsar on into the present, though wind and weather had a deal to say in determining the actual port of debarkation. But whichever it was, the notables made for Canterbury as soon as it was endowed with a cavalry garrison and in a position to send out mounted escorts. The wars with France at the end of the 18th century caused great activity all along the roads from the coast to the capital, the regiment of horse stationed at Canterbury gave to such proceedings an air

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of chivalry well suited to the times and the divers occasions. There was, for instance, one such occasion that was entitled to a full display of pomp and circumstance, and the 3rd Dragoon Guards rose nobly to meet it. For the first time within fifty years the Sublime Porte thought fit to send an ambassador to the Court of St. James, and one invested with full powers. Agi Jusuff Effendi landed at Dover from Ostend on 19th December, 1793. The next day His Excellency passed through Canterbury with a retinue of fourteen persons "all dressed in the Turkish habits." Two troops of the 3rd Dragoon Guards went out to meet this interesting cortège and escorted it with trumpets sounding to the Fountain Tavern. H.E. received many military, ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries, and their ladies with a "becoming dignity," refreshed himself with a pipe and coffee, and was then seen off with more music. Now this was very beautiful, and it is doubtful whether the whole League of Nations, with all its Committees, Commissions and other accretions, could have thought of anything more likely to foster friendly relations. It may sound paradoxical, but there are few things in this world that can better atune a multitude to a fellow-feeling than the hearty sound of cavalry trumpets. This was possibly the secret of the Prince Consort's affection for the 11th Hussars. They had gallantly escorted him on his arrival among us, had at once established pleasant relations, and have been "His Own" ever since. Relations such as these are not killed even by mechanization in its most drastic form.

The Forest of Anderida came well within reach of ancient Canterbury until recent times, and even to this day wooded hollows and hillsides sloping down to slow-flowing rivers tell of the days when a man, a horse and a pack of hounds could find something to chase all the year round. Chivalry hunted the deer for preference, and Mid-Kent Staghounds do so to this day. They started as a private pack in 1868 under the mastership of Tom Rigg who was in time followed as Master by Colonel J. T. North, of Eltham, in 1888; this brings one within living memory of those who have ridden to hounds from Canterbury. Even in the Middle Ages there was a tendency due to necessity, towards

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game preserving, and bishops of Bayeux held at Chart Sutton a park for beasts of the forest. Many of the higher clergy were shikarees in their time, and it is said of Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester from 1274 to 1277, that he hunted the stag and did little else. Indeed, on reaching the age of fourscore he decided to make hunting his sole employment. Probably this right reverend gentleman hunted anything his hounds put up, and faut-de-mieux, might even get a run out of some churl or varlet who would probably have been caught anyway for offences against the many laws of venery, forestry and such like. The Mid-Kent Staghounds had their kennels at Wateringbury, not far from Chart Sutton, and also south of Maidstone, but more towards the Weald. In Elizabethan days William Lambard considered this district nothing else but "a desert and waste wilderness stuffed with hearded Deare and droves of hogs only," also "Parkes of fallow Deere and games of coneys," the one for pleasure the other for profit, were maintained in Kent, but no mention is made of the fox until the 19th century. No doubt here, as elsewhere, hearty old squires would take out a bobbery pack and hunt anything that was game to get away, but the first organized hunt in the northern part of Kent dates back no further than the early years of last century. Sir Edward Knatchbull kept a pack of foxhounds at Provender and hunted the country between Maidstone and Canterbury.

The Tickham Hunt is descended from a pack started by Lord Sondes at Lees. It was known under the Mastership of S. R. Lushington as the Lodge Hounds for a little while until the kennels were removed to Tickham in 1825.

Foxhunting suffered like other forms of sport from lack of financial support, but was nevertheless carried on by such heredity devotees as the Rigdens. Father and son hunted their pack from 1871 when William Rigden was thrown and killed while out cubhunting, until well into this changeful century.

Then again the East Kent Hunt has a fine record that goes well back to early days, to 1828, and the pack of Sir Henry Oxenden of Broome Park. But James Drake Brockman, of Beachborough, Oxenden, must be considered as the real founder

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of the East Kent Hunt. It is recorded that his country was short of foxes, and he had to introduce bagmen from France. After 37 years of mastership J. D. Brockman resigned in favour of Dudley Francis, 7th Earl of Guildford in 1870, in his reign new kennels were established at Waldershare. There followed within living memory of sportsmen Capt. F. Fitzroy and Pescot Westcar as masters among others, until at the beginning of this century the hunt was taken over by a scion of one of our most famous foxhunting families. A Selby-Lowndes has hunted the Whaddon Chase since the end of the 18th century, the one who took over the East Kent Hunt had begun at thirteen as Master of Harriers and had hunted the fox on two continents, in America, as well as at home; the low country in the Ashford Vale seems to have offered the best sport.

The site for the Royal Cavalry Barracks was chosen on the side furthest away from the best hunting country, to the north side of the city, probably because that was where the only land was available for military purposes. It was high time that proper accommodation was found for the troops which were concentrating in this South-East corner of England on account of the war in Flanders. Innkeepers and publicans were protesting loudly against the burden of billeted troops, and were among the first to petition for relief. The first brick in the foundations of the new barracks was laid in May, 1794, and on the 1st October of the following year Colonel Cholmeley Deering, with his regiment of New Romney Light Dragoons marched in as first occupiers. They had just missed a certain liveliness caused by a Militia Regiment. Parties of men from this unit of our ancient Constitutional Force (now defunct) went to the meat market and tried by force to get the vendors to sell at prices that obtained in their own county. There was every prospect of serious trouble till the G.O.C. Kent district, General Grimfield, "sat out" from Dover for Canterbury "with a readiness which cannot be too much praised." He made such excellent arrangements with patrols, posts and other military observances, that peace was immediately secured. The local papers reported this with great satisfaction; they also, as is

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their duty, imparted useful information to their readers, thus showing that things are much the same in times of war whatever epoch happens to be affected. Under the heading of "Useful Information" you would find the recipe for acorn coffee and the method of making potato bread. In 1794 the "Kentish Register" prepared the nation for war by giving a series of "Tactical Illustrations." Readers were told what is a glacis or a parapet, and that "Counter Approaches" is a term sometimes applied to trenches advancing so forward as punctually to meet the beseigers' line of attack. Also "Sortie" is another word for Sally.

On 23rd May, 1794, "an almost incessant heavy firing like peals of thunder was distinctly heard at Blean, Hardres, Waltham, Brabourne from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. These were occasioned by the tremendous discharges of artillery in the engagement which took place between the Allied army under the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of York and the French under their commandant Pichegru, near the city of Tournay in the Austrian Netherlands. This was indeed "bringing the war nearer home" to the good folk of Kent.

At first sight the Royal Cavalry Barracks do not look so very different to-day from the new ones depicted in an old print, which it is true only shows the two brick buildings flanking the officers' quarters, and in the former leaving out the balconies and iron staircases leading up to the barrack rooms above the stables. Behind the buildings the artist shows the tree tufted hillocks out of which subsequent generations carved rifle ranges. And those ranges have grown tufts of trees again of late, bringing the present nearer to the past as shown in the old print. Again another point of resemblance, the print shows no sign of life. To one who, like the writer of this, revisited Canterbury after forty odd years, this lack of life and colour is painfully apparent. It was afternoon, yet in the old days there would have been something going on, if only a few unhappy ones, each carrying his pack about under the direction of a bored orderly corporal. And failing defaulters there was always the multicoloured mainguard, representatives of Britain's deathless

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chivalry in all the panoply of war, Dragoons, Lancers, Hussars, each telling in distinctive facings, plume, busby bag, some story of great deeds performed on many battlefields. Another sign of the times; just outside the main gate, a large garage occupying the site once occupied by "The Gallant Hussar." It was a cheerful haunt in its way, and if at closing time it became unduly lively, there was always the guardroom just across the road, so handy. It was at least some consolation to be spared the sight of tanks wallowing about on the cricket ground.

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NAPOLEON'S CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS.

By Captain E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., R.T.C.

Part I.

Napoleon's cavalry! As the words stand before us they call to our minds memories of vivid pictures known to us all—the little figure, in his green cut-away tunic of the Chasseurs of the Guard, the white breeches and kneeboots, the grey overcoat and three-cornered hat with its tricolour cockade, and behind him his staff resplendent in blue and red and silver and gold, in lace and feather and plume, watching surge and thunder past him the torrent of men and horses, rending the sky with beat of myriad hoofs and clink of leather and jingle of steel and a thunderous roar of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Do not the words summon to our memories names epoch-making in the history of war, masterpieces of battle, each one like a long roll on the drum of fame—Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Eckmuhl, Essling, Wagram, Borodino, Dresden, Montereau, Waterloo? Have not these steel clad cavaliers, these gaily-bedizened light horsemen carved out for themselves, by their long catalogue of achievement, a place in picture and legend and story inseparable from the memory of their great master, the greatest warrior of the ages?

What manner of men were they? Of what sort were their chiefs? How were they raised, organized, trained and led? These questions might still be worth the answering, even if no soldier were ever to throw his leg across a horse again in war—yes, even if war itself should become a memory and a dream.

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On his assumption of supreme power at the end of 1799, Bonaparte found the law of conscription in force throughout France. Every Frenchman between 20 and 25 years of age was liable to military service, and each one of the five annual classes was called to the colours as required. Although one of the new ruler's first acts was to introduce the privilege of payment of substitutes by those unwilling to serve, and later the selection of recruits by lot, he quickly found it necessary to call up, either to the active army or the National Guard, every man fit for service in any shape or form. From the wide field thus opened it was easy to draw an ample supply of recruits suitable for the cavalry arm. This supply, of course, became more circumscribed as the demands of the Emperor grew heavier and the incessant strain on French man power began to have its inevitable effect; but it was the disaster in Russia that finally sounded the knell of the cavalry of the Grand Army, and compelled recourse to a class of youngster qualified by nothing but the native courage of his race to uphold the great traditions of the glorious epoch.

To shape these masses of human material into cavalrymen, there were available a considerable number of officers and N.C.O.s, whose military experience dated back over years of war under the Revolutionary Governments and even further to the epoch of the Monarchy. To fill the places in the cadres left vacant by those too old or otherwise unfit for further active service, of whom a clean sweep was made in the cavalry as throughout the Army, Bonaparte devised a system of promotion by arms, based (after election to the lowest grade, that of sub-lieutenant) partly on seniority and partly on merit. Selection for the higher commands was of course the invariable rule. A cavalry training school was set up at Versailles to enhance the professional knowledge of the newly-appointed and junior officers of the mounted branch. The mutual reconciliation of all classes of the nation, previously divided by the dissensions and excesses of the revolutionary years, ensured that all the best material in France, from whatever grade of society, was made available for commissioned service, and furnished the cavalry

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with a steady supply of high-spirited and gallant youngsters, full of eagerness for battle and ardour for glory.

Bonaparte, when he took over from the Directoire, had available for the campaigns of Marengo and Hohenlinden a total of 84 cavalry regiments; of these 25 were heavy regiments, the direct heirs of the old Maison du Roi, 35 light cavalry (25 chasseurs à cheval, 10 hussars), and the remaining 20 dragoons. During the period between the conclusion of general peace in 1801 and the outbreak of the Third Coalition War in 1805, he undertook a thorough re-organization of this as of the other arms of the service. It would be too lengthy a process to trace out the various steps of this gradual process, the final results of which were embodied in the decree of September 14th, 1805. By this the number of cavalry units was definitely fixed at 76*; of this total 14 were heavy (cuirassiers and carbineers), 26 light (hussars and chasseurs) and 36 dragoon regiments. To these must be added the two regiments of the Imperial Guard —one of Horse Grenadiers and one of chasseurs. In the course of the next ten years various additions were made to this imposing total. The Guard cavalry had been increased by 1815 by a second regiment of chasseurs, a regiment of dragoons, and two of Polish lancers. To the heavy cavalry were added only 2 cuirassier regiments. In the light branch 6 new chasseur and 4 new hussar units were raised. Moreover, in 1811 an entirely new branch was formed—9 lancer units, 6 of which were converted from dragoons; these were modelled on the above mentioned Polish Lancers of the Guard, which had been in existence since 1807. The number of dragoon regiments was thus reduced to 24 from the original 30, at which figure they remained throughout the remaining years till the fall of the Empire.

This same decree of September, 1805, also laid down establishments for these various units. Each comprised 4 two-company squadrons, the company numbering 100 to 120 sabres. The effective totals were for a regiment of heavy cavalry 820 men, of dragoons 880, of light cavalry 1,075. The actual

*Two chasseur regiments budgeted for were not raised.

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strengths of course varied from time to time; thus in 1806 the average per regiment was between 800 and 900 only, but two years later an increase of establishment and a good flow of recruits brought it up to well over 1,000 sabres for dragoon and light cavalry units. A fifth squadron per regiment, permanently stationed in France, acted as a depot.

Comparing these figures with the total strength of the Grand Army in 1805, it appears that the cavalry numbered in all some 65,000 men, out of some 350,000 of all arms and services, thus complying with Napoleon's dictum that the cavalry should be in an average proportion to the infantry of one to four, or at least one to five. By 1812, the high water mark date of the Imperial Army, its mounted strength had risen as high as 100,000 sabres, but in this figure, as in that of the total forces raised for the war against Russia, there was, it appears, a high proportion of non-French contingents, drawn from the various nationalities—Germans, Dutch, Belgians and Poles—now incorporated in or dependent on the Empire.

We may now consider the various branches of the arm in turn. We commence with the cavalry of the Guard, and must first of all devote a few words to that famous regiment the Horse Grenadiers. After achieving a brilliant reputation at Marengo, under the name of the Consular Guards, it had an epic encounter with the Russian Chevalier Guard at Austerlitz, completely routing and destroying these chosen troops. At Eylau, after being kept in their ranks motionless under devastating hostile fire for half the battle in order to mask the weakness of the French centre, they took part in that great death ride of Murat's seventy squadrons, which cut clean into and through the Russian army, and staved off the disaster that had threatened as the result of the annihilation of Augereau's Corps. At Wagram, at Borodino, and at Leipsic they added to their fame; at Hanau they delivered the *coup de grace* which completed the rout of the Bavarians and ensured for the remnant of the Grand Army an unmolested retreat across the Rhine; at Craonne they helped to sweep the staggering Allies from their position on the plateau; and at Waterloo they rode to a glorious end to a career

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full of glory, in the last death charge of the Imperial horse against the British squares. Bessieres, Walther, Ornano, Guyot and Lepic were numbered among their officers; 300 wearers of the Cross of the Legion of Honour were borne on their muster rolls. Their uniform with its great bearskin, blue white-breasted tunic, and white breeches and boots resembled that of their comrades, the world famous Grenadiers *à pied*, the picked veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Chasseurs of the Guard, whose uniform Napoleon invariably wore, inherited from the Corps of Guides the duty of providing his personal escort in the field. Their brilliant green tunics and breeches, red pelisses, and black busbies were seen on every battle field, but from the nature of their duties they had fewer opportunities of adding to their reputation by famous deeds in action. They were Napoleon's personal troops *par excellence*, and practically every officer and man among them had earned his place by outstanding service in the field. Eugene Beauharnais, the Emperor's stepson, Lefebvre Desnoettes, Morland, Daumesnil, Corbineau—these and many other famous names commanded or held high rank at one time or another in the Chasseurs of the Guard.

Of the regiments added later to the Guard, the Dragoons—known as the Empress's—were raised in 1806; their uniform resembled that of the Horse Grenadiers, except that the brass Dragoon helmet with horse hair crest replaced the bearskin and the tunic was coloured green instead of blue. Friedland, Benevente in Spain, Essling, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipsic, Hanau, are some of the names among their battle honours; Arrighi, St. Sulpice, Ornano, Letort successively led the regiment, which, though hardly the equal in popular esteem of its senior sisters, stood high among the best in all the army.

The Lancers of the Guard, raised in Poland in 1807, performed their most famous feat of arms a year later at Somosierra, when one squadron 150 strong, charging up the pass, too narrow for more than four men to ride abreast, in face of a whole Spanish corps holding the defile and the heights on either side, put it to rout. It was in fact only after Wagram that

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this regiment was armed with the lance, their weapons before this being sabre, carbine and pistols. They wore the traditional Lancer costume, crimson schapka, blue tunic with red facings, and red overall trousers, and officers and men were recruited from the best blood of Poland. A second regiment, the Red Lancers of the Guard, was raised in 1811; it fought gallantly in Russia and Germany and at Waterloo, where it impressed even its enemies by the fury and recklessness of its charges.

It will be clear from the above that the nickname of "Immortals" bestowed by the rest of the Grand Army upon the veterans of the Imperial Guard because they were always retained in reserve and seldom or never went into action could certainly not have been fairly applied to any of the cavalry regiments of that corps.

The bulk of the cavalry of the Grand Army were divided into three categories: heavy cavalry, light cavalry and cavalry of the line. We shall deal briefly with each of them in order.

The heavy cavalry comprised the two regiments of carbineers and the fourteen regiments of cuirassiers. The carbineers originally corresponded in appearance and function closely to the Horse Grenadiers of the Guard, except that they were armed with a carbine instead of pistols; but in 1809 they were entirely redressed in white, and given a brass helmet with towering horse-hair crest and a cuirass. The cuirassiers, who had been confined to one regiment only at the time of Napoleon's accession to power, have been termed his special contribution to the French cavalry arm; the details of their uniform, the steel helmet with vizor peak and long plume, the back and breast-plate, the blue tunic and white breeches, are familiar to us all from pictures. Both they and the carbineers were mounted on large heavy horses which could be obtained only from Normandy or in Germany, and then at a high price; the question of remounts was therefore always a difficult one, particularly as the wastage was abnormally high in any sort of unfavourable conditions. Pistols and, from 1811 onwards, a carbine, were carried by all heavy cavalrymen in addition to the long straight sabre.

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Of the light cavalry, the proportion of regiments was usually one of hussars to three of chasseurs, but there was little difference between them even in uniform. The hussars wore the traditional garb, of their branch, shako, laced jacket, pelisse and dolman—with various colours for the different units; the chasseur uniform was a green tunic and pantaloons and a shako. Both were armed with a broad curved sabre, pistols and a carbine. Light cavalry units were brigaded with each other, without any attempt at combining them in separate chasseur and hussar formations.

Dragoons and Lancers comprised the cavalry of the Line. Dragoons were from the days of the Thirty Years' War theoretically regarded as a sort of mounted infantry capable of fighting either on foot or on horse-back, and this tradition was still in being at the time of the advent of Napoleon. For the last hundred years the tendency had been to assimilate them more and more to ordinary cavalry, and the French dragoons at the time of the Consulate, though then the only mounted troops to be armed with a carbine, were dressed and equipped most unsuitably for work on foot.

Napoleon has been credited, notably by Sir Charles Oman in his essay on the Imperial Cavalry in "Studies in the Napoleonic Wars" with a hankering after a return to the former idea of a mounted infantry role for his dragoons. It is true that he altered their dress so as to make it less cumbrous and clumsy; it is also true that a large proportion of the dragoons which were to have accompanied the Army in the projected invasion of England and who eventually took part in the campaign of Ulm were without horses. But the reason seems to be simply that there were no horses to be had; that it was intended to mount them on captured or requisitioned animals at the first opportunity; and that pending this they were brought along on foot because there was no other way of avoiding depriving the army of a numerous and reliable corps. The fact that soon after the surrender of Mack they were fitted out with captured Austrian chargers, seems to be a proof of this. Sir Charles Oman contends that in the meantime these dismounted dragoons had

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proved themselves to be unequal to infantry work, and instances the loss at Albeck of the convoy which they were escorting. Yet the Emperor mentioned them in two successive bulletins in terms of praise—a rare mark of recognition from him—and if in 1806 he did not repeat the experiment, but mounted the bulk of his dragoons from the first, this was partly due to the greater supply of cavalry horses by then made available. The only four battalions left to march on foot were also provided with horses as soon as enough for the purpose had been taken from the enemy.

It is also asserted by the same authority that this unlucky branch proved itself bad cavalry in this and the next campaign. The unfortunate action in which Milhaud's division was caught while changing formation and thrown into panic by the Cossacks at Burkersdorf is surely a slender ground on which to base so sweeping an indictment. Milhaud no doubt felt and spoke strongly in the matter; so did Lasalle a few weeks before when his brigade of chasseurs and hussars fell into a panic at Golymin; but no one has considered that incident a reason for impugning the efficiency of the light cavalry as a whole. In any case Napoleon to the end of his reign retained numerous dragoon regiments in his army list, and many of them rendered fine service, notably in Spain, where conditions were eminently suitable to their characteristics.

The uniform of the Dragoons was similar to that of the Empress Dragoons already described.

The creation of nine regiments of Lancers in 1811 after the model of the Lancers of the Guard show the readiness of the Emperor to adopt any new weapon, the value of which had been proved by the practical test of war. The lance had disappeared from the French Army since about 1600; but at Wagram he saw it used so effectively that he hastened to form nine regiments of his existing units into regiments of Lancers, and decked them out in the traditional Polish uniform of that branch. Though inclined to be a hindrance rather than a help to its wielder in a close mêlée, the power of the lance, whether in a charge against cavalry, in an attack on infantry squares, or in pursuit, fully

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justified the measure, and the new branch placed to its credit in the four short years of its existence several very noteworthy feats, of which two—the destruction of Colborne's Brigade at Albuera and the counter-attack against the Union Brigade at Waterloo—are of interest to us as having been achieved at our expense.

We must now outline in a few brief paragraphs a subject on which many volumes have been written—Napoleon's distribution, strategic and tactical employment of the mounted arm.

The principle of this distribution was the separation of branches according to their functions. Units of heavy cavalry, light cavalry and cavalry of the line were always brigaded together, though in 1812 the experiment was tried—and soon abandoned—of attaching a lancer regiment to each heavy brigade. The Emperor on more than one occasion expressed very decided views on this question of organization by branches. "You must," he wrote to the War Minister in 1803, "consider cuirassiers, dragoons and hussars as forming three different arms and never put up to me transfers of officers from one arm to another," and again to Murat, "I am sorry to see your light cavalry and dragoons intermingled; they are two different arms." In accordance with this dictum, from 1812 on, the light and heavy cavalry were organized in separate divisions; and in 1815 the principle was pushed even further and extended as high up as the cavalry corps, one light, one line and two heavy corps being formed. The role of the Cavalry of the Line, however, being less distinctive, the system was in its case somewhat more elastic; "Dragoons are necessary," Napoleon wrote, "to support the light cavalry." But they were also found useful for the purpose of reconnoitring and screening in front of the heavy divisions, so that we see, besides the formations composed exclusively of cavalry of the line, regiments or brigades forming part of light and heavy cavalry bodies. It may be noted that towards the end of his career the Emperor, believing that the light cavalry were over-burdened by their great range of duties corresponding to what we know as the combined roles of independent and corps cavalry, planned to

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raise a body of Éclaireurs, which should be attached to formations to carry out the work of security and inter-communication —a project which never materialised.

Having noted the rigid specialisation of the Napoleonic cavalry by branches, we shall expect to see its functions also specialised. To the light cavalry were entrusted, as remarked above, the whole of the strategical work of the army—reconnaissance, protection, inter-communication. It undertook all duties involving detachments, worked in advance of the army on its flanks and rear, interfered with or delayed the hostile advance, went forward to seize strategic points, was sent out to seek for information about the enemy or the country, did duty at the outposts with protective troops, and undertook the task of pursuit. But although for protective purposes a proportion of light cavalry had always to be sub-allotted to corps or even smaller formations, it was in no way a fixed or regular allotment, but was varied in accordance with the special situation and needs of the moment. Moreover, the variation was very wide, ranging from a regiment or even half a regiment to a whole division of five regiments; and this allotment could be and often was changed during the course of a campaign and even on the eve of a battle, when the Emperor was striving to increase his reserve by every possible means.

For this reserve, which comprised all the heavy cavalry and as much of the Line and Light Cavalry as was not absolutely necessary for other duties, was one of the most potent weapons for battle that the Emperor possessed. The strategical role of this reserve was nil; it had only to march in rear of the fighting columns and preserve itself intact in good fighting trim for the day of decisive battle. Even this frequently over-taxed its powers of horsemastership, never a strong point in the French cavalry; when conditions were at all adverse the wastage often reached unnecessary heights, and this despite the fact that the Emperor was never weary of insisting in the importance of keeping it down.

The day of battle was the great day of the heavy and light cavalry. Massed in some central spot they waited until the

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frontal fight had worn down the forces of the adversary and depleted his reserves; waited for the signal that the detached corps, which the Emperor always planned to bring in from wide out on a flank at the chosen moment, should have made its presence felt, disordered the enemy troops, distracted their commander, and used up his last remaining forces. Then, amid the thunder of the great battery of guns thrown forward and firing at case shot range, in the wake of the infantry columns going forward at the *pas de charge* into the yawning gap in the hostile front, and backed up by the sombre lines of the invincible Guard, the great mass of cavalry of the reserve went pounding and thundering through for the *coup de grace*.

That dizzy glorious moment was the climax of the heavy cavalryman's existence; his whole *raison d'être* and justification. But for him, still more for the trooper in one of the smaller bodies of cavalry that had gone into action with the corps to which they were affiliated, and stood in readiness behind the smoke-veiled lines of infantry and the leaping belching guns, the swaying tide of the fight often brought other less imposing but no less heroic tasks. A distressed battery to be rescued or recovered; a body of hard beset or dissolving infantry to be buttressed or extricated; a darting swarm of enemy horse to be struck at and swept struggling backwards—all these fell to his lot from time to time, and time to time again. Then, even in the course of the decisive massed charge, there were to be faced the prickly flame-darting bayonet-hedge of the desperate squares —the staggering counter shock of serried hostile cavalry—the volcanic blast of point blank guns—before the way to victory lay clear amid the shredding scud of beaten soldiery, flying each for his own safety amid the wrecked pieces and caissons and wagons, over the heaped corpses and the weltering writhing wounded. All these took their toll of the French cavaliers—and a heavy toll too—but for those who came through unscathed or alive the price was worth paying—for it was the price of triumph and the price of glory, and perhaps even those less fortunate did not begrudge it, high and painful as it was.

Upon such as did survive there were yet further exertions

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laid; for the work of the light and the line cavalry did not cease with the achievement of a tactical victory. Pursuit—the relentless, inexorable incessant pursuit of whatever had resisted or escaped that last great charge—was necessary if its fruits were to be gathered in their full bloom of ripening; and over all the panic-stricken countryside, lashed by the rumours and the evidences of defeat, there came flooding a tide of reckless unwearying cavalry, clattering through town and hamlet, hounding down and rounding up enemy stragglers and detachments, hunting and harrying the remnants of the beaten host till they were compelled to a desperate hopeless stand and utterly dispersed, or driven to inglorious surrender.

This was the task, and these the deeds of the Napoleonic cavalry. In the heyday of its greatness it purchased—at the inevitable price—the supremacy of French arms in Europe; in the darker days of its decline it paid the same price ungrudgingly, but for its reward had to content itself with the fame of great deeds, less tangible but perhaps not less enduring.

Raffet, whose pencil better than any other has vivified the Napoleonic soldiery for posterity, has portrayed for us in two famous drawings the whole spirit and being of the Imperial armies. The first of these, the famous "*Ils grognaient mais ils le suivaient toujours*"—is too well known to need description. The second, entitled "*La Revue Nocturne,*" inspired the German poet Sedlitz to some great stanzas, greatly translated.

"C'est la grande Revue.
Qu'aux Champs Elysees.
A l'heure de minuit.
Tient le César décedé."

In the misty shimmer of the moon, the central figure, in the world-renowned cocked hat and green uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, sits his prancing white charger, impassive, serene, Olympian; and emerging from the dimness there come riding squadron upon squadron of mailed horsemen. Wheeling around in the foreground, their officers at the salute, the eagle streaming above them, they circle and pass away, fading and dislimned, into the distance and the eternal night. From the

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distended snorting nostrils of their steeds dart spurts of flame; the horses' manes, the horse-hair crests of the helmets, the fierce moustaches of their riders are blown straight backwards by a wind not of this world. For these galloping thronged chargers, these cavaliers whose vizors overshadow not faces but grinning skulls—these are phantoms, *revenants* from the grave, released upon earth but for one brief hour of homage to their master. They thunder past and are gone, as a century since they rode and were gone, having achieved and left behind them nothing but a legend and an immortality.

(To be continued.)

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WAR MEDALS OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY

By Major M. L. Ferrar (late 19th Foot).

Part II.

(*a*) *The Crimea.*

In October, 1853, the Czar of Russia declared war against Turkey, and to defend the "Sick Man" Great Britain and France landed troops at Varna where, after losing many men from cholera, they were embarked for the Crimea in September, 1854, their object being the destruction of the great naval station of Sebastopol, and on the 20th was fought the battle of the Alma. The 4th, 8th, 11th and 13th Hussars, as well as the 17th Lancers, accompanied the force, but were not called into action in this victory, Lord Raglan saying that he preferred "to keep his cavalry in a bandbox." The regiments, however, qualified for the clasp "Alma" with the medal granted for the war. The latter has the usual obverse, the reverse having a Roman warrior with a flying figure of Victory crowning him. The clasps were of a new design, oak leaves adorned with acorns, the most ornate of all others, but were not popular with the men at the time. The ribbon is yellow with pale blue edging.

The battle did not achieve its object, and the army instead of advancing on Sebastopol had to sit down before it. The long siege was interluded with the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, the first including the historic charges of the Heavy and Light Brigades, under Brigadier-General Scarlett and Lord Cardigan respectively. The 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, with the Royals, Scots Greys and the Inniskillings, composed the Heavy Brigade, and the 4th, 8th, 11th and 13th Hussars and 17th Lancers the Light. This fighting entitled the above regiments to the clasp "Balaclava."

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Next comes the soldiers' battle of Inkerman in which the Light Cavalry regiments were engaged, and these all qualified for the clasp "Inkerman."

Every regiment in the Crimea was given the clasp "Sebastopol," and to these must be added the King's Dragoon Guards, the Carabiniers, the 10th Hussars and the 12th Lancers, who joined the Army before the final assault on the Redan on the 8th September, 1855, after which no medals were granted.

The Crimean War was rich in medals and decorations, and at its close no one could complain of being overlooked. Besides the English medal the Sultan of Turkey issued a silver one to all ranks, on one side of which is the Sultan's Cypher and on the other a trophy of arms and colours. It was hung by a ribbon of watered pink and green edges. The French also distributed their war medal, 44 of these being divided amongst the Cavalry. It is a handsome decoration, the Imperial Eagle in gold surmounting a medal bearing the head of the Emperor with the words *Valeur et Discipline* on the reverse. In a few cases the Legion of Honour was given to men in the ranks, but I do not know of any case amongst the Cavalry.

Not to be outdone, the King of Sardinia, another of our allies, presented 400 silver medals for distribution amongst the officers and men. Its obverse shows the crown of Italy and the white cross of Savoy with the inscription *Al Valore Militaire.* The reverse has two olive branches with the rank and name of the recipient in the centre. The ribbon is watered blue. Excluding officers on the Staff, 29 of these medals were divided amongst the Cavalry.

This war saw the birth of the Distinguished Conduct Medal on the 4th December, 1854. On one side are the Royal Arms surrounded by trophies of weapons, cannons and colours, on the other "For Distinguished Conduct in the Field." By its provisions the commanding officer of each cavalry regiment was allowed to recommend one sergeant, two corporals and four troopers for this distinction. There was also a gratuity accompanying it, £15 for a sergeant, £10 for a corporal and £5 for a trooper.

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CRIMEA.

AFGHAN WAR.

INDIAN MUTINY.

ROBERTS STAR.

CHINA, 1860.

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After peace was signed in March, 1856, another decoration was instituted on the 29th June. This was the Victoria Cross, the most coveted honour that can be given to anyone. Neither rank nor long service, nor any other circumstances nor wounds, save the merit of conspicuous bravery, was held to establish a claim to this high honour. This decoration was made from the bronze guns captured at Sebastopol, and consists of a Maltese cross attached by the letter V to a bar bearing a sprig of laurel. On the obverse is the British lion and crown with a scroll beneath inscribed "For Valour." The ribbon is red for the Army and blue for the Navy. Each recipient below the rank of a commissioned officer receives a pension of £10 for life. Nine of these crosses were won by the cavalry, the 17th Lancers getting three, the Scots Greys two, and the Inniskilling Dragoons, the 4th, 11th and 13th Lancers one each.

(*b*) *The Indian Mutiny.*

The Indian Mutiny next claims our attention. Probably no medal was more hardly earned or more richly deserved than that granted to the soldiers in the terrible crisis of 1857 and 1858 in India. It shows on the obverse the Queen's head, whilst on the reverse a figure of Britannia is seen holding in her right hand a laurel wreath, and on her arm a shield with the crosses of the Union, the British lion standing below her. The ribbon is white with two red stripes, and clasps were given for "Delhi," "The Defence and Relief of Lucknow" (2), "Lucknow," and "Central India" for the campaign of 1858. The regiments that took part in the Mutiny with the clasps they received are as follows: the 9th Lancers (Delhi, Lucknow), the 2nd Dragoon Guards and 7th Hussars (Lucknow) and the 12th Lancers, 8th Hussars, 14th Hussars and 17th Lancers (Central India).

The 9th Lancers won no less than twelve Victoria Crosses before Delhi and Lucknow, the 8th Hussars five, the 7th Hussars two, one of these being awarded to Major, afterwards General Sir Charles Fraser, K.C.B., and one each to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, the 14th Hussars and the 17th Lancers, the last one being given to Lieut., afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood.

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(*c*) *Persia*, 1856-57, *and India General Service.*

The city of Herat had long been considered the key of India and when, in 1856, the Persians captured it from the Afghans, its restoration was insisted on, and as this was refused war was declared. The 14th Hussars represented our cavalry in the ensuing operations and gained the Indian General Service medal with clasp "Persia," with the name also on their drum cloths. This medal was first granted for the second Burmese War of 1852-3. It has altogether 23 clasps for service on the Indian Frontier and elsewhere from the above date to the expedition against the Katchins in Burmah in 1892-3. The reverse of the medal shows a figure of Victory crowning with a laurel wreath a seated Roman warrior. The ribbon is dark crimson with two dark blue stripes. This same medal was won by the 7th Hussars for the expedition against the Mohmunds 1863-4, with the clasp "North-West Frontier."

(*d*) *China Wars.*

In the China War of 1842 no cavalry were present, but in the second which broke out in 1857 the King's Dragoon Guards took part, receiving for their services the medal with two clasps, "Taku Forts, 1860" and "Pekin, 1860." The opening operations were carried on by the Fleet, and it was not till 1860 that an expedition of 10,000 men was sent to bring matters to a conclusion.

The medal is the same as that granted for 1842, which was the first medal issued with the Queen's head. The reverse has a trophy of naval and military weapons, the ribbon being red with broad yellow edges.

(*e*) *Abyssinian Expedition*, 1867-68.

The only cavalry regiment with the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-8 was the 3rd Dragoon Guards. The object of the war was the release of certain English and German prisoners held in captivity by King Theodore. The medal granted for this campaign was a very distinctive one, being smaller than others issued. On the obverse is a bust of the Queen encircled by a star of nine points and on the reverse, within a beaded circle surrounded by laurels, is the name of the recipient. It is sus-

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pended by a silver swivel ring attached to a crown on the top of the medal. The ribbon is red with broad white borders.

(*f*) *South Africa*, 1879.

The battle honour "South Africa, 1879" was awarded to those regiments that took part in the Zulu war. This was undertaken owing to the continual violations of Natal territory. The war was brought to an end by the defeat of the Zulus at the battle of Ulundi, and the capture of King Cetewayo by a party of the King's Dragoon Guards under Lieut.-Colonel Marter.

During the war Lord William Beresford, of the 9th Lancers, won the Victoria Cross for saving the life of a dismounted sergeant of the 24th Foot.

The 1st King's Dragoon Guards and 17th Lancers were engaged in this campaign and were awarded the medal with clasp "1879." The medal is practically the same as that issued for the Kaffir War, as is also the ribbon.

(*g*) *Afghanistan.*

The year 1878 takes us to Afghanistan where war had again broken out and in which no less than 31 regiments of cavalry, six of which were British, and 80 battalions were employed.

The first action was the attack on Fort Ali Musjid in the Khyber Pass, at which the 10th Hussars were present and who received the medal and clasp "Ali Musjid." A squadron of the 10th were also at the attack on the Peiwar Kotal for which another clasp was given. In his advance on Kabul, Sir Frederick Roberts engaged the enemy at Charasia and defeated them with heavy loss. This brought forth another clasp for which the 9th Lancers qualified. This regiment accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in his celebrated march for the relief of Kandahar, 313 miles in 20 days, including halts. For this performance all ranks were issued with a bronze star, the 9th Lancers also getting two more clasps, viz.: "Kabul" and "Kandahar." The medal bears a bust of the Queen with the reverse showing a column of Anglo-Indian soldiers on the march. The ribbon is green with broad dark red edges. The star is five pointed and was made from the bronze guns taken at the battle

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of Kandahar. In the centre is the Imperial monogram V.R.I. The reverse is plain with the name and regiment of the recipient. The ribbon is of the beautiful rainbow pattern but unwatered.

(*h*) *Egypt*, 1882, *and The Soudan.*

Owing to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha in 1882, British troops were sent to Egypt and after the bombardment of Alexandria in July, the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir took place on the 13th September. The next day Cairo was captured, the Cavalry Brigade having covered 65 miles in twenty-four hours. Detachments of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, together with the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards and 19th Hussars, represented the cavalry and were awarded the medal and clasp and the honours "Tel-el-Kebir," "Egypt, 1882." This medal has on its reverse side a well-modelled Sphinx with Egypt in block letters on the exergue. The ribbon has three blue stripes and two white.

The Khedive, out of gratitude to us for having got him out of his difficulties, awarded to all ranks a bronze star of five points, bearing on the obverse a front view of the Sphinx with pyramids in the background, and on the reverse is the Khedive's monogram T.M. (Twefik Mahammad) surmounted by a crown. It is suspended from a bar with a crescent and star by a wide dark blue ribbon. Turkish decorations were also issued to the selected officers, 13 Orders of the Osmanieh and Medjidieh being distributed amongst the cavalry regimental officers.

A different type of enemy to the Egyptians were the followers of the Mahdi, a religious fanatic of the Soudan who after exterminating Baker Pasha's native army at El Teb, in February, 1884,, met there in the same month a British force under Sir Gerald Graham and were defeated. The Arabs came on again a fortnight later at Tamaai only to be again dispersed. The 10th and 19th Hussars were in both these actions, the 10th having been landed at Suakin on their way home from India. The 10th received the medal and clasp "El Teb-Tamaai," and the 19th added this clasp to "Tel-el-Kebir."

The authority of the Khedive having vanished from the Soudan proper, and the Mahdi being supreme there, with the

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Governor, General Gordon, practically a prisoner at Khartoum, it was decided to send a force to relieve him in the autumn of 1884. The troops went by the Nile valley but were too late, Gordon having been killed before they could reach him. The battle of Abu Klea was fought by the Desert Column, and that of Kirbekan by the River Column under General Earle who was killed. The 19th Hussars and the Light and Heavy Camel Corps, composed chiefly of cavalry soldiers selected from various regiments, were engaged at Abu Klea and gained two clasps, "The Nile, 1884-5" and "Abu Klea," whilst a squadron of the 19th, who were at Kirbekan, added this clasp.

Owing to the continual success of the Madhi one of his lieutenants, Osman Digna, began to stir up trouble again in the Eastern Soudan, and another force was sent against him. It was engaged at Tofrek, and the Dervishes driven off with loss, a clasp being given for this action and another for "Suakin, 1885." A squadron of the 5th Lancers and another of the 20th Hussars became entitled to these as well as to the star which was given in every case where the medal was granted.

After the expedition had withdrawn from the Nile as far as Kosheh, the Dervishes again attempted an advance on Egypt at the end of 1885, but were defeated at Ginniss. The medal and star were granted for this affair, but strange to say no clasp. It was probably the last time British troops wore red coats when engaged with the enemy. This action also marked the first award of the new Distinguished Service Order, specially selected officers being awarded it. The 20th Hussars took part in these operations.

We next come to the engagement at Gemaizah in the Eastern Soudan, when the enemy were again defeated in 1888. One hundred and thirty-seven officers and men of the 20th Hussars received this clasp and at Toski, in 1889, the 20th were again represented by 98 officers and men who received the clasp "Toski."

This brought operations against the Mahdi, as far as British troops were concerned, to a close for the time being, and the Soudan was allowed to rest in peace for the next ten years.

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(*j*) *Matabeleland*, 1893.

To commemorate the war in Matabeleland in 1893 the British South African Company issued a silver medal to those who participated in it, the only cavalry, exclusive of Colonial mounted men, being a detachment of the 3rd Dragoon Guards. The war broke out again in 1896 when the clasp "'Rhodesia" was added and another clasp "Mashonaland" was given in 1897. Detachments of the 7th Hussars qualified for the medal and two latter clasps. The medal on the obverse has rather a poor effigy of the Queen, and on the reverse there is a British lion charging, though wounded in the chest with an assegai. The ribbon is composed of three blue and four yellow stripes. This is the first instance of a chartered company being authorised to award a medal since those of the Honourable East India Company.

(*k*) *Second Indian General Service Medal.*

Owing to the large number of clasps on the Indian General Service Medal it was determined to issue a new one called "The India Medal of 1895," the reverse of which shows a British soldier and a Sepoy standing together. The ribbon has two green and three red bars.

This medal was granted for the Malakand expedition of 1897, and two squadrons of the 4th Dragoon Guards and 11th Hussars, respectively, received it with the clasp "Malakand, 1897."

(*l*) *The Soudan*, 1896-1899.

We have now to return to the Soudan where Sir H. Kitchener was making his final preparations to crush once for all the power of the Khalifa, who had succeeded the Mahdi. He advanced his force of English and Egyptians to Dongola in 1896 and defeated the Dervishes at Hafir and Ferket. Following up this success, Kitchener moved on to the Atbara near its junction with the Nile, where he defeated the Dervishes on Good Friday, 1898, who had a loss of 3,000 killed and 4,000 wounded. Shortly afterwards the 21st Lancers came up the river in time to take part in the final victory at Omdurman, gaining their first battle honour and the medal with clasp "Khartoum." This was

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awarded by the Khedive Abbas Hilmi II, and has his cypher on the obverse and on the reverse a trophy of arms and flags with crescents and stars. The 21st Hussars had the only casualties worth mentioning in the British force, having charged through a nullah packed with the enemy. Two officers and two troopers of the regiment gained the Victoria Cross.

In 1899 the Queen authorised a new medal for service in the Soudan, to which everyone taking part in these later operations was entitled. On the obverse is a half-length effigy of the Queen holding a sceptre, and on the reverse a figure of Victory seated with the British and Egyptian flags to the left and right. There are no clasps to the medal and the ribbon is black and yellow with a narrow crimson stripe down the centre.

(*m*) *South Africa*, 1899-1902.

When the Boer War broke out in 1899 some not very far-seeing staff officer, when wiring home for reinforcements, is reported to have said "Infantry preferred," but such was the nature of the country and the mobility of the Boers, that before very long every cavalry regiment that could be spared was sent out, large numbers of the infantry were mounted, and even the Yeomanry were called upon. In fact, the only cavalry regiments that did not take the field in this long war were the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 4th, 11th and 15th Hussars and the 21st Lancers.

The medal for this war granted by the Queen has on the obverse a spirited figure of Britannia grasping the Union Jack with her left hand, while she offers with her right a laurel wreath to the army marching past. There are 24 clasps to this medal, all of the Peninsular pattern, and the ribbon has a broad centre stripe of orange with dark blue and red stripes at the sides. Not alone were clasps given for the various battles and sieges but one was given for each Colony that a man had served in provided he had not already got a clasp for a battle in that Colony, and another medal, with King Edward's head, was granted in 1902 to all who had served for eighteen months at the front and were still serving on the 1st January, 1902, or had completed such term before the 1st June, 1902. It had two date clasps, so that a man could have got the two medals with

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five or six clasps without even having heard a shot fired. But it was carrying things too far, when the Queen's medal was given to the garrisons of Malta and St. Helena, thus making a farce of what should be regarded an honour by a soldier.

At the beginning of the war four regiments were invested in Ladysmith, viz.: the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 5th Lancers and the 18th and 19th Hussars, whilst only two were at the Relief, the Royals and the 13th Hussars. The 9th Lancers were the only regiment at Modder River, and at Paardeberg were squadrons of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards, the Carabiniers, Scots Greys, 9th Lancers, 10th Hussars, and the 12th and 16th Lancers. These were also at the Relief of Kimberley. It would, however, be tedious to note the different clasps given to so many regiments, but a glance at the Army List will show the different occasions for which a battle honour was granted bringing with it a clasp of the same name. There were, of course, other actions for which a clasp was given, such as Driefontein, Diamond Hill, Belfast, etc. Six Victoria Crosses were won, 80 Distinguished Service Orders and 114 Distinguished Conduct Medals. It may be of interest to note that the 9th Lancers had the greatest number of killed and wounded, 190 officers and men.

(*n*) *The Great War*, 1914-18.

Except in the early part of the Great War the cavalry had little opportunity for action, and when the operations settled down into trench warfare, their services as such were at a discount.

Many of the officers and men took temporary service in the infantry, and a large proportion of warrant officers and sergeants were promoted to commissions in other corps. The 7th, 13th and 14th Hussars were employed in Mesopotamia.

The two medals and star for the Great War are so well known that there is no need to describe them. A clasp was given to the 1914 star to distinguish it from that of 1915. No other clasps were issued, which perhaps was just as well considering the large number of battle honours.

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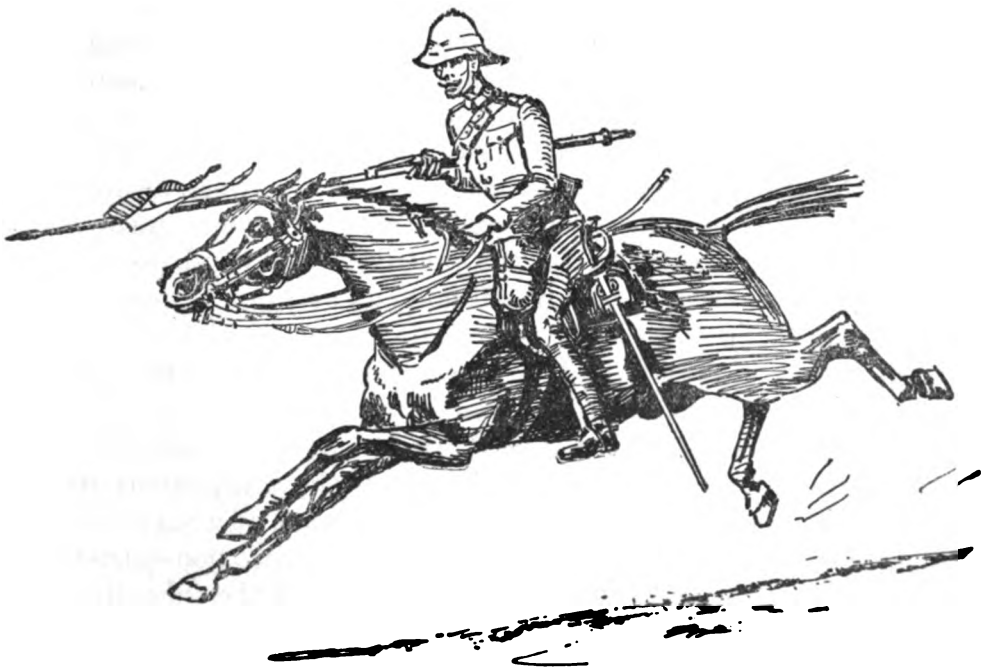
(*o*) *Afghanistan*, 1919.

The last medal that we have to chronicle is that awarded for the Afghan Expedition of 1919, in which the King's Dragoon Guards represented the cavalry. The medal has the bust of King George on the obverse and an Indian hill fort on the reverse. The clasp is "Afghanistan N.W.F., 1919," and the ribbon is blue with two green stripes.

The names on the standards, guidons, drum cloths, and colours of our army, and the various medals and clasps won on so many fields, do indeed testify to our "far-flung battle line." They are a perpetual reminder of the glorious past and of the part that British soldiers have played in making history, and still further helping to maintain the splendid traditions of the regiment to which they once had the honour to belong.



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THE KING'S ENEMIES

On the map it all looked splendid. There was the road to be patrolled, neatly marked in blue pencil, its boundaries defining with military precision exactly which villages were to be reconnoitred, and which were to be dealt with by those responsible for the adjoining area. Hills, roads, and streams were all shown with a distinctness which left nothing to be desired. An admirable map, in fact. Its only defect lay in the fact that it was so unreliable as to be worse than useless. So much so that common report averred that our enemies had purposely designed this masterpiece in order to mislead the French and British forces in the Balkans. The map made no secret of its Austrian origin, and candidly stated on the margin, in language intelligible only to the initiated few, that it made no claim to exactitude except in certain portions specified. But when it was issued to the British Salonika Force as the official map, few were aware of its admitted incorrectness; and certainly none gave its ingenious compiler credit for the workings of a vivid imagination. Coming from a land so well-mapped as France, they were easily misled into thinking that there might be at least some ruined house to mark the site of a village shown on the map; or that a track, perhaps rough and difficult, but at least definite and capable of being followed in daylight, would follow approximately the direction indicated by the conspicuous red-dotted line. Consequently it came as somewhat of a surprise to discover that important villages were not merely non-existent, but their very names absolutely unknown to all the inhabitants of the district. Highways existed only in the fertile brain of the Austrian cartographer, anxious to confer the benefits of civilization on a land as yet unprepared to receive them. The

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inhabitants were content with ever-shifting footpaths; and the passage of one wheeled vehicle over any track was sufficient to dignify it for ever after with the resounding title of "a road."

The officer in charge of the patrol therefore realized that what appeared so clear to the staff, when they sat down and decided the course and the destination of the patrol, would in reality turn out to be indefinite and vague. The patrol was to be out for five days. On the map there were numerous villages, in which they might hope to find food for themselves and forage for the horses; and if the April weather proved treacherous, they would be glad to get shelter for the night from torrential thunderstorms. But he decided to run no risks, and they set off with pack mules sufficient to carry rations and forage for the whole of the journey. If they found themselves in a land of plenty, and could manage to supplement their rations, well and good. But at any rate they would not starve.

Their way led them the first day through a district thickly strewn with villages, inhabited for the most part by Turks. Here and there a cluster of houses had been chosen as the residence of a patriarchal group of Vlachs. A race of shepherds and wanderers, they lived on the produce of great flocks of sheep, and in pastoral simplicity adopted as a temporary home some village deserted by its former occupants and fast falling into decay. The black and white clothing—always in the same characteristic design—and the small black fur caps of the men, no less than the gay embroidery, the coloured head-dresses, and the short skirts of the women, were sufficient to distinguish them at a glance from the Turks. But the Turk needs not his red waistband, nor the white turban around his red cap, to mark him off from Greek or Vlach. His ways are not their ways. The quiet dignity of his bearing, and his complete lack of impertinent curiosity, whether it be due to apathy or—as some suppose—to an innate politeness, sufficiently distinguishes him from his more enterprising and inquisitive Greek neighbours. To the Greek the sight of khaki spells but one word—wealth. And wealth is his opportunity. His commercial instincts are aroused. He gives up even the pretence of agri-

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cultural effort, foregoes the delights of sipping "koniak"—diluted with interminable gossip—in the one scanty room which combines the charms of the café with the resources of the village shop, and sits cross-legged, as close to the verge of the camp as authority will permit, over his exiguous stock of oranges and milk-chocolate, automatic pipe-lighters and cigarettes.

But in the Turk the advent of a stranger arouses but languid interest. As the patrol approaches the village, a chorus of barking, snarling dogs gives the alarm, only to be quietened by a shower of stones hurled at them with inaccurate zeal by their nominal masters. Otherwise there is a curious silence. The houses, each shut in by its high wall, stand silent, as if deserted, behind the wide oaken doors of the entrance gate, the little roof above each of which—reminiscent somehow of "lych-gates"—lends the village a sepulchral air. In a field close by, several women at work among the coming crops, trousered and bare-footed, glance hastily around, and then draw over their faces the ample folds of their veils. Or a line of ghostly figures, returning pitcher-upon-head from the village well, retreats hurriedly from the narrow lane, and stands motionless, with faces veiled and heads averted, until the cavalcade has passed. In the centre of the village a group of kindly-faced patriarchs reclines gracefully beneath the shade of some convenient wall. As the patrol approaches, they rise to their feet with one accord, and—without word spoken—gravely salute. Sometimes even the very children seem to be awanting, and their absence increases the feeling of unnatural quiet. From the recesses of a low-roofed building, often indistinguishable from the other houses of the village except for the lack of a surrounding wall, there comes a slow monotonous chant. And through the open doorway of the combined mosque and schoolhouse can be seen the inquisitive faces of the village children, sitting at the feet of "the hodja," and by incessant repetition of verses from the Koran learning from their "minister-dominie" the twin precepts of religion and education.

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The patrol gradually made its way towards the high wood-crowned range of hills at the foot of which nestled the village of M———. There was a road, new-made and rudimentary, which led to the village. But in order to explore the intervening country, this was purposely avoided—with the usual result. For in no country so surely as in Macedonia does the apparent short-cut eventually prove to be the longest way round. The patrol soon found itself in an area of open fields, intersected by innumerable ravines, lying between two groups of villages. Attempts to cross the main ravine—a steep-sided gorge—only led to further wanderings necessary to circumvent its tributaries. Eventually the sides became less steep, and a path was found which led to a mill beside the rocky stream. The delays of marching across-country had made it impossible that night to reach M———, gay with the blossoms of fruit trees, and invitingly illumined by the soft rays of the evening sun. But just above the mill, a grove of trees and grassy banks beside the clear waters of the stream promised an ideal site for a bivouac. And though from a distance the white walls and dark-red roofs of the houses, set amid a profusion of plum and apple trees in blossom, gave many a village an air of neatness and comfort, closer acquaintance generally dispelled the illusion. So the patrol bivouacked for the night by the musical waters of the stream, and decided that there are exceptions to the time-worn rule that "the worst billet is better than the best bivouac."

A half-hearted attempt at rain during the night had left the skies laden with low clouds when the party started once more the following morning, and the hills were shrouded in mist. A halt was made in the village, to allow the interpreter-officer to collect the information required, and to issue to the inhabitants the proclamation whose distribution was one of the objects of the patrol. The village, however, was occupied by Greek troops. So the Greek captain was informed that the two British officers wished to see the headman and the schoolmaster of the village, who were accordingly summoned; and meanwhile the newcomers were entertained with cigarettes and coffee.

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Judged by the volubility of the conversation which it occasioned, the proclamation appeared to be of greater interest to the Greek officers than to the civilians to whom it was addressed. Their curiosity even extended itself to the names and addresses of the two officers, which information, when elicited and translated into Greek, was carefully noted down in a form so unlike the original as to be unrecognizable. Inquiries as to the destination of the patrol led to counter-queries as to the country beyond. Quaint maps, lettered in Greek, were produced and studied, and, in spite of their humorous appearance—for ancient Greek lettering amid modern surroundings always strikes the mere Briton as somewhat incongruous—were found to be more carefully corrected versions of the same Austrian original. But, whether through reticence or through ignorance, the Greek officers could give but little information as to the country behind the hills.

For a short distance after leaving M———, the patrol went back along the new road, and then took a track uphill to the right, which led them further and further into the thick mist. Having reached the summit of a pass, the track gradually dropped down a steep hillside and entered a scattered village. The inhabitants—Greek refugees from Thrace, who had settled in this village after its evacuation by the Turks at the close of one of the Balkan wars a few years before—were neither many nor loquacious. The headman was absent on business at the local metropolis of K———. The schoolmaster could not be found. But some substitute was eventually discovered, to whom the proclamation was delivered. The whole village possessed a half-deserted air, which helped a feeling of loneliness caused by the thick blanket of mist. Signs of prosperity were glaringly absent, and the inhabitants seemed to be content if they could wring a precarious existence from the soil. It was scarcely to be wondered at that they should lack enthusiasm. Only a few years before they had been uprooted from Thrace, and had travelled hundreds of miles to settle down, probably penniless, and lacking even the meagre capital necessary to finance the most primitive of small holdings, in an abandoned

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and dismantled village. Now they found themselves once again in the "theatre of war," between two opposing armies: so that at any moment they might have to flee and abandon yet again their scanty possessions. No more striking illustration could be found of the unhappy plight of the Lowland Scot in the centuries which preceded the Union of the Crowns.

Before long the mist began to lift, revealing momentary glimpses of the valley which stretched away before them; and in an hour or two the strong sun had dissolved even the white turban of cloud which lingered about the hill-tops. The patrol found itself at the head of a valley strangely different from the bleak monotony of treeless, open country from which it had started. From end to end—from its scattered sources in the hill-range behind M——— to its outlet into the plain through which the Struma finds its way to the sea—the whole valley was clothed with soft green oak, newly burst into leaf. On every side ravines dropped from the high summit of the hill behind them, or wound their way through tumbled waves of oak scrub, and bright banks of red and yellow earth, towards the main stream. Perched on the narrow summit of a ridge between two ravines, or huddled in the hollow of a hillside, were smiling villages, their white walls standing out sharply in the sunlight against the various tints of green in the surrounding fields. Now and then the slender shaft of a white minaret added an oriental grace to the picture, and served from afar to proclaim to the world the religion of its adherents. In every village, and round every house, the tender pink of plum-blossom, or the bright luxuriance of apple-trees, gave promise of a plentiful harvest of fruit. With the lifting of the mist the patrol had stepped into another world. The grey skies of morning, and the wide spaces of open land, whose grass had scarce yet awakened from its winter sleep, had suddenly given place to the gay profusion of early summer. Trees in leaf, startled birds darting across the path, the ripple of waters in a rocky stream-bed, and the homely sight of numerous villages set in a background of fresh green, together with the drowsy heat of an afternoon sun, made the mist-interval seem like a

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night journey from Scotland to England, in which the traveller leaves a land of winter and awakens in the midst of an English summer.

As the patrol approached the first of these villages, a curious stillness became noticeable. The customary chorus of watch dogs failed to greet their approach. A kestrel, perched on the ridge of a roof, skimmed silently away. From the courtyard of one of the houses a partridge rose with a "whirr," and disappeared swiftly from view. No living being was in sight to answer questions as to the road to be followed. The village was deserted. From afar it had all the appearance of prosperity. The houses still remained apparently intact. But examination showed that they had been unoccupied for months, perhaps for years. All were strewn with the litter and rubbish of hurried departure. The next village was no better. The roofs, which still remained on the houses, only emphasized their emptiness and desolation. And the absence of even cats and dogs—for in Macedonia the dogs show to their homes a fidelity which they deny to their masters—showed that they had long been abandoned. And now, as the patrol penetrated further into the valley, and increased the distance from the last inhabited village, the path began to grow less distinct. Oak and bramble had been swift to reclaim the room denied to them by previous traffic, thrusting out branches and thorny strands to bar the way. Finally the path disappeared altogether, and the patrol was left to scramble, as best it might, through a maze of rock-strewn streams and ravines concealed in dense scrub, to the lonely village chosen for the night's bivouac.

Next day the patrol pushed on, by paths long disused, and through villages silent and deserted, to the mouth of the valley. The tiny hoof-marks of a donkey showed that one traveller at any rate had preceded them. Overhead the sudden appearance and swift departure of a German aeroplane mocked at the helplessness of cavalry in a valley in which most of the journey had to be performed on foot. As they drew near the mouth of the valley, where the steep hills dropped to the plain, the paths became more distinct, and led them up the hillside to a village

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inhabited by Turks. Official business was soon transacted with the quiet, grave-faced elders who ruled the village, and, during the mid-day halt to water and feed, the opportunity was seized to buy maize-meal bread, with which to vary the monotony of the army ration biscuit.

The furthest point of the journey had now been reached, for time would not allow of further exploration. But the village itself commanded a wonderful view of the plain and of the mountains beyond. On the north stood the forbidding rampart of precipitous mountains along which ran the Bulgarian frontier — stupendous, even-topped as a wall — dropping suddenly to the gorge through which the Struma breaks its way out of the mountains into the freedom of the plain. Beneath them lay the plain itself, level as a floor. Villages and tracks, and the devious wanderings of the river, stood out as clearly as on an outspread map. Beyond the plain the mountains rose gradually to towering heights of rock which dwarfed into insignificance the hills through which they had come. At the very foot of the opposing mountains, blocking the outlet of a far-reaching valley, lay the white houses and the tall dark trees of Demir-Hissar, showing up against the rock-face on which were commemorated, in gigantic bas-relief, the successes won by King Constantine in the last Balkan war. Within a few months the betrayal of Fort Rupel, and the irruption of the Bulgars into the plain, was to place "The Iron Fort" itself, and its boastful inscription, into the hands of Greece's hereditary enemies.

The patrol retraced its steps through the Valley of Silence, from the Turkish village at the mouth to the Greek village beneath the pass. It soon found itself in the midst of a prosperous group of Turkish villages, thickly clustered together. In the open spaces grey herds of little soft-eyed cattle spent their days in pasture, under the charge of shrill-voiced urchins. On either side of the road the rounded hillocks were covered with orderly rows of vines, showing as yet no sign of growth, but testifying to the industry of their cultivators. For the Turk is an unwearied tiller of the soil. Men, women, and children are always at work in the fields, generally close to their own

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homes, but often in the fields of a deserted village some distance away. By their labour they make up for the primitive simplicity of their implements. The plough—a mere iron-pointed spike—serves only to scratch the surface of the earth. At harvest time the grain is brought to the threshing-floor levelled beside each house in creaking, tumble-down wooden wagons, whose wheels miraculously hold together without the aid of an encircling band of iron, and whose very axles are but wooden. In fact, so well can they dispense with the use of iron, that sometimes in the houses one may find oaken chests ingeniously fitted and pieced together without a single nail, and made with no implement save an axe and an adze. The leisurely process of threshing is performed by a couple of oxen—scripturally unmuzzled—dragging behind them a veiled figure seated on a flint-studded sled. And for the winnowing—well, the winnowing must wait till Allah sends a breeze.

Late in the afternoon the village of S——— was reached. After seeing the horses picketed and fed in a convenient grove of young oak trees, the two officers walked past the large isolated mosque to the village, to buy bread and eggs with which to celebrate their return to civilization. The open space in the centre of the village showed a scene of unusual animation. All the male portion of the village seemed to have gathered there, and was engaged in discussion so heated and so unlike the usual tranquillity of a Turkish village that it was some time before the two officers could attract attention. Persistence, however, eventually produced the headman, a handsome bearded man of middle age, whose appearance—despite his costume—suggested the well-bred urbanity of an English gentleman rather than the traditional villany of the Turk. The demand for several loaves of bread and 40 eggs seemed to increase his worries. Finally one of the bystanders stepped forward, and, taking several eggs from the folds of his scarlet waist-band, pressed them into the hands of the astonished patrol-leader, speaking with unnecessary vehemence as he did so.

"What does he say?" asked the patrol-leader.

"Well, we seem to have come at an unfortunate moment,"

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replied the interpreter-officer, pointing to a Greek officer who sat scribbling in a book. "The Greeks have come and requisitioned everything, and they're still quarrelling about the prices. So this man gave us one or two eggs meanwhile, and begged us to go away until they've got rid of the Greeks. Then they'll come and attend to us."

After a while the headman returned, having meanwhile collected several portions of loaves.

'That's all he can get at present," explained the interpreter-officer. "But he says they are having some special loaves baked, which will be ready at 8 o'clock. They'll send the eggs down to our camp."

"And what about billets? It looks as if we are going to have a thunderstorm."

"The headman says that every house is occupied. But there is a guest-room which would do for the pair of us. The only shelter they can offer the men is the verandah of the mosque."

They returned to camp, and decided to bivouac beside the men in spite of the approaching thunderstorm. A fire had been lit as soon as they had arrived; but the well was distant, and the evening meal was long in making its appearance. Prompt to the minute, however, at 8 o'clock came the newly-baked loaves and 39 eggs, with the sincerest of apologies from the headman for his inability to conjure up from nowhere the fortieth egg. Just as the two officers were finishing a very welcome meal, an elderly one-eyed Turk strolled into the camp, and stood looking at the horses. A conversation in Turkish followed.

"He was asking," said the interpreter-officer, "why we don't feed our horses. I explained that they had already been fed. But of course he would never contemplate anything so extravagant as a grain-feed for a horse. He thinks they ought to be munching away at a pile of chaff. He says he can give us some."

"Very good idea," said the patrol-leader. "Just the thing instead of hay, and it won't cost much. Tell the old brigand we'd like some."

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A few minutes later three lusty young Turks arrived with three enormous baskets of chaff, the contents of which were rapidly distributed. The young Turks considered the portion allotted to each horse as quite inadequate, and soon re-appeared with their baskets refilled. Payment was proffered, and rejected with the greatest indignation.

"They look on the mere suggestion of payment as an insult," explained, the interpreter-officer. "They say we are the guests of the village. We should never have offered to pay them."

"Well, I'm blowed," ejaculated the patrol-leader; after which outburst he became lost in thought.

The stillness which precedes a thunderstorm had now given way to short, sharp gusts of wind, which showed that the rain would not be long in coming. So for the next few minutes everyone was busy improvising some form of bivouac out of water-proof sheets—a process which soon showed what a variety of design can be achieved with identical materials. The varying designs, needless to add, proved to be of varying degrees of effectiveness. And during the course of the night one or two of the designers, whose "houses were builded upon sand," found it expedient to migrate to the stone-flagged verandah of the mosque.

Just before the first heavy drops of rain began to drop on their shelters, putting a stop to further conversation, the patrol-leader sought assistance in his meditations.

"I say, B———, you've lived in Turkey. Tell me, do you look on the Turks here as our enemies?"

"No. They're Greek subjects, of course."

"Yes, I quite realize that. But do you suppose their sympathies are with the Greeks? They live quite apart, and one never seems to come across a Turk who speaks Greek, though there are any number of Greeks who speak Turkish."

"Well, I don't suppose they're particularly fond of the Greeks. But I should think they don't mind much who governs them, so long as they are more or less left alone."

"Quite so. Then you think they still remain Turks at heart?"

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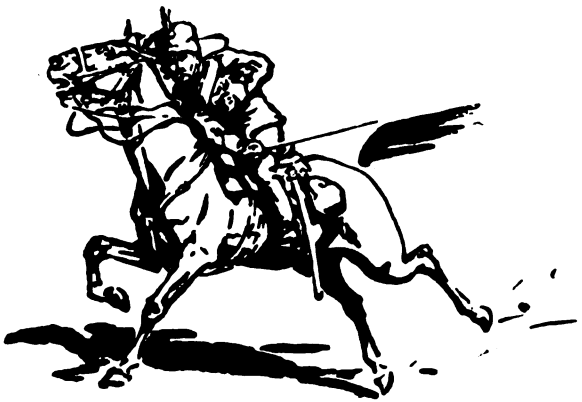
"Yes, I should say they do. Quite a large number of them must have fought for Turkey in the Balkan Wars."

"Well," said the patrol-leader, "we are at war with Turkey, and so I suppose we should look on these people as enemies. But I must say that, as enemies, they are a remarkably civil and kindly-disposed crowd."

"Oh, the Turkish peasant is not a bad fellow," remarked the intelligence officer. But ethnological questions had ceased to interest him now that the rain had started in real earnest. For he had evolved a bivouac of daring originality, and—as the event proved—of disastrous design.



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HUNTING IN THE SHIRES AND A DAY WITH THE QUORN.

By A. R. Horwood, F.L.S.

The Shires To-day.

Between hunting in the Shires, and anywhere else, or in the Provinces, there are many who will say there is all the difference in the world. No part of the cream of the Shires has more traditions of the past than High Leicestershire. One may recall the story of an old hard rider, who when asked if he had hunted with any other pack, retorted: "No, sir! I have never hunted with any hounds in my life but the Quorn and the Pytchley, and I'll take d——d good care I never do!" It is not everyone who is so emphatic on this point, but one may at least say that regular members of the packs that hunt in the Shires do not take kindly to hunting elsewhere. For the Shires are rich in the making of hunting history. In this connection such names as Assheton Smith, Meynell, Osbaldeston ("The Squire"), Bromley Davenport, A. E. T. Watson, "Brooksby" (Capt. Pennell Elmhirst), "Q," are household words.

Of those packs that hunt in the Shires the Belvoir, Quorn, Cottesmore, Fernie's, Pytchley, the first was established by the third Duke of Rutland, and includes some of the best hunting country in the Shires. Of it "Brooksby" tersely said: "No country presents a greater variety in itself than the Belvoir. Within its confines you may ride over small grass meadows, broad grazing grounds, light heath, and heavy plough." The hounds are noted for the famous Belvoir tan head, and their blood is to be found in most kennels of any standing. Famous

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OPENING MEET OF THE QUORN FOXHOUNDS AT KIRBY GATE NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY.

The Pack and Members of the Hunt keeping on the move so as to keep warm. 11/11/29

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meets are Croxton Park, Stonesby Gorse, Freeby Wood, Brentingby Spinneys. From Freeby Woods, Dick Christian rode a "crasher over the Lings to Croxton Park wall in sixteen minutes." He said to a friend: "I was head man all the way; Sir James was on his old grey, Baronet; Lord Gardner, Mr. Maxse, and Sir Harry Goodriche—he was on Limmer—were the only ones near me. Sir Harry shouts to me to open a gate, and I jumps it, and then turns round and laughs. 'Hang you,' he shouts, 'that's the way you open gates, is it?'" This is a specimen of the spirit of the men who rode across country in the Shires in the good old days, when they stuck at nothing. In the Belvoir country some other good meets are Piper Hole, Melton Spinney, Coston Covert, Dalby Wood, the Curate.

About the Quorn itself so much has been written that it is almost invidious to attempt to give any idea of the brilliant history it has had in a brief sketch such as this. But it may be emphasized that it had five masters from the beginning, from the time when hounds were kept at Great Bowden Inn, between Kibworth and Harborough, in Whyte Melville's country, when Mr. Meynell hunted them from 1753-1800, the year of the great Coplow run. This was a long run, even for those days, twenty-eight miles, hounds changing their fox in the middle of it. But the Quorn is noted for its famous runs, as in Greene's day, when the "Quarterly run" saw him crossing the Whissendine, "like a swallow on a summer's evening."

In those days much of the old Billesdon hunt district was included in the Quorn. Melton was—it is still—in a large measure, the Mecca of hunting, and from there men could hunt with the Quorn on Mondays and Fridays, with the Cottesmore on Tuesdays, the Belvoir on Wednesdays, and on Thursdays with the Quorn or the late Mr. Fernie's, formerly Sir Bache Cunard's, the Medbourne Kennels bearing his monogram, "B.C., 1886." On Saturdays a day could be had again with either the Belvoir or the Cottesmore. Other centres in the Quorn country from which to hunt are Loughborough, Leicester, or Market Harborough, but Melton is the most central, and is associated with the oldest traditions, and the mad exploits of the Old Mel-

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tonians. It was here that the midnight steeplechase took place in the 'eighties. Famous covers on the Quorn side include Shoby Scoles, Six Hills, Cossington Gorse, Lord Aylesford's Fox Covert, Walton Thorns, Mr. Craddock's Spinney, Thrussington Gorse, Parson's Thorns, Blackberry Hill, Wartnaby Stonepits, Kirby Gate, Gartree Hill, Adam's Gorse, Thorpe Trussels, Ashby Pastures, Cream Gorse, Barkby Holt, Prince of Wales's Cover. The old Billesdon Hunt, now Fernie's, was Mr. Tailby's Hunt, and three good days a week were given up to hunting in this wild bit of the Shires, or High Leicestershire. On Mondays Mowsley, Shearsby, Kilby, Wistow, Gumley, Bruntingthorpe are the chief meets. Other good coverts to draw are Walton Holt, Thurnby Spinneys, Glen Gorse, Norton Gorse, Sheep Shorns, Noseley, and these are hunted on Thursday; Tilton Wood, Skeffington Tugby, Launde, and Hallaton on Saturdays.

According to some, the Cottesmore district affords the truest sport, the straightest foxes, long and fast runs. Dick Christian himself was whipper-in to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and the pack was in the hands of the Lowther family and the Noels, and a former Lord Gainsborough of Exton, during its early history. In some parts the Cottesmore includes the wildest bit of country in the Shires. There was a famous run known as the Prince of Wales's Day, when His Royal Highness was staying at Normanton, Lord Ancaster's property. The run was twenty-two miles, starting from Armley Wood, with a kill at Essendine on the Lincolnshire side. Leesthorpe towards Melton, Langham, with the Punchbowl, Ranksborough Gorse, Wyld's Lodge, Stapleford Park, with Laxton's Covert, and the Whissendine brook, of famous name, are always good days. There are also some good woods on the south on Mr. Fernie's side, Launde Big Wood and Little Wood, Wardley Wood, which brings you into the Skeffington country.

There is no country perhaps so stiff as every part of the Shires in one form or another. There is a combination of every possible sort of difficulty, big fields with heavy going, ridge and furrow, distant covers making for long runs, plenty of awkward

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fences of every description, and bad water jumps. And the hounds, bred for pace as well as nose, are as fast as the foxes, which are long-limbed, and as game as any foxes in the whole country.

Sometimes the "fields" are of tremendous size. At the famous Rolleston meet, when Assheton Smith brought his hounds into the Billesdon country, after he had left the Quorn, there were two thousand at the meet. There was, of course, not much chance for sport on such an occasion. The same often happens on opening days, at Kirby Gate, the first meet of the Quorn. The runs, too, are often very long ones, and nothing is seen of the pack or the field after the first cover has been drawn for the rest of the day. Twenty miles is not an extraordinary distance when scent lies well. It is quite obvious that those who hunt in the Shires need to be well mounted. Moreover, unless you are well mounted and good across country it is no use attempting to negotiate the fences. No "bullfinches" are so formidable as those in Leicestershire. There are no small fences, as a rule, as there is little arable, but there is a good deal of wire. The hedges are often very thick, and seven or eight feet high is nothing out of the common. Worse, perhaps, are the "Oxers," with a post and rails each side of tall bullfinches. These take some leaping, and so do the in-and-outs. One of the charms of the Shires lies in the great diversity of the country, and the really fine views that can be had from such viewpoints as Robin-a-Tiptoes, near Tilton Station, or right across the Vale of Belvoir from Stathern Hill or Holwell Mouth.

A Day with the Quorn.

None of all the hunting counties is more fashionable, nor able to show such good sport and plenty of fun, as the "Cream of the Shires," as Whyte Melville christened it. In the whole of the country is any pack more famous than the Quorn? Its hounds are the best, the horses ridden the gamest of hunters, the country the stiffest anywhere to be found, where it is possible to hunt, and the foxes are the most sporting and the most cunning to be met with in Shires and Provinces put together.

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In Leicestershire a meet is usually one of the most wonderful affairs, especially the opening meet at Kirby Gate. The number of people, in the saddle or on foot, or following in carriages or cars and otherwise, might be estimated at a couple of thousand on some occasions, even in the old days. No wonder then that this meet is so famous, and so much the haunt of fashion, even to-day, when there are so many other counter attractions.

Of the actual field that follows, which includes some of the most notable people of the day in all spheres of life, the number is not over three figures, and of those who hunt five days a week with the Quorn and other packs in the Shires the number may be put at a century.

At a typical meet there are, in addition to the hunt staff, including the Master, huntsman, whippers-in, and the "little beauties," or the pack, a good proportion of lady riders, amongst a crowd of men in "pink" or black. They are of all ages, young and old, from youngsters on ponies to octogenarians, from light-weights to welters. Indeed, a study of those in the saddle is as full of interest as a study of the crowd at Epsom on Derby Day. The typical hunting man or woman, however, can be recognised as such anywhere in or out of the saddle. Perhaps the most interesting part of the meet is the motley crowd of followers of all types, from the lady of fashion in her carriage or her motor car to the man on a push-bike or the foot people, of which last there is usually on opening days a vast assemblage. That the latter see some sport cannot be denied, but to look on at so great a game as a fast run across country, and not to be in that run is but poor sport in comparison. But there must always be those who perform and those who look on at any game or sport.

As soon as the field has assembled it is always a great relief to the field to move off and get away from the crush on the road for a mile or more on the route to the rendezvous. When hounds are taken to the cover there is little delay before a start is made, as the little beauties are as keen as our mounts to be away, and so indeed are we.

Having left the road we ride behind the Master and the hunt staff and pack at a respectable distance, for it is a sin to head

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MEET OF THE QUORN NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY

Photo shows the field moving off. 11/11/29

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hounds, running or not. They must have plenty of room and do not like being flustered. Now we are at the cover side, at the familiar corner, and the hounds are thrown off, and at once follow the Master and huntsman into the cover. This is a famous cover, moreover, and there is every prospect of a quick find. Master Reynard laid up in kennel in a corner, and drowsy after a night's prowl, usually breaks out on the far side, and nine times out of ten will make a straight point for the Holt, a favourite sanctuary on this line of country. But hark to that, that is surely a view-holloa. And most certainly those whimpers in the cover mean a find, too, and the varmint has broken cover. But no, they are from all parts of the cover, and the couples are disappointed, and scent must be poor, or the dog-fox has been too clever for them once again. Outside the cover horses are stamping and fretting, as eager as the pack to be away. There is a brute with a red ribbon on his tail—a kicker—making a nuisance of himself too near a crowd dismounted, discussing some piece of news or club talk, or odds on a future race. It would be difficult for an outsider to understand some of their terms, for hunting and racing have a jargon of their own. Though he may know the meaning of oxers, bullfinches, ins-and-outs, and the like, his knowledge does not help him in this running fire of comment and repartee.

But the hounds now seem to be at fault, and after a brief burst Rattler, who had broken cover, apparently on a false scent, is told to hark back. This seems indeed likely to be a blank draw, which is unusual, and it will not improve the Master's temper, for this is one of the best fixtures, and there is a good lying scent; and the earths have been stopped overnight, and there should be no reason for a check at this stage. Such a thing as a blank draw is never or seldom known at the Prince of Wales's Cover. So a move is at last made to the Holt.

Gates are numerous, and a few minutes suffices to bring the first flighters close to the Cover. On the way they have tried their mounts against each other in friendly rivalry, clearing on the way half-a-dozen posts and rails, an oxer, and one bullfinch after another, by way of exercise. Arrived at the rendezvous

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they plunge down the ride which flanks this famous cover, and take up points of vantage on the right side of it, ready for a good lead when hounds have rattled the cover and sent Master Reynard out again on the far side as now seems likely.

All in a moment the music of their full-throated melody is heard, and a clear ringing Tally-ho! rings out at the cover side beyond us, which makes the whole field rejoice, as a find is thus announced. Rider, horse, and hound now settle down to a rousing gallop, and the little beauties, tails feathering, stream across a fallow field ahead, strong on the line of a good going fox, with a burning scent. They cross one field after another, mile on mile, over a vast tract of undulating ridge and furrow, with big fields, and plenty of stiff fences. Now the pace begins to tell. Evidently the point is straight for the Coplow, a favourite line. This means a stiff bit of riding before the railway is reached. Long before that, half the field has been outpaced, for now the going is terrible, and only those who are fortunate will, it would seem at present, be in at the finish. In sight of fair Quenby, from the lead roofs of which it is said that seven counties are visible—though I have never seen but one—the gleam of the Beeby Brook shines formidable. Many a take-off there is too fine or too short, as the best of the foremost ones are scattered in the crossing of it, and one has a spill, a regular cropper. But the unlucky one quickly scrambles out of the rather swollen brook, and he is up again in a flash in the saddle, horse and rider more shaken than hurt, and he catches up very quickly with the few hard-riding Quornites, who have managed to-day to follow the superbly-mounted Master through thick and through thin without a falter.

Will it end, this great run, in a kill or not? By Jove! See that, hounds are fast gaining now on the varmint, and before the bare boughs of Botany Bay are in sight this gamest of foxes must surely give in. For now, wonder to relate, after such a splendid dash for liberty, the first of the little beauties is only yards from his brush, so that minutes only can delay a finish; and look! she has reached him, she has him, and has bowled him over. Around him now there seethes a mass of fierce and breathless

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hounds; and in a moment more up comes the huntsman, Dalton, the first in the run. So "killed in the open," the verdict goes round, as now one, now another, of the surviving field struggles up to the finish. So ends quickly and dramatically, as all good runs, another of the famous Coplow days. Nor will this be the last by any means. But now the sun is well down on the darkling skyline, and the hunting day is over. So off to the kennels go the pack, a good sixteen miles. And we, after a last rehearsal of the day's doings, with friends up at the death, jump in our car and return home to bath, dinner and bridge. After that if we dream, it is of "the Cream of the Shires" and a Billesdon fox.

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SOME CURIOUS WAGERS

By HUGH MACHELL.

TRULY was it once said that it would be a bad day for England (Scotland and Ireland I regard as Non-conformist) should anything happen to kill the love of legitimate sport imbued in dukes and dustmen, and the pleasurable excitement of having a flutter on a race, where man, horse, or hound is concerned, is so dissociable from our national temperament that a few recollections of strange gambles may be of interest.

Lotteries and sweepstakes are receiving attention from the legislature, and we await with satisfaction the punishment of fraudulent promoters, while the sweeps of clubs, if all the money is given as prizes (less expenses) are undeniably harmless and enjoyable diversions. Still more do they deserve encouragement where charity benefits from the proceeds.

That stern moralist, Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, defines a gambler as "a knave whose practice it is to invite the unwary to game, and cheat them." Of course, we know that sharks and sharps exist, but the enterprising punter has always been characterized by his eagerness to try his luck, and back his opinion against all comers. Long so mote it be.

History indicates that gambling began with the familiar story of Isis and Osiris. Next we find that the Bible, of all books perhaps the least suspected, contains a most palpable wager. Do you disagree? Then pray turn to the passage in Judges XIV, where Samson makes a distinct bet.

The chronicle continues with the loaded dice of Herculaneum, the South Sea Bubble, and funnily enough, the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. It will be remembered that then a vast amount was underwritten by insurance, guaranteeing the

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life of Her late Majesty till that date, and further, that she should pass through certain streets.

King Edward the Second, we read, received from Richard de Meremoth, the Receiver of the Treasury, twelvepence to play at "cross and pile."

This monarch seems to have lost eightpence to Mons. Robert Wattewyke, at this same game, being money lent to His Majesty by one Peres Barnard, his own Usher.

The well-known edict against football, wrestling, etc., needs no quotation here. No doubt stakes were laid on those pastimes. We have a curious reference in Holinshed, however, to a Proclamation in 1526, "against all unlawful games, small time indeed, endured. For when young men were forbidden bowls, and such other games, some fell to drinking, some to ferretting of other men's conies, some to stealing of deere in parks, and other unthriftiness." Such legislation does not seem to have been very beneficial to the community.

Then followed the Puritan regime, only to be exchanged later for the wild pursuits and revelries traditionally associated with the Dynasty of the Royal Sporting Stuarts. Who does not know the Comedy Theatre and the Comedy Restaurant in Panton Street, London? Many hundreds of pounds have we spent there in the cult of Thespis, Lucullus, and Bacchus, yet how few remember what the historian Theophilus Lucas, relates of one Colonel Panton, to this effect, viz.: "There was no game, but what he was an absolute artist at, either upon the square or foul play; but, above all, his chief game was at Hazard, at which he got most money. For in one night, he won as much money, being as many thousand pounds, as purchased him an estate of above £1,500 per annum, insomuch that he built a whole street near Leicester Fields, which after his own name, he called Panton Street."

Space does not permit me to enumerate all the eccentric wagers on record. One or two of the least well-known are here. Two gentlemen once made a bet as to which of them should hang the other. The loser had almost paid the penalty before the proceedings were interrupted by spectators!

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Sir John Lade once made the amusing wager that he would carry Lord Cholmondeley on his back from opposite the Brighton Pavilion twice round The Steine. When his lordship said he was ready Sir John told him to strip. "'Strip!" said the other, "why, surely, you promised to carry me in my clothes?" "By no means," said the Baronet, "I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes." Sir John won his bet. It reminds us of Shylock and his pound of flesh.

Changing our search to Parliament, I find that bets were made in the House of Commons, and probably are to this day. Upon one occasion Mr. Pulteney accused Sir Robert Walpole with misquoting the poet Horace. The Prime Minister made a bet that he had not done so, the Clerk of the House being appointed to decide the matter.

The latter declared Pulteney correct. Sir Robert then threw his guinea across the House, his opponent picking it up with the remark that "it was the first public money he had touched for a long time."

The "Quarterly Review" of July, 1833, contains the following account of a "horsey" bet. At Newmarket in the time of George the First, a match was made by the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir William Strickland. Two horses were to race for a large sum of money, and the betting was very heavy between the sporting men of the North and the South countries.

Frampton's groom, with his master's knowledge, tried to induce the Baronet's groom to have a private trial, at the weights and distance of the match and so make the race *safe*. Sir William, on hearing of this, told his man to accept the proposal, but to carry seven pounds extra weight. Frampton's man had already *done the same*, and in the trial, Merlin, Strickland's horse, beat the other by about a length.

"'Now, said Frampton to his satellites, "my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra what will he do in the race?"

The betting, of course, was enormous. Frampton told his South Country friends the secret, and they said they would bet

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the Northerners "gold against Merlin, while gold they had, and then they might sell their land."

Both horses came well to the post, and, of course, the race ended the same way as the trial.

Quite recently I heard a story of a Member of the Upper House, a noted astrologer. He approached Lord Birkenhead and prophesied he would have a serious and possibly fatal illness within ten days of their meeting. Lord Birkenhead is reported to have replied simply, "I bet you £150 I don't." The wager was accepted, and in due course, having won, "F. E." got a cheque for £150. With it came a note expressing the loser's gladness to pay, and hoping it was due to some mistake in the stars, and that the illness was not merely postponed.

The risks entertained by insurance companies are frequently within the sphere of pure wagering. In conclusion (and running the chance of being haled as a castanologist, or professor of "chestnuts"), I relate the yarn of the man who insured his wife against the possibility of producing twins. She eventually gave birth to triplets, but the authorities are equally divided as to the attitude adopted by the company concerned. Thanks to the late Rev. A. J. Waldron, we were prone to debate "Should a woman tell?" I leave (to those who have followed me as far as this) for intelligent animadversion, the burning question, "Should an insurance company pay?"

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CAVALRY AND "MAGNA CHARTA"

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

"OF the great importance of Cavalry in the Middle Ages," remarks Mr. Hilaire Belloc in one of the most illuminating passages of his admirable "The Historic Thames," "no better example can be quoted than the connected episode of April-June, 1215, which may be called—to give it a grandiose name—the Campaign of Magna Charta. It further illustrates points which should never be forgotten in the reading of early English history—to wit, the way in which London increased in military value throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; the strategic importance of the few old national roads as late as the reign of King John, and that power of the defensive, even in the field, which made general and strategic, as opposed to tactical, attack so cautious, decisive action so rare, and when it *was* decisive, so thorough."

In the autumn of the previous year, 1214, just after the English monarch's continental aspirations had come to grief with the defeat of his allies at the battle of Bovines, the great Barons of England—or "the rebels" as Mr. Belloc prefers to distinguish them—met together and decided to coerce their King into granting reforms by force of arms. John astutely countered this revolutionary measure, probably in order to gain time, by convening a conference at the Temple, London, at Epiphany, 1215. As a result of those deliberations he arranged for a truce with the Barons until Low Sunday ensuing. This they acceded to, but took care to mobilize their forces in the meantime. On or about April 25th hostilities commenced.

And how and to what extent do Cavalry impose themselves upon this "Campaign of Magna Charta"? It has been estimated that, in an English population of four or five millions,

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the organizers of the rising could dispose of some 2,500 "armed and mounted gentlemen,"* about 5,000 cavalry, and, say, 25,000 infantrymen of various denominations. The material advantage, then, must have been very much with the Barons, since the King depended largely upon foreign mercenaries, and these were considerably scattered, being employed on garrison duty.

John was then camped at Oxford, one day's march from his antagonists' headquarters at Brackley. After one more attempt at compromise, the latter advanced but, turning away from Oxford on account of its reputed strength, laid siege to Northampton Castle. Here they were repulsed after a fortnight's efforts, but, capturing the town of Bedford thanks to help from inside, they pushed straight on to the metropolis of England.

"What followed could only have been accomplished by cavalry—by cavalry in high training—by a force under excellent generalship, and by one whose leaders appreciated the all-importance of London in the coming struggle. The rebels left Bedford immediately, marched all that day, all the succeeding night, and early on the Sunday morning, 24th May (1215), entered London by the northern gate. Their entry was not even challenged. From Bedford to St. Paul's is—as the crow flies—between forty and fifty miles: whatever road a man may take would make it nearer fifty than forty. Bearing, as did this army, towards the east until it struck the Ermine Street, the whole march must have been well over fifty miles. This fine feat was not a barren one: it was well worth the effort and loss which it must have cost. London could feed, recruit, and remount an army of even this magnitude with ease. The Tower was held by a royal garrison, but it could do nothing against so great a town."†

It is of additional interest that the picturesque River Avon —the Upper or Warwickshire Avon—no less than the historic Thames, enters much into the manœuvres and counter-march-

* Belloc.

† The Historic Thames, p. 73.

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ings of this brief but momentous campaign. It runs a course of about a hundred miles and, by a coincidence, has its source near Naseby, in Northants—destined to be the scene, more than four centuries after John's struggle with his Barons, of the great battle, closing with a tremendous cavalry shock and pursuit, which put a period to the long struggle between Charles I and *his* revolted subjects.

Headed by its intrepid leader Robert Fitz-Walter, the Barons' army was now in full possession of the metropolis. From thence they issued a proclamation addressed to all nobles and knights of the realm, and, as one historian of England phrases it, "the baron with his troop of men-at-arms, and the knight, whose only property was his horse and his sword, alike hastened to London. In the words of the old chroniclers, there is no need to name the men who composed the 'Army of God and the Church': they were the whole nobility of England."

In the immediate sequel John, temporarily brought to bay, felt himself constrained to append the royal signature to the Great Charter at Runnymede, near Staines. But the end was not yet. Now occurred the Barons' wholly indefensible action in offering the throne of England to the Dauphin, son of King Philip of France, and that young Prince's entry into London occurred on June 2, 1216. Though excommunicated by the Pope, the Barons had the co-operation of King Alexander of Scotland, against whom John's forces marched with a savage fury and, after devastating the English northern shires, occupied Edinburgh and destroyed (by burning) the towns of Alnwick, Morpeth, Mitford, Roxburgh, Berwick, Haddington, and Dunbar. Meanwhile, however, the Barons laid siege to Windsor Castle and the King hastily retraced his steps southward.

The culminating episode in this sinister monarch's career, previous to his death in Newark Castle, may almost be treated as a Cavalry episode. I allude to the loss of his stores, baggage, equipage, and treasure while his retinue of horse and foot—these for the main part foreign mercenaries—was crossing the dreaded Wash of Lincolnshire after burning some farmhouses

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belonging to Croyland Abbey. The spot where John essayed to cross the estuary was known as the Cross Keys, and here the hapless monarch "narrowly escaped the fate of Pharaoh."

Some twenty-two miles in length by fifteen in average breadth, the marshy and uncertain Wash receives the waters of the Rivers Nar, Nen, Ouse, Witham, and Welland. It was into the last-named of these that John plunged with all his retinue! The greater part of the cavalcade was in mid-stream when the warning roar of the rising tide was heard. The King and his immediate *personnel*—or "staff" as we should call it nowadays—managed to get to the southern shore of the Wash in safety. But he looked back to perceive practically the whole of his large and valuable following, horses, carriages, sumpter-mules, waggons, officers, troopers, camp-followers, engulfed in that relentless and resistless flood. . . . A few days later King John breathed his last, October 18, 1216.

In Shakespeare's "King John" we get little directly relative to this cavalry campaign of Magna Charta save numerous "alarums and excursions" and a flood of rhetoric, much of it intended to point the moral that at no period of her history would this country consent or condescend to foreign domination as implied in the landing of the Dauphin with his French followers. We have, however, that final noble invocation which so appropriately terminates this great drama on a note of purest patriotism:—

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
But when it first did help to wound itself,
Now these her Princes are come home again.
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true!"

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A BIG GAME SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN KENYA COLONY

By R. PILKINGTON, 9th Lancers.

I PROPOSE in this article to give an account of an expedition in British East Africa made by a friend and myself during our two months' leave from India.

In case any of my readers might suppose that it was of the calibre of one organized on the scale of those run by Americans, I would disillusion them at the outset. It was run on very economical lines and the expenses incurred were well within the means of the average subaltern.

I have composed this account from the notes made in my diary at the time, but for fear of being too egotistical, I have dealt with the subject for the purposes of this article very generally. As there are probably few of my readers who have been to East Africa I propose first of all to give a short sketch of the Kenya Colony, its physical character, climate and inhabitants.

Geography.—Without going into a geography lesson I will just mention the outstanding features of the country. Kenya can roughly be divided into three distinct areas: the coastal plain covered with palm and banana groves, interspersed with small patches of cultivation; this rises to a plateau about 2,000 to 3,000 ft. which finally culminates in high ground round Nairobi and the north and west of the Colony. The altitude increases to 6,000 ft., and reaches the climax at Mount Kenya (17,000 ft.).

Of the numerous rivers of Kenya only one flows into the sea, the Tana; the remainder disappear into swamps. The best

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known of these is, perhaps, the Lorian with the Uasing Nyero, a river which flows through tracts well known for big game and most ably described by Blaney Percival in his book, "A Game Ranger's Notebook on Safari." The author of this book is the greatest authority in this part of the world on shooting. I never had the pleasure of meeting him myself, but am told by one who did, that his experiences and reminiscences are wonderful.

The great lake Victoria Nyanza, of which I shall have more to say later, is situated in the western part of the Colony, the majority of it lying in the Uganda Protectorate. Then we come to the chain of lakes in the north—Lake Rudolf with Albert and Edward just over the Uganda boundary. There are numerous smaller lakes, mostly situated in the Great Rift Valley, which are the haunts of hippo. The Rift Valley is an extraordinary formation, a great cleft in the earth's surface running up the centre of Africa, disappearing under the Red Sea and ending in the Sinai Peninsula and Jordan Valley in Palestine.

The general impression the country gives one is that of huge plains, some with an area of 1,600 square miles, encircled by ranges of hills. The soil is light and easily cultivated, being very fertile wherever water is available. Cattle, sheep and pigs are reared extensively, but horses do not do well on account of the tsetse fly and fever. Except in the river beds there are very few stones, which accounts for the execrable state of the roads which are made of baked mud; in dry weather they are passable, but a shower of rain will make them little better than a quagmire. Many were the times that we were stuck in the ditch, grinding along on bottom gear to get out and merely to slue right across to the opposite side—heart breaking work.

The Government Game Reserve is situated on the south-west side of the line between Mombasa and Nairobi, and there is also a very large reserved area north of Mount Kenya. On the east side of the mountain the land is very broken by steep hills and ravines, very fertile soil suitable for coffee, bananas and maize. This area is all in the native reserve; the land

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given to the Englishman is in the plains and up to the Northern Frontier.

Natives.—The natives are composed of many different tribes, the larger ones being the Wanderobo, Masai, Lumbwa and Kavirondo. Each tribe keeps very much to itself and never intermarries. The native has a fine physique, well made and occasionally good features. Their hair is more like a fleece, being short thick curls. At a place called Chukka, on the east side of Mount Kenya, we saw some with twine twisted into their hair which, smeared with castor oil, hung down in plaits, the whole being covered with a thick coating of red clay. The women were heavily ornamented with beads, broad bangles on their arms and banana leaf skirts; the men wear blankets and occasionally skins, but the latter with the growth of civilization are becoming scarce. As a rule the men have fine sight, endurance, pride, and are occasionally brave; at present they are little better than savages, but even now the more intelligent are becoming good servants, and probably in two or three generations they will be excellent. One is rather apt to forget that the white man has only been in the country about 25 years. The natives love dressing up and decoration of any kind. They make huge holes in the lobes of their ears by inserting split pegs, matchboxes, etc.—some are even large enough to hold a round cigarette tin. Their weapons consist of a spear, the length of a pig-sticking one with a flat double-edged point or blade. All shepherds and hunting boys carry these. Their other weapon is called a Punga, a large knife sharp enough to cut anything.

Missionaries are there in large numbers, and they do a certain amount of good as they teach the natives to cultivate systematically and also to become servants. We saw one missionary with the words "God saves Africa" written on the cover of the spare wheel of his motor car!

Climate.—The climate varies in different parts of the Colony but does not vary much throughout the year in each district. In the coastal plain it is hot and sticky and malaria abounds. Round Nairobi it is hot during the day with cool nights; in the northern area it is ideal like a perpetual June day

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in England, although one would imagine that being on the Equator it would be the reverse. The nearest town to the farm from which we started was right on the Equator, and when walking between the hotel and Post office one crossed it. At night in North Kenya one requires three to five blankets at a height of 5,000 ft., and before sunrise it is very cold. The sun gets up about 6.30 and is very pleasant till ten; one can sit with one's back to the sun and get thoroughly warmed, though after that hour it gets hot, but moving about or in the shade it is ideal; it continues thus till five when the sun sinks and it gets chilly, after seven, very cold. The climate remains like this all the year round there being only slight variations of temperature. There are long rains in February, March and April, and again in September and October, but the country dries very quickly after the rain as the soil is very porous. Mist in North Kenya is unknown except round the summit of the mountain, which is enshrouded in mist daily from 9 to 6 p.m. We found it very difficult to forecast the weather, as rain is very local and in spite of a threatening sky there may be no rainfall. The rain is greatly influenced by the mountain, which attracts it and consequently gets its full share; the clouds are often seen going in opposite directions owing to the air currents. The sun is very powerful being right overhead, and a topee or double terai hat is essential between 8 and 4 p.m.

Safari.—The term invariably used to describe a shooting expedition in East Africa is "Safari," corresponding to the Indian word "Shikar," the only difference being that Safari means any form of trek. My first night at Nairobi I was rather had for a mug over this word: while talking to a man, a complete stranger, at dinner, he said he had been on Safari to Ugandi. I, naturally thinking he had been shooting, asked him if he had got any good trophies, he replied, "No, I have been mending the telegraph wires!"

Our shoot was in North Kenya, and the farm from which we started was within five miles of the edge of the forest that clothes the lower slopes of Mount Kenya. Our transport consisted of a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen in half sections, the

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wagon being twenty feet long, with the front half open, and the rear being covered with a tarpaulin. Seats were fitted inside which we used for sleeping at night. We had two drivers, and one small boy to guide the leading pair of oxen, one tracker, one cook, and four other men to do odd jobs. The personnel was all actually employed on the farm. I admit this form of transport was slow, but it always turned up at night and proved that no type of country was too rough for it. An early start for the wagon was never possible because the oxen had to be watered and grazed for an hour before starting on the day's march. We ourselves used to start off after breakfast and tell the driver the rendezvous that evening.

There were two distinct types of country in which we used to shoot. The first was the forest on Mt. Kenya; here we pitched our camp in an open glade. The only tracks are made by the game and are about a foot wide. We used to start off walking in line looking for "spoor" or tracks of animals that looked fresh and then follow them up. This forest has three distinct belts, the lowest is the cedars, then bamboo and lastly giant heather growing to a height of 15 ft., locally known as the moors. This locality is usually best for rhinoceros, buffalo and elephant, also it is easier stalking when fresh tracks are once found. The second type is the plains, with grass growing everywhere, the length varies according to the amount of rain they have during the year, the average being 2 feet. The ground is intersected by nullahs varying in size, thorn trees 4 to 10 feet growing over most parts.

Except for lion and leopard all game grazes, and therefore has to be stalked and tracked. Some of the natives are very good at this, and can tell how old the spoor is, and by looking at grass that has been bitten they can tell how long ago the animal was there. In the plains to get within a hundred yards of an animal is very difficult on account of general lack of cover; perhaps there may be a low hill or nullah, but these are rather the exception than the rule. Owing to the clarity of the atmosphere, we found that we were very apt to under estimate distances; what looked like a hundred yards often turned out to be half as

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much again. The wind plays all sorts of tricks, curling round low hills and up re-entrants. Very often when starting down wind of game, on approaching nearer one found the wind blowing straight on to them. In a dry season, when rain is fairly local, it is at first difficult to find game as they follow the growth of the grass and go where this is thickest. Where game was thick in previous years, this time we found nothing; once they are spotted they appear in enormous herds. The description and stalking of each particular animal would only be boring to my readers, therefore I propose to describe a few cases only.

We started off from the farm and made our first camp on the foothills of Mt. Kenya, as I said before about five miles away, where reports of rhino and buffalo had reached us. The first day we walked without seeing anything; on the second, after walking for two hours in thick forest, we suddenly heard a crash and a snort behind us and the approach of some large animal bearing down upon us at the trot. All round us was so thick that we could see nothing bar the narrow game track along which we had been walking; I however, was told to turn round and get ready for a shot; we could not make certain whether it was a rhino or a buffalo; after spending a few tense seconds we heard him trotting down a path about 15 feet to our left, but never saw him. The first time one hears this crash through the thicket of some great animal getting away it gives one a marvellous thrill. We walked for the rest of the day, and in spite of seeing the fresh tracks of a rhino we never got up to him.

The next day we started out on new ground, and after walking for three hours, most of it uphill, and seeing no fresh spoor, feeling rather weary we decided to sit down and appreciate the situation in whispers. Having rested for a quarter of an hour we continued along the ridge, and after walking two hundred yards from where we had been sitting, the tracker froze in his path and motioned me up to him. The whole of this ridge was covered in thickets and birch trees with thick undergrowth, consequently one could barely see fifty yards ahead. On walking cautiously up to where the tracker stood, I saw about forty yards in front the head and horns of a rhino sitting in the grass.

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He was apprehensive of danger as was proved by his pricked ears and general attitude of unrest, but as he did not see us he gave me the opportunity to come up and fire. Immediately I fired, I heard a crash through the undergrowth to my left and was cursing myself for being a careless fool to have missed him, but it turned out to be the cow rhino who had been sitting by her mate sunning herself. Meanwhile, the bull lay healed over on his side like a sinking ship, gasping, snorting and letting off steam like an engine. I looked round for a handy tree expecting him to recover and come for us, but luckily he never moved. On examination I discovered that I had hit him in the left shoulder penetrating to the heart. He was a fine mature bull with a 20-inch horn (the record is 32 inches), but anything over 18 inches is good. The horn, which is very thick at the base, with the shorter one behind, is composed entirely of hair and is separate from the skull, being merely attached to the hide. We then returned to camp to send up a team of eight oxen to drag the hide down, leaving the boy with the dead rhino. It turned out afterwards that the cow returned after we had been gone an hour. It took about five hours to skin him and bring him back to camp as it was very hard for the oxen to get through the thick growth of the forest. The hide cannot be taken off like that of a tiger, but has to be done in sections, slitting down the back, cutting off the legs and then running the knife down the belly. The hide is over an inch thick and is used for whips, traces and harness for the ox wagon. The horn, if sold, will fetch £20 to £30, according to weight.

We decided to move camp the next day, to come down off the mountain and make for the plains and the Uasing Nyero River, as the grass round here was very dry, and we thought we stood more of a chance further north. The next three days we spent trekking without seeing anything except a few small antelope. The following day, starting off about eight, with orders for the wagon to follow on, we soon spotted a herd of twenty eland. It was decided that my friend should take the shot; whilst waiting in the valley I heard two shots which resulted in the death of a fine bull eland. This is the largest buck in Africa and the only

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one that carries fat in any appreciable quantity (about 40 lbs.). This fat is much appreciated by the natives for cooking, also for making candles.

After inspecting the trophy, I walked on a mile to see where the remainder had settled and came upon a small herd of oryx, in full flight, apparently disturbed by the firing. These disappeared into the valley below; after leaving them for an hour to settle thoroughly, I was able by the help of a small nullah and a very uncomfortable crawl of 300 yards to get in a lucky shot. We thus had a nice double for the day, although the flesh of neither is good for eating purposes; we had the liver of the oryx and the boys had part of the eland that was not too rank. We were rather amused at this stage of the proceedings by one man, the second teamsman, who was always rather a joke, a huge fellow with a large size in feet, which he used at an angle of 90 degrees to his line of advance and coiffed with a large sombrero hat sporting an ostrich feather, asking leave to go and fetch his wife who lived close at hand! He had apparently been buying her on the instalment system, and by dint of economical living he had now amassed the last instalment which he carried in a leather bag round his neck. We gave him permission and he left at dusk. We were awakened about 2 a.m. by the most terrific yelling. This turned out next morning to be the invectives called down by the disappointed lover on his father-in-law's head, as the latter had killed an ox recently and had decided that his daughter had to stay behind to help eat it! The next night the disappointed one sat up and demolished 8 lbs. of eland. It is a great treat for the boys to get meat, and they invariably gorge themselves on it when they get a chance.

We were rather lucky at this point to get some very good wild honey, obtained by the help of the honey-bird, resembling a yellow hammer. He perches on a tree close by twittering; the boys then go up to him and whistle whereupon he flies to another tree about a hundred yards away, and thus, by easy stages, brings them to the tree with the wild bees' nest in it. The boys are quite fearless of stings, and while we stood well in the back-

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ground they attacked the tree with an axe, fending off the bees with a smoking flare. The reason the bird behaves like this is so that he can eat the grubs from the destroyed nest; in his book Blaney Percival says that this bird will lead one up to lion if in the vicinity.

Eventually we arrived at the Uasing Nyero River about which we had read and heard so much, but even here the land was very dry. This is a beautiful stream, rapid, deep and with luxuriant vegetation on its banks, particularly large cactus with yellow flowers. We caught a few fish here like carp, but they were not good eating, being tasteless and with too many bones. We stayed in this camp for three days, but could find no tracks of rhino. Soon after we left, we met a Somali shepherd who said there were nine lion which had been stealing his sheep, would we come and kill them? We accepted his story with misgivings, but as we were both very keen on getting a lion we decided to go. We shot two zebra en route as bait; these we sat over all night—our only visitors being a hyena and a pack of wild dogs. We remained here two days more and sat up again for the lion with no better luck than on the first night.

The next morning we broke camp and set off with the renewed hope of finding a rhino. We trekked the whole of that day, seeing nothing except a herd of giraffe, which have an extraordinary gait like pacing. Apart from shooting a gazelle for the pot, we saw nothing else. The following morning we were woken up by the hunting boy who announced there was a rhino within half a mile of the camp—imagine our excitement! Tumbling out of bed we dressed hurriedly, and putting up the big rifle we set off with the hunting boy in the lead. We had just got on to the rise behind the camp when we spied our friend, very suspicious, and having apparently got the wind of the camp. To-day I was the camera-man, so holding back I let the other two crawl on, making as much use of the cover of a small nullah as they could. As my friend was getting ready for the shot the rhino made off. There was a lone oryx close by him which we were afraid would completely spoil our chance, but luckily he made off in the opposite direction. The rhino was

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now moving off at the trot, a ridiculous sight with his short fat legs supporting his enormous body and his little short tail straight on end. I had given up all hope of their getting on terms with him again, but after running for half a mile he stood still looking straight towards the camp, swaying from side to side, trying to make out what was on. By this time my friend was getting in for another attempt and I had an excellent view of the whole proceedings. So uncertain was the rhino, although he was not looking at the stalkers, that I thought he would be off; but seeing them get into position within about 75 yards for the shot, I had rather a good opportunity of seeing the effect of the strike of the bullet and the time that the report reached me. It appeared that the rhino moved a second before he received the shot, but this was not so; after the shot he made off at the trot, going about 400 yards. He then stopped, buried his horn in the ground, started to roll and then lay still. The bullet had penetrated just behind the shoulder and proved fatal. He was about the same size as mine, with an eighteen-inch horn. Whence he came and why we did not see his tracks on the previous day I do not know—perhaps he was planning an attack on the camp!

Later on that day we heard numerous shots and discovered it was Dutchmen shooting zebra. This is a regular trade with them. They get ten shillings per skin in Nairobi, the skins being used for the manufacture of bags, leather furniture, etc. Their usual form of shooting them is from a lorry, flying over the plain at 40 m.p.h., when one zebra will always come out of the herd and act as guide. It is a horrible form of destruction and should be prohibited. We saw any amount of zebra, usually in enormous herds, sometimes as many as two hundred. At night when they are being hunted they bark just like a dog. One resident in those parts catches them and trains them to go in harness. While we were in the forest we shot some Colobus monkeys, which have beautiful black and white skins much appreciated by the fair sex. We shot a good deal of small game for the pot, consisting of guinea-fowl, partridge, quail, etc.

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That is all I propose to say about the actual shooting. Our total bag for the two guns was :—

2 Rhino.
1 Buffalo.
3 Eland.
4 Oryx.
6 Grant's Gazelle.
5 Thompson's Gazelle.

Also minor buck such as reedbuck, bushbuck, dik-dik, for the pot. We were very disappointed in not getting a lion, as I had expected that one shot them down right and left; but except in the Northern Province, the Athi Plains, and on the borders of Tanganyika they are very scarce. One occasionally runs into a cattle thief or a travelling lion but this is a small chance.

Rifles.—I think a word about rifles would not be out of place, but in view of the volumes that have been written on this subject I approach the matter with the greatest deference. One hears many different opinions on this point, but I think there is usually rather a tendency to use rifles that are too light. In dealing with game of this sort our object should be to make certain that the first shot deals an unrecoverable blow, to break bones and not merely to penetrate the skin. With all the larger animals a hard-nosed bullet is an essential. No doubt for the marksman who will put the bullet in the right spot every time the small rifle is all right, but for the average performer it is courting disaster. I was armed with a Rigby .470 D.B. Express which I always used to carry myself when after rhino or buffalo, and when in search of antelope or buck I used a .275 Mauser with Rigby sights. I think it is a good maxim never to give your rifle to the boy to carry. At the critical moment he is sure to be doing up his sandal, cutting a stick, or admiring the view, and one thus loses the chance of securing a fine trophy. As we all know a big rifle is a very tiring thing to carry on a hot day under an equatorial sun; nevertheless, I should probably never have secured my rhino unless I had been carrying my rifle on the day in question.

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Supplies.—As regards the commissariat arrangements, we took stores to last us for the whole trip, but relied for our meat entirely on what we shot—buck is very good the day it is shot, the second day rather tough, and the third bad! It is a good plan to start off with fresh fruit and vegetables, but they do not last very long. Fresh milk is always obtainable in the vicinity of cattle—we got about a gallon for sixpence. A syphon soda water bottle and whiskey are essential. Always keep stores locked up as the cook will invariably steal. Issue out stuff only as he asks for it. "Posho" is the staple food of the natives, and a safari, like an army, marches on its stomach; once out of posho the trip is finished. It is made from ground maize, rice or matama meal. We always gave meat when we had some to spare as they work better for it.

The whole trip cost us £150 each, a land owner's licence costs £10, a rhino is £15 extra and elephant £75. Part of the money spent on licences would be reclaimed if ivory and rhino horn were sold; if a white hunter is employed his fee varies from £100 to £150 a month, plus his keep. We had our trophies packed and sent home by Charles Heyer, of Nairobi, a well-known firm for the outfitting of big game shooting expeditions. The above sum included the cost of a first-class return ticket by the British India Line's steamer from Bombay to Mombasa; they issue a special reduced rate for a period not exceeding three months, £40.

On the outward journey we put in at the Seychelles, a fine group of islands, 96 in all, and well worth a visit. The ships anchor at Mahé, the largest island, which is a mass of hills covered with coconut palms and wonderful vegetation. On arrival here it was discovered that there were two cases of smallpox among the 1,200 Indian deck passengers, and on this account we should have to go to Zanzibar for two weeks' quarantine, a very cheerful piece of news. However, when we got there only the deck passengers had to get off. Meanwhile fumigation of the ship took place and the first and second class passengers were vaccinated. While waiting in the harbour, a barge with fresh water and two negroes on board came alongside. As soon as the water started to be pumped on to our ship

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these two negroes got busy and we then saw whence the Charleston originated. One started to dance on a white straw mat, while the other provided the band with vocal accompaniment. The music came from an instrument composed of two wires drawn across a block of wood, which he twanged with his fingers, giving forth a slow monotonous rhythm.

Owing to our being delayed a day at Zanzibar we arrived at Mombasa a day late. The Kilindini Harbour is very fine—a beautiful creek sheltered with palms and other large trees growing on the shore. The arrangements for landing were conspicuous by their absence; everyone seemed to be coming or going, and the only man handing out information was the chief steward, who always behaved as if he was captain of the ship. I had to pay £17 customs dues on my rifles and tent, but this money was refunded on leaving the country. Mombasa itself is a very new town and, like Nairobi, everything appears to have grown up in the night. A fine train, which had only been on the run three months, completed the journey to the capital. After the harbour is left the line crosses an arm of the sea by a very ricketty bridge and climbs steadily through banana and palm groves, following a low ridge of hills. The rise between the coast and Nairobi is 5,000 ft., and to economise on bridging material the line follows the contours of the hills wherever possible; just before turning in for the night we got a glimpse of Mount Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika territory. The next morning we woke up to find the train passing through the Game Reserve, consisting of great open plains with thorn trees everywhere. We saw about two hundred yards from the line kongoni, zebra, wildebeest, and different species of gazelle. At Nairobi it was pouring, and I discovered that the train to my destination had left half-an-hour before the mail arrived—the next train left in two days' time!

I would recommend anyone who has the time to make the journey from Nairobi to Jinja on Lake Victoria Nyanza. Soon after leaving, the train descends the Rift Valley, with a wonderful view of the plain below: a few isolated hills stand out in the grey distance. The train then passes the great lakes Naivasha,

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Nakuru, and Elmenteita. At Nakuru, where we stayed for a night, we saw about a dozen hippo lying in the lake, and the whole shore was covered with flamingoes. When the latter got up they looked very beautiful, resembling " rose petals floating in the breeze." The finest scenery is passed during the night by the mail train, but it is possible to change trains at Nakuru, sleeping the night there. We reached Jinja at 5 p.m. and went to the Ibis Hotel, a very primitive affair consisting of detached bedrooms thatched with palm leaves. Malaria was very bad here as was shown by all the houses having mosquito proof gauze windows. Jinja is situated on Speke's Bay, called after the man who discovered the source of the Victoria Nile on 28th July, 1862. Here is the northern outlet of Lake Victoria. The water tears over the Ripon Falls and then forms the beginning of the Nile. The lake is like an enormous inland sea, with about twenty ports round its shores: steamers ply, and to see it properly one should take one of these, the round trip occupying 28 days. The Cape to Cairo route passes through here and cars leave daily for Mongalla and Rejaf.

At the end of our leave we motored round Mount Kenya, taking two and a-half days. This is a fine drive and gives one a closer insight into the country. We saw numerous tracks of elephant and any amount of small game dusting themselves in the road. To give some idea of the difference in price between imported and local goods, we bought a tin of biscuits for five shillings and fifty bananas for sixpence!

The majority of farms in Kenya are stock rearing, with a view to wheat growing in time; the average size is 2,000 to 4,000 acres. Lord Delamere's land at Gilgil was the only part we saw properly fenced and with water laid on. Swamps on farms are a big asset as the earth here is very fertile and particularly suitable for maize. The usual form of farm house is built of wood and wattle coated with mud and thatched roof, painted black and white like those one sees in Cheshire and Shropshire. Stone for private houses is impracticable as it is so expensive, but houses in towns are of stone except the bazaars which are of corrugated iron. Locusts in East Africa

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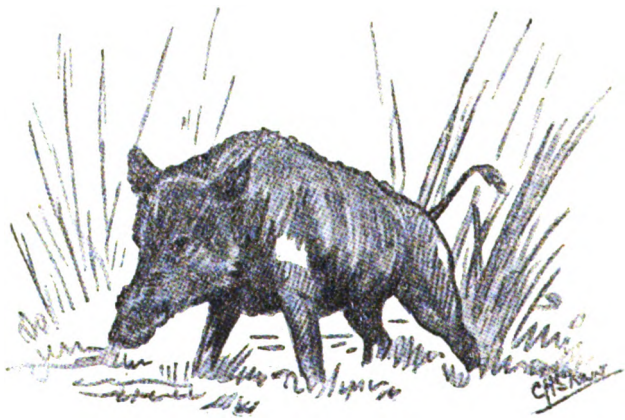
were seen for the first time in 1928, and are a real danger. We saw one lot coming like a cloud in the sky. Tins are beaten with a view to driving the locusts away. The natives love eating them. At Gilgil we came upon some "hoppers," i.e., locusts without wings, which had got all over the railway line and had the same effect as ice, the engine getting no grip on the line. We had to wait until another came up to pull us on again.

In conclusion I would advise anyone to make the trip, particularly from India, where the fare is so cheap, if not to shoot, then to see the country.



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B. C. LEGENDARIES

By SIEGFRIED P.

Arthur Christian.

ST. RIQUIER.

THE sun shone on fields of clover stirring in a light breeze. Fleecy clouds went sailing by overhead, like a fishing fleet in the early morning. A lark sang lustily.

The Indian Cavalry Brigade had broken through the G in Gap on the edge of the great manœuvre area, one bright May morning in 1916. Everyone from generals to latest joined subalterns understood that the sham battle in progress was a test of leadership and a rehearsal of what they hoped was in store for them in the near future.

Major Christian's squadron was advancing with far-flung patrols, and a cavalry machine gun section on its flank.

"Enemy in front," came the report to Christian, riding well ahead of his troops. Lieut. Pelman, the machine gun officer, was with him.

"Get a good position on their flank, if you can. I shall work round if possible," said Christian, galloping ahead.

Pelman pushed his charger through a hedge followed by his orderly—and in a couple of minutes was down on the ground behind a thicket edging a grass slope, which ended in a wood 400 yards below him. He gazed through his glasses and soon discovered a trench in front of the wood. The blue bands of the ——— Brigade, representing the enemy, were stationary. Suddenly they started moving, and "pop, pop, pop," came the blank fire as they spied some of Christian's men to their left

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flank. The enemy brigade were actively representing the role of cavalry in retreat should British plans for the G in Gap be forestalled by the Germans.

Pelman's teams came galloping up. They were well trained. Their guns were in action in their allotted positions with record speed. Had not Daffadar Harnan Singh just won the Divisional Machine Gunners' prize for rapidity?

The M.Gs. were blazing away merrily to cover Christian's advance, when a thud of hoofs and a jingle of metal made Pelman look round. A glittering cavalcade bore down upon him. Its leader, a gallant figure on a beautiful bay, reined up and shouted, "Well, why don't you get on?" Pelman was abashed. "Enemy entrenched in front, Sir."

"Just so, push 'em out. Get on, get on!"

"But, Sir, my machine guns are on to them at 400 yards, Sir." "The best range for M.Gs.," he felt inclined to add.

"Don't argue with me, young man. Go on to 200 yards; hustle 'em and quick about it."

The glittering Staff watched Pelman's section out of the cover of their thickets and half way down the hill, the enemy's rifle and Hotchkiss fire raking their galloping ranks, before the great man put spurs to his horse for another part of the field.

'You and your M.Gs. are out of action," said a blue umpire, as Pelman's section off-loaded in the open. "Go back for half an hour."

"Can't, Sir. Sir — — has just told me to come here," answered Pelman. He was extremely annoyed, though in perfect agreement with the umpire's decision. He only realized afterwards that it was the principle of "Pep" that the great man was instilling. It happened to be unfortunate that in trying to bring his lesson home he forced such a tactical error in this instance.

"Oh!" said the umpire. "Well, then, you'd better stay where you are and do nothing." Pelman acquiesced. "Any way your fellows will have to get out of those trenches soon. The squadron I'm attached to must have worked right round them," Pelman added—and so it proved.

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Four hours later the officers of two brigades were seated round three sides of a cup of ground. They mostly looked warm. They had ridden from all parts of the field in great haste on the "Officers' Call" sounding and resounding, mile after mile over the countryside, as trumpeter after trumpeter took it up.

Everyone was very solemn. The famous figure rose in front of them.

"Now, then, pull up your faces a couple of holes, everybody." 'It's not everybody's funeral," he nearly added.

'The manœuvres to-day," he went on, "have not been generally satisfactory—in fact, the leadership is faulty—faulty; I say it again purposely. It's no good having well-trained troops if the leaders don't know or don't do their jobs properly."

"However, there are exceptions. I refer particularly to Major Christian of the Umptieth Horse, and his machine guns. I was very greatly struck by their mode of advance and by the way orders were given and executed."

Pelman felt relieved. The admonition to put more "pep" into it came later, but his machine guns were not mentioned again.

* * * * *

Major Christian was full of ideas and wiles. When in the trenches, a visit to his "line" repaid sightseers. Here were strange contrivances to give warning of approaching wanderers in No-Man's-Land, which were, of course, disconnected when his own patrols were out. Double lines of mirrors, looted from the dilapidated village behind, gave a beautiful prospect of No-Man's-Land for hundreds of yards to anyone sitting in the trench. He arranged a pretty little "coup" by which his subaltern secured a Military Cross. They stepped with a few men into an enemy's sap one night and brought away armfuls of souvenirs and information. There was no end to his fertile imagination. The hard-headed called him a "crank"—but he was a crank which turned his squadron's wheels. He was said to centralise things too much in himself and not to allocate responsibility to others. No doubt there was something in this.

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He was working himself to death, but then only Pelman knew how bad his asthma was. But asthma wasn't all.

"I shan't live through this War. But I'd like to die fighting," he said in a matter-of-fact way to Pelman one night. Pelman envisaged the G in Gap.

Pelman, who had originally been in his squadron on arriving in France, admired Christian profoundly. He knew the inner man better than most people, who only saw the small figure always working at something, and heard the hacking cough which in winter made him wrap himself round with comforters. He remembered a night when he had entered his Major's room in the village street. A lamp was burning dimly, and half a dozen non-commissioned officers, pencils and note books in hand, sat round a figure beside the stove, who was explaining a point of tactics. These men worshipped him. They soon left, and the two officers chatted. The quiet little Major was a fine polo player, a keen pig-sticker, and a highly experienced big game shot. He was also a Christian in its real meaning. He hated war for its misery, but was convinced that it would always be with man till Christianity reigned everywhere—and as a keen student soldier of Christ and King, his conscience satisfied him that he was doing his duty to defeat the enemy by every means in his power.

He was sent to command a Training School the following winter. He was tremendously highly thought of. A D.S.O. came his way.

Cambrai.

The Umptieth Horse led the Brigade. They came galloping over the crest of a ridge in long extended lines of squadron columns at ten yards interval between the horses. H.E. shells were bursting among the lines, and white puffs of exploding shrapnel were filling the air above, but they swept on. A man fell here and there. A few riderless horses went careering forward; but it is extraordinary how extended lines of horsemen can pass through shot and shell unharmed; a fact, perhaps, hardly sufficiently realized by those who claim that the day of the war horse is done.

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Arthur Christian was thundering along on his Waler mare —a thoroughbred polo pony she was. He could get off a polo pony quicker. His eyes blazed with excitement.

"The Germans have unexpectedly counter-attacked," he explained rapidly to his second-in-command. 'We were mounted so quickly after that pow-wow that I had no time to explain things to everyone as usual. I haven't time now—but you must tell the I.O.s as soon as you get the opportunity. Remind them to let all the N.C.O.s know, so that it sinks to the men. It's a great help to understand what's happening. We've to come in on a flank of the ——— Guards Brigade. They are somewhere on that ridge in front, I believe. I'm making for the right of that tree beyond the farm house." He was shouting to make himself heard. It was too much for him, and a paroxysm of coughs shook his spare frame.

"My God! James Henderson's down," cried his Captain, glancing to the left, whither his eyes had several time wandered to watch an Adonis-like figure leading the neighbouring squadron, upright and almost immobile on a colossal charger. Christian did not seem to hear.

"Prrrp! Prrrp! Prrrp!" came a whirl of enemy maxim bullets evidently from the half right. Half a dozen men and horses came down behind their leaders. The rest swept on. A bullet from in front hit Christian's steel helmet, and ricochetted. More bullets came whizzing from in front, and he heard a horse crash behind. Flashes and smoke burst from a hedge some five hundred yards in front. They passed into a dip.

Christian reined up. "Dismount," he yelled. "Action front!" The field troops came pouring into the hollow.

Christian, himself, was away crawling with two Indian officers over the crest of the dip. His glasses were out and he summed things up rapidly. He issued quick instructions to his officers, who hurried away to their troops.

A minute later a Hotchkiss "plunked" down a few yards from Christian. An I.O. gave some fire orders. Sowars were also firing rifles now. The Hotchkiss suddenly jammed.

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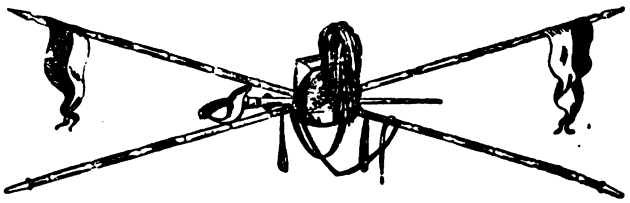
Christian was highly excited. "What's the matter with that Hotchkiss?" he barked. Christian never swore.

He was fond of mechanism, and had taken the trouble to know the irritating Hotchkiss automatic rifle as well as any man in his squadron. Pushing the Number One of the gun to one side, he examined it. He was soon immersed in its reparation.

'That's it. Now it will fire. But, you silly fellow, you can't see from here. No field of fire," and seizing up the weapon he dashed forward to a better vantage point.

"Zup!" Christian stumbled and fell. A happy smile was on his face. He had had his wish.



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THE INDIAN CAVALRY GROUP SYSTEM.

By Major B. H. O'Donnell, 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry.

In 1914 the Indian Cavalry consisted of thirty-nine regiments. With one exception—the Guides Cavalry—these were organized in four squadrons each. In other respects there was little similarity between them.

In the first place there were two distinct administrative systems—the sillidar and non-sillidar. Thirty-six regiments were on the sillidar basis, a system which broadly speaking corresponded to that of the British yeomanry. The regiments were under a form of contract with the Indian Government to provide men, horses, equipment, arms (except rifles), clothing and barracks. Though individually the men were paid more, a sillidar regiment actually cost the State less than a non-sillidar one. One disadvantage, however, was that as the provision of equipment was a regimental responsibility, in no two units were patterns exactly identical.

The remaining three regiments were on a non-sillidar basis, and were in all respects administered on similar lines to British Cavalry. Though more expensive in peace, the system ensured greater readiness for war, and as financial limitations did not have to be considered to the same extent as was necessary in the case of sillidar units, they were generally better mounted and more evenly equipped.

Both sillidar and non-sillidar regiments were recruited from the same classes, and all were organized on a class squadron basis. The classes in a regiment varied from one to four. There being no Headquarters squadron or wing, all specialists, e.g., signallers, machine-gun personnel, etc., were supplied by

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and kept on the strength of the squadrons. Establishments varied from 459 to 609.

Ten years previous to the War, Lord Kitchener had introduced the first big change in the organization of Indian cavalry by abolishing the old Presidency distinctions, renumbering regiments from one to thirty-nine, and making all liable to serve in peace anywhere in India. But each regiment remained a separate entity with no definite affiliation to any other. Thus when war broke out in 1914 each regiment, as it went overseas or across the frontier on service, formed its own depot, and all became competitors in the recruiting market. These depots were responsible for keeping their units in the field up to strength, training recruits, the maintenance of regimental records, the custody of regimental property, etc. But instead of leaving them to perform their legitimate functions they were, for reasons of internal security, frequently moved, with the inevitable interruption to the continuity of training and general complication of administrative problems.

It was not long before the crucial test of war under modern conditions against civilized enemies showed up the shortcomings of the sillidar system of organization.

Founded as it was on the old irregular cavalry system, it had become an anachronism under modern economic conditions. The increased cost of all essentials had made it impossible for the average regiment to carry out its contract with Government, more especially as regards horses, and few had been able to mobilise without assistance from Government in kind. Many regiments had had to be refitted on arrival in France owing to the unsuitability of their equipment or the diversity of patterns which made their replacement impossible. Moreover, the quality of the equipment was not always up to that required for war in Europe. In fact the system foundered on the rock of financial parsimony. Government, therefore, had to assume entire responsibility for maintaining these units on service, and they became in fact, if not in name, non-sillidar.

At the end of the war there were forty-five regiments of Indian Cavalry, six new regiments having been raised during

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the war. When the question of the strength of the post-war army came to be considered the Indian cavalry came under the general axe as a means of effecting economies. One thing on which opinion was practically unanimous was the necessity of organizing whatever cavalry it was finally decided to retain on a non-sillidar basis. As this meant considerable additional recurring expenditure per unit, and initial cost for compensation on conversion, it became practically unavoidable to reduce the number of regiments.

The method adopted was to disband the six regiments raised during the War, and from the thirty-nine remaining to form seven groups of three regiments each. This was done by reducing thirty-six regiments to eighteen by amalgamating thirty-six of them in pairs to form eighteen, and retaining three regiments as they were. As far as possible amalgamation was carried out between regiments which, to some small extent, had been associated together prior to the 1904 reorganization. The resulting twenty-one regiments were given numbers from one to twenty-one, the composition of each regiment in a group was made identical, and stations were definitely allotted as group centres or depot stations. At the same time the organization was changed to a Headquarter Wing and three squadrons in each regiment. The grouping of the regiments thus formed and their class composition of each group are given in the Appendix.

The regiments in each group are, in theory, to be stationed in turn as follows:—one at the Group Centre, one in Brigade, and one on the Frontier or at an Internal Security station other than a Group Centre.

During peace each regiment trains its own recruits and remounts and the only extra duty which falls on the regiment at the Group Centre is the training of the reservists of the whole group, the maintenance of their records and the storage and care of their equipment and clothing. The affiliation of the regiments in a Group is therefore, in peace, more imaginary than real.

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On mobilization, however, the Group Centre becomes the depot or supplying unit for the regiment or regiments of its Group on service. It is responsible for providing any immediate drafts in men or horses on mobilization to the unit or units of the Group mobilized, which in return transfer all untrained men and remounts, together with a small training cadre and all surplus regimental property, to the Group Centre. These form the nucleus of the training squadrons which are formed for the training of newly enrolled recruits required for the maintenance of the regiments on service up to strength. In addition the Group Centre becomes the record office for the whole Group.

Such are its main functions, but a further duty is allotted to it in that it must always hold in readiness to turn out for internal security duties two mobilized squadrons and its Vickers Gun Troop.

The transition and amalgamation period naturally caused a great deal of heart-burning amongst all ranks of Indian cavalry. Whole squadrons necessarily had to be disbanded, and in some cases were replaced by men of a class with which the regiment had had no previous connection. The actual merging of units was not always happy, and many corps with fine traditions lost their identity. However, with that fine spirit of loyalty for which the Indian cavalry is justly famous the amalgamated units soon settled down to the new conditions.

While the Group system is an undoubted improvement on that which existed before the War, it has, nevertheless, several obvious disadvantages. There is, for instance, no "esprit de Group," and, as officers and men in one regiment never serve with their opposite numbers in another regiment of the Group in peace, it is difficult to see how it can be developed. While in war the Group Centre regiment will provide all drafts for the other two regiments, in peace it has no responsibilities in connection with the provision or training of personnel for any regiment but itself, as each enlists and trains its own recruits no matter where it is stationed.

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Again, although the caste composition of each regiment in the Group is nominally identical, recruits do not always come from the same part of India, and they have little in common. Moreover, all regiments of a Group are not always armed the same, e.g., there may be two Lancer regiments and one sabre regiment in the same group. These differences might conceivably cause difficulties in time of war with drafts.

Further, the conversion of the regiment, which on the outbreak of war happened to find itself at the group centre, into what would be virtually a depot for the other regiments of the Group would be most unpopular. Practically the whole of the personnel might, it is true, eventually be sent to the front as drafts, but it would be to serve with a unit which was not their own and under officers whom they did not know, while their own regiment would be deprived of all opportunity of honour and glory.

APPENDIX.

1st GROUP.—Group Centre, Lucknow.

Composition.—1 sqdn. Hindustani Mussalmans and Ranghars, 1 of U.P. and E. Punjab Rajputs, 1 of Jats.

Skinner's Horse, 1st Duke of York's Own Cavalry, formed from 1st Duke of York's Own Lancers (Skinner's Horse), 3rd Skinner's Horse.

2nd Lancers, Gardner's Horse, formed from 2nd Lancers Gardner's Horse, 4th Cavalry.

3rd Cavalry formed from 5th Cavalry, 8th Cavalry.

2nd GROUP.—Group Centre, Lahore.

Composition.—1 sqdn Punjabi Mussalmans, 1 of Sikhs, 1 of Dogras.

Hodson's Horse, 4th Duke of Cambridge's Own Lancers, formed from 9th Hodson's Horse, 10th Duke of Cambridge's Own Lancers (Hodson's Horse).

Probyn's Horse, 5th King Edward's Own Lancers, formed from 11th King Edward's Own Lancers (Probyn's Horse), 12th Cavalry.

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6th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers (Watson's Horse), formed from 13th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers (Watson's Horse), 16th Cavalry.

3rd GROUP.—Group Centre, Bolarum (to be moved to Poona).

Composition.—1 sqdn. Deccani Mussalmans, 1 of Sikhs, 1 of Jats.

7th Light Cavalry, late 28th Light Cavalry.

8th King George's Own Light Cavalry, formed from 26th King George's Own Light Cavalry, 30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse).

The Royal Deccan Horse, 9th Horse, formed from 20th Royal Deccan Horse, 29th Lancers (Deccan Horse).

4th GROUP.—Group Centre, Rawalpindi.

Composition.—1 sqdn. Dogras, 1 of Sikhs, 1 of Punjabi Mussalmans.

The Guides Cavalry, 10th Queen Victoria's Own Frontier Force, late Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides (Frontier Force) (Lumsden's Cavalry).

Prince Albert Victor's Own Cavalry (11th Frontier Force), formed from 21st Prince Albert Victor's Own Cavalry (Frontier Force) (Daly's Horse), 23rd Cavalry Force.

Sam Browne's Cavalry (12th Frontier Force), formed from 22nd Sam Browne's Cavalry (Frontier Force), 25th Cavalry (Frontier Force).

5th GROUP.—Group Centre, Jubbulpore.

Composition.—1 sqdn. Pathans, 1 of Sikhs, 1 of Mussalman Rajputs.

13th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers, formed from 31st Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers, 32nd Lancers.

The Scinde Horse, 14th Prince of Wales's Own Cavalry, formed from 35th Scinde Horse, 36th Jacob's Horse.

15th Lancers, formed from 17th Cavalry, 37th Lancers (Baluch Horse).

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6th GROUP.—Group Centre, Jhansi.

Composition.—1 sqdn. Jats, 1 of Kaimkhanis and 1 of Rajputana Rajputs.

16th Light Cavalry, late 27th Light Cavalry.

The Poona Horse, 17th Queen Victoria's Own Cavalry, formed from 33rd Queen Victoria's Own Light Cavalry, 34th Prince Albert Victor's Own Poona Horse.

18th King Edward's Own Cavalry, formed from 6th King Edward's Own Cavalry, 7th Hariana Lancers.

7th GROUP.—Group Centre, Delhi.

Composition.—1 sqdn. Sikhs, 1 of Jats, 1 of Punjabi Mussalmans.

19th King George's Own Lancers, formed from 18th King George's Own Lancers, 19th Lancers (Fane's Horse).

20th Lancers, formed from 14th Murray's Jat Lancers, 15th Lancers (Cureton's Multanis).

The Central India Horse (21st King George's Own Horse), formed from 38th King George's Own Central India Horse, 39th King George's Own Central India Horse.

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INDIAN CAVALRY STANDARDS

By Captain H. Bullock, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.

Part III.

Since writing the two foregoing articles I have been able to trace one older reference to standards of the Bengal Army. This dates from 14th September, 1797, and lays down that "a regiment of cavalry of six troops, being by the printed regulations for the formations and movements of cavalry composed of three squadrons, with a standard to each: three standards are to be allowed to each of the native regiments on this establishment." Here we see the principle of squadron standards already established.

I have previously stated that the earliest standards of which record exists are those of the late 4th Madras Light Cavalry, presented in February, 1788; but this statement now needs to be corrected, for I find that the present 16th Light Cavalry is known to have been in possession of them as early as May, 1784. These were shortly afterwards withdrawn and no further particulars of them are known; but they were replaced in February, 1788, at Trichinopoly, when the corps received new standards. The next set of which an actual record remains was received at Kolhapur on 12th July, 1846.*

I am now able to illustrate the very interesting standards of the Scinde Horse (14th Prince of Wales's Own Cavalry), through the kindness of the officers of the regiment. I have also had the privilege of examining them closely. They were

* *Historical Records of the Second Madras Lancers.* By Colonel J. B. Edwards, Jubbulpore, 1907.

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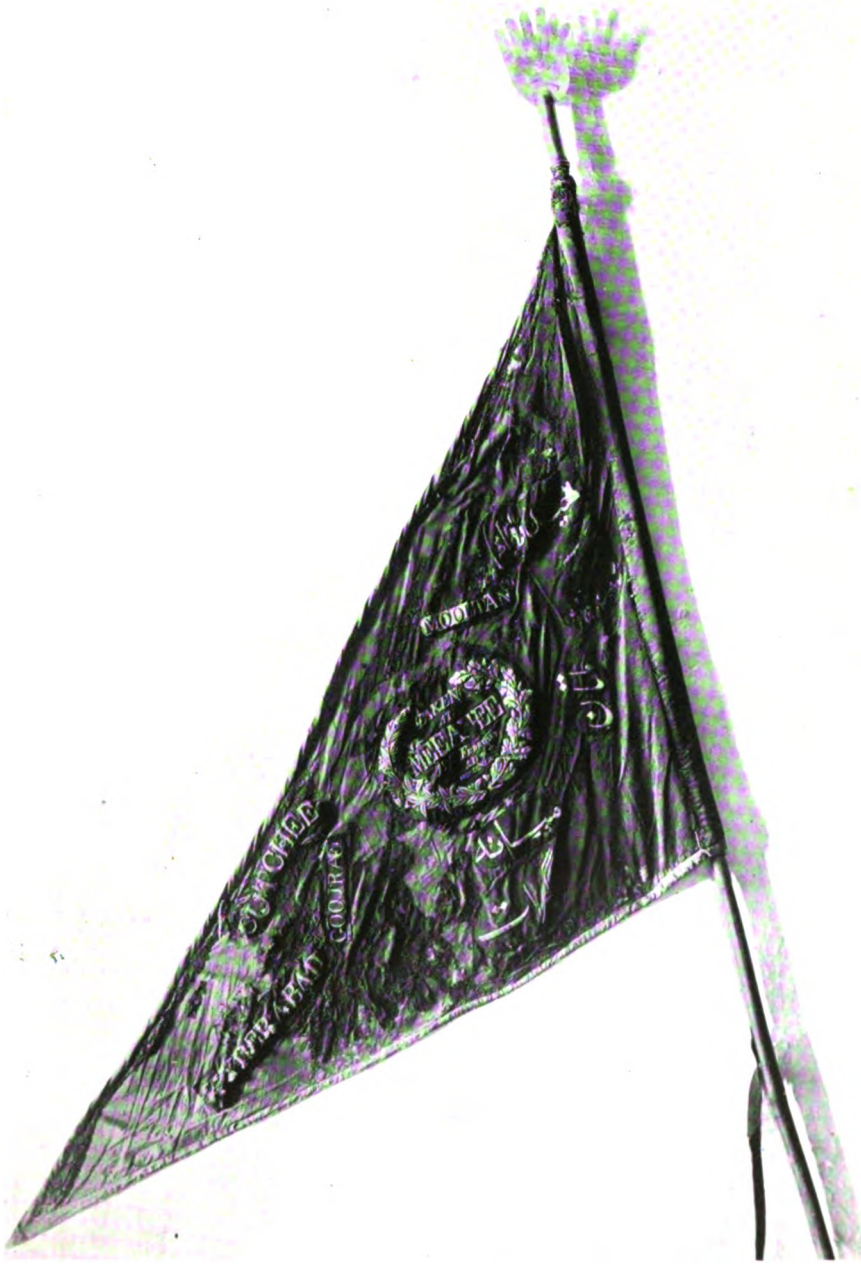

Plate V. Scinde Horse. The Standard taken at Meanee.

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Plate VI. Scinde Horse. One of four identical Squadron Standards of the 1st S.I.H.

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cursorily mentioned in my first article (CAVALRY JOURNAL, October, 1929), but they deserve a more detailed description in view of their unique character. Certain points of their history are still obscure, though I have had the original records of the Military Department of the Government of Bombay thoroughly searched for information on the subject. This search met with no success, and all that here follows is extracted from the regimental records.

It will be recollected that the Scinde Irregular Horse were allowed to carry as an honorary standard the flag of Nasir Khan, which they had captured at Meanee, and for their services on that occasion were also awarded a set of honorary squadron standards. About May, 1845, the Viceroy, Field-Marshal Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, wrote to John Jacob (then commanding the Scinde Horse) to say that "the standards are being made up at Agra, and if not already sent, I will give an order to have them forwarded." At Agra was the great "magazine," or as we should now call it, the ordnance factory and arsenal. This letter shows that standards were manufactured there.

The captured standard is shown in Plate V: it is green in colour and most of the inscriptions on it must have been added by the Scinde Horse. Of these the most interesting are perhaps the legend "Taken at Meanee, 17th February, A.D. MDCCCXLIII," and the rare battle-honour "Cutchee." I believe the Scinde Horse is the only corps in H.M. service which has this honour. One of the four honorary squadron standards is depicted in Plate VI: the central device of a horseman is the time-honoured badge of the regiment.

In 1848 John Jacob, who was of a somewhat mercurial temperament, went so far as to recommend that all the standards should be abolished; but the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army did not support this request as they had been presented by Lord Ellenborough and were "no doubt regarded with the highest pride." In deciding against Jacob, the Governor of Bombay in Council added that he left it to the commanding officer so to arrange that their carrying "shall not interfere with the movements of the corps."

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The Scinde Irregular Horse was after the war expanded, and in 1846 was split up into two separate regiments : to the new 2nd S.I.H. standards were granted also—at what date I do not know, but they had them by 1848. These also seem to have been commemorative of Meanee, though the 2nd regiment had no separate identity at the time of the battle. There are four of them, all green, and they are remarkable in that the designs of the two sides differ. Both sides are shown in Plates VII and VIII. I should be very grateful for information of any orders, letters or prints bearing on standards of the Scinde Horse at any period, as there are several matters—too long to mention here—which need to be elucidated. I should add that all nine standards above described appear to be the original ones dating from the 'forties.

The present 13th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers possess the only Bombay Light Cavalry standards which I have been able to trace : they are of the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Bombay L.C., both raised in 1817, which were amalgamated in 1922 to form the present 13th. Of the 1st Bombay L.C. there are three pre-Mutiny squadron standards, which in design closely follow the patterns for the Bengal and Madras Light Cavalry. The Royal or First squadron standard is a blue swallow-tailed flag bearing the Royal Arms, the Union in the upper corner next the lance, and the battle-honours "Ghuznee," "Mooltan," "Punjaub," "Affghanistan" (*sic*), and "Central India." The second squadron standard bears the East India Company's arms and the same honours, but no Union. The third squadron standard, which is illustrated in Plate IX, is white, with the words "1st Regiment Light Cavalry" within a "Union" wreath of roses, thistles and shamrocks, in the centre; in the upper corner next the lance "Bombay" within a small "Union" wreath; in the lower outer corner the date the regiment was raised, 1st November, 1817, within a similar wreath; and in the two remaining corners the East India Company's device of a lion passant regardant holding a crown.

The standards of the 2nd Bombay L.C. are quite different to any other Indian cavalry flags which I know. Firstly, there are

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Plate VII. Scinde Horse.
One of four identical Squadron Standards of the 2nd S.I.H.

Plate VIII. Scinde Horse.
One of four identical Squadron Standards of the 2nd S.I.H.

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Plate IX. Standard (White) of the 1st Bombay L.C. now in the possession of the 13th D.C.O. Lancers. This is the Third Squadron Standard.

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only two of them. Next, they are oblong, and bear no sign of swallow-tails having been trimmed from them. But the most original point of all is that on one standard two of the three devices are parallel to the lance whilst the third is embroidered at right angles to the others, so that however the flag be flown it can never be the "right way up!" I do not think that the design of these standards can ever have been in accordance with any official regulations: rather would it seem that they were made up from some regimental design, which may, however, have had some authority from official sources.

Both standards are illustrated in Plate X, though I fear that its details are not very clear. Some description may thus be desirable. The left-hand one has the small Union in the upper corner next the lance, and in the centre (apparently within an oak wreath) the words "Second Regiment Light Cavalry" encircling "2nd Regt." In the lower inner corner and the upper outer corner is the device of John Company, the lion passant regardant with a crown.

The right-hand flag, as illustrated, bears—parallel to the lance—the two lions and crowns in the same positions as in the former flag, and in the centre but *at right angles* both to the devices and to the lance are the arms of the East India Company. I can offer no explanation of the peculiar design of this standard, but I have traced one other Indian cavalry flag which bears not merely some but all of its inscriptions and devices at right angles to the lance. At the time of writing I am not however at liberty to describe it fully, since it is now in private hands. I can only say that it probably presents more interesting problems and may well have a more interesting history than any flag which has yet been described. I hope at a later date to give a full account of this standard, and also of another of an allied nature.

It may be worth while recording at this stage that it appears that the following regiments have never borne standards. The fact has in all cases been verified from the unit in question:—

3rd Cavalry:

(descended from the 2nd Mahratta Horse, raised in 1858;

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and Fane's Horse, raised two years later largely from the 3rd Hodson's Horse, then disbanded).

19*th King George's Own Lancers:*

(descended from the 7th and 17th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, raised in 1841 and 1846 respectively. One would have thought that these two old regiments must have had standards, but none can now be traced.).

20*th Lancers:*

(descended from Mayne's Horse and the 1st Beatson's Horse, both raised in 1858).

Central India Horse.

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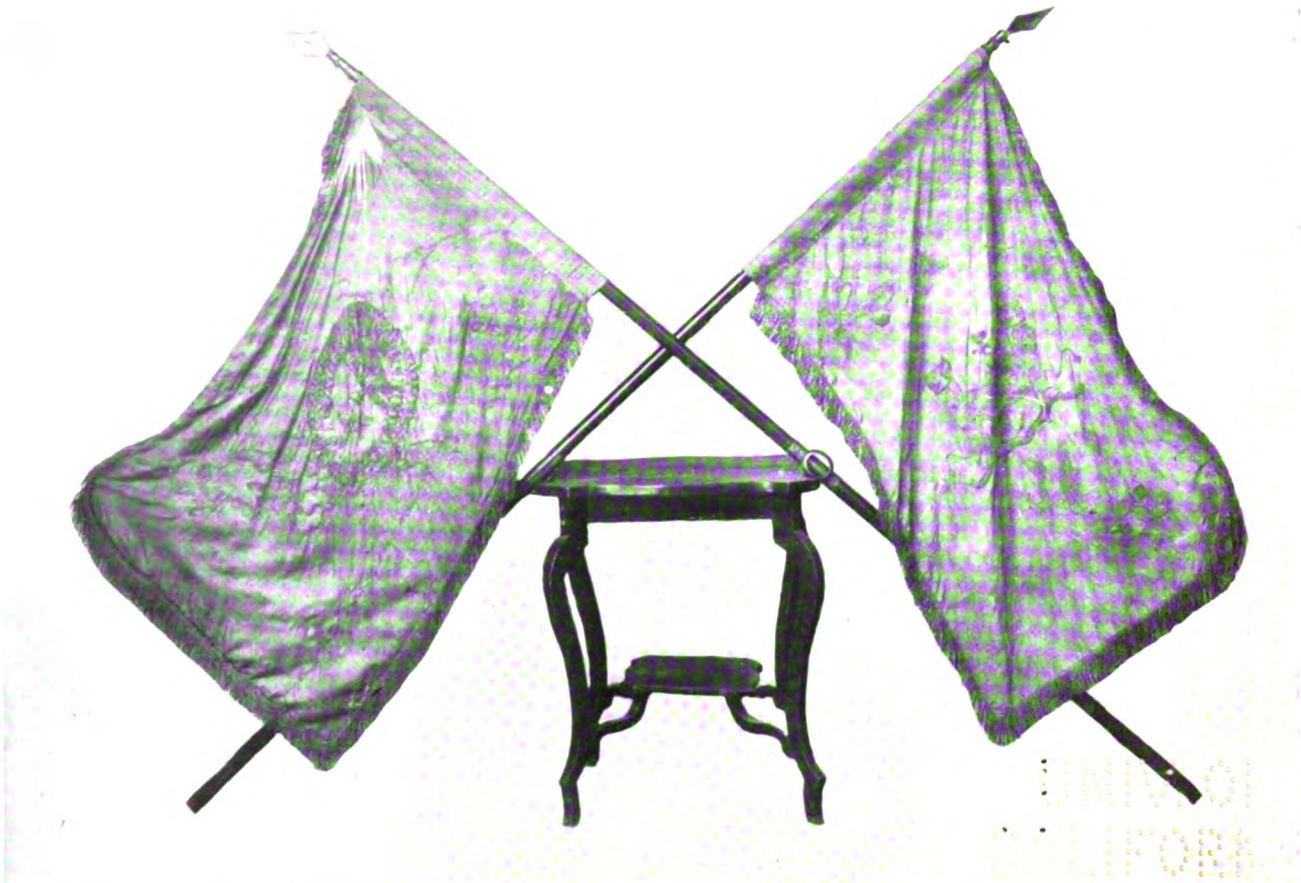

Plate X. Standards of the 2nd Bombay L.C. now in the possession of the 13th D.C.O. Lancers.

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THE KING WHO BELIEVED IN HORSES.

By E. Glasbrook Richards.

Possibly the greatest misfortune that ever afflicted the gay and pleasant land of Saliva was the accession to the throne in 1952 of Marmaduke the Mad.

He was not, of course, *really* mad, but his name arose from his insane devotion to an almost extinct mammal, The Horse. Unkind gossips averred there had been a love affair between his mother, the Queen, and the Royal Coachman; it was not, of course, true, but the fact remained that Marmaduke from his earliest years had loved and adored those queer four-legged survivals of an earlier period, and when he came to the throne he insisted on his courtiers actually hunting the fox.

This revival of an archaic sport was justly unpopular among the courtiers; for instead of a docile, manageable plane or super-car obedient to the touch of a lever, of the flick of a button, they found that they had to control a beast, a beast with personality and individuality to whom a piece of paper by the roadside was a fearsome and strange bogie and whose management needed skill and balance, to say nothing of tact. Usually hunting days were signals for outbreaks of colds or divers other illnesses in the Court of Saliva. But the King went on his evil way, even pretending that the hunt would cure the illnesses. In an earlier age he would have been assassinated for that.

Worse, however, was to come. He next revived cavalry regiments in his Army. Four regiments, all at full strength, equipped with full parade uniforms, gleaming with gold and silver. There were Lancers in green and silver with white plastrons, Hussars in orange and red, very bright and resplendent, Dragoons in pure white with vermilion facings and, lastly, Chasseurs apple-green and gold. A brave show they

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made in the capital, clanking through with the sun shining on their colour and glitter. All the people would turn out to see their march past and gazed at them as they never gazed at the great grim tanks that, at times, glissaded along the road, menacing and drab.

But of course it was silly *and* illogical. One cannot, in explaining how silly it all was, do better than quote from the brilliant leader-writer of the *Salivan Mail*.

"*Waste.*"

"How long will our patient tax-payers put up with the burden of supporting four thousand useless men and four thousand out-of-date animals for the whim of anyone, however highly placed? Cavalry has been obsolete fifteen years now. Let us ask ourselves a few questions. The average speed of a war-plane is five hundred miles per hour, a tank on a good road eighty. The average car traffic of our country moves on our 300-ft. arterial roads at a hundred to one hundred and fifty miles per hour. What then in the name of commonsense is the object in preserving a slow moving quadruped from extinction? Is it protected and armoured as the tank? Can it fly out of reach of fire as the war-plane? Or carry fifty tons of destructive shell like the newest battle-planes? None of these things can these absurd creatures do. Their weaknesses, physical, moral and mental, are manifold. Let us trust that the last horse may soon find a resting place in some Museum alongside the Diplodoccus or perhaps in the Zoo, useful foil to the Duck-billed Platypus."

In fact, the only thing that kept the cavalry on at all was that getting rid of them would have meant getting rid of Marmaduke too; and the next successor, Cuthbert, was an appalling little toad, while Marmaduke, in spite of his kink, was a very decent monarch generally speaking.

Also with that illogicality which but too frequently marks the proletariat the people of Saliva, against the considered advice of statesmen, press, and pulpit developed an obstinate and deep affection for their decorative horsemen, cheering them on every possible occasion, insisting on their appearance at every kind of function, review, tattoo and ceremony.

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Possibly with a certain amount of grumbling from the experts they might have settled into a place in the system as a happy survival of mediævalism. But the madness of Marmaduke went deeper. He actually insisted on training his toy-soldiers for war.

One morning the Great General Staff discovered the whole cavalry force resting after a day's hard manœuvres. They were clad in their neat service uniforms, and a group of officers, earnest and alert, were gathered around the King who was giving a sort of lecture.

"M—yes," said he, stroking his long blond moustache, "Very good, very good. *But*, my dears, not good enough. A battalion of tanks would have made hay of you. We haven't got it yet. We must think hard. I have glimmerings of the way out."

The Chief of the Great General Staff spoke to the King at the first opportunity. He was a very great soldier having had the inestimable advantage of an engineering degree as well as a military training, so he spoke to the King with severity and authority.

"Your Majesty, these horsemen may be excellent for sentry duty, admirable for pageants, superb for tattoos. But as soldiers, your Majesty; as soldiers!—" And heavy tears welled from beneath his spectacles. Some thoughts are too deep for mere speech.

"My dear chap," said Marmaduke, "After all the horse has occupied a fairly important place in warfare, for oh—thousands of years. There must be something in it."

"Such an argument," replied the Chief with dignity, "would revive the Bow-and-Arrow."

Marmaduke thought deeply.

"Yes, but take it this way. Imagine a real shortage of ammunition. Wouldn't you rather a good bow-and-arrow instead of an empty rifle"?

The great soldier made a gesture of hopelessness. After all it is useless arguing with a lunatic.

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"You know," said the King slowly, "I have an idea that the old, the tried, the simple things of life will always justify their existence in war. Such as horses."

But the General had mournfully departed.

II.

Ingrugy was Saliva's next-door neighbour. The two nations were very similar. Both had a population of about twenty millions. Both were highly industrialized, but yet were approximately self-supporting as regards food. Both were very modern.

It was this similarity, when contrasted with fundamental differences in race, religion and language, that led to such violent and bitter rivalry between the two countries.

At last the strain became so great that in spite of the work of the League of Nations (which had averted conflict a score of times already) war broke out.

Before we describe the short but disastrous war we had better glance at the armies of 1955. In two ways only were they handicapped. Firstly, bombing by battle-planes had to be confined to military objectives. Secondly, poison gas was prohibited. Possibly both these prohibitions would have been swept aside in a long war, but for a short war they were absolute, because it takes time to make poison gas starting from zero, and for the first month or so there were ample military objectives to bomb without putting unnecessary fear into the hearts of the civilian population.

Of course, this war was quite different from previous wars. It was entirely mechanized. In the air fast fighting-planes escorted squadrons of heavy bombers. On the ground were tanks and yet more tanks of all sorts, shapes and sizes, from fast racers armed with machine guns to slow gun conveyors mounting up to 12-inch howitzers. The limits set by terrain kept most tanks within fairly reasonable bounds of size. There were at least a thousand on each side. Finally came mechanized infantry, handmaids of battle ready to clear, consolidate, guard, support or feed.

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And the life blood of this terrific military machine was petrol, petrol, petrol. No one knew what exactly war would be like; the general conception was that of a big decisive battle, the clash of innumerable tanks, the destruction of masses of planes and the victorious forces would sweep rapidly and irresistibly over the enemy country, bringing it to submission in a week of breathless movement.

But just as the long trench-war of 1914-18 was never foreseen so the course of events of the 1955 war was entirely unanticipated.

The great battle was duly staged; above, the sky filled as with numberless swift birds; below, the ground a moving mass of mechanism. A hush and the battle commenced. . . .

Within an hour both general staffs had completely lost control of their forces. . . .

* * * * *

For mobility came into its own. Within this hour the air-fleet was covering half a million miles of country and the tank-battle ten thousand. The wireless communications were so crossed and intercrossed as to become impossible. Plane fought plane. Joyous, epic air-battles. Tank sought out tank like the armoured knights of old. It was the most wonderful sight on earth. Here, a rush of twenty light tanks would unexpectedly come on a dozen heavy gun-tanks mounting 6-inch howitzers. In a few minutes a few crippled light tanks would crawl from out of the disaster. Then a squadron of bombers would drop a hundred half-ton bombs on the gun-tanks obliterating them. And so it went on.

These bombers were the most invulnerable units in the whole of the mechanized force. They could scarcely go two hundred miles an hour and were too slow for offence. But they were at the same time armed and armoured—too strong for the fighting-planes to bring down save with danger and difficulty, and carried out their work of destruction almost unimpeded; for the anti-aircraft guns were—owing to the increased speed of the plane—less dangerous than they had been even in 1916.

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And what a work of destruction it was! A squadron of fifty could carry five thousand tons of the most violent explosives known to man. What they aimed at chiefly was the petrol supply, the life-blood of the armies. Every petrol station in the two countries had long before been marked for destruction and destroyed it was. That night saw countless huge fires from end to end of the war-zone. Whatever arsenals and armament factories there had been were also blotted out, while the wide, smooth roads became inchoate masses of tarmac and stone. Twisted and broken metals marked the railways, while cables, electrical supply, and even canals were smashed to unrecognizable elements of steel, concrete and mud.

The battle lasted a week, and at the end of the week Marmaduke the Mad summarized the situation in a few notes:

(1) Saliva and Ingrugy have been at war a week.

(2) So far the war has been indecisive.

(3) The destruction of material has been enormous. The main communications of both countries have ceased to exist. It is a matter of the greatest difficulty even to feed the civilian population by using the third-class roads undestroyed to date. Industry has ceased.

(4) The burning of petrol supplies has been almost universal. Apart from this the breaking up of communications has disorganized the national petrol organization. Petrol is as rare as gold. If the civilian population has to be fed, very little petrol is available for the needs of the army.

(5) The destruction of tanks, aeroplanes, etc., has been colossal. The tanks on either side are now too few to undertake offensive operations. The mechanized infantry are hindered by the state of the roads.

(6) At present warfare has ceased. Victory will lie with him who can first:

(*a*) Secure an adequate supply of petrol.

(*b*) Repair existing tanks and make new ones.

Final note—Explore both possibilities.

(*c*) Some other method of offence.

* * * * *

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"Petrol supplies?" said the Chief Inspector of Supply. "No! A little; not much. You see, most of our petrol comes from coal and the whole apparatus has been blown to hell! *That* might have been expected. Then those bombers have made our ports untenable. If we want petrol we have to run it at night (like rum in the U.S.A.). Besides, even with petrol, the problem of supplying it to the battle-line over destroyed roads is well-nigh insuperable. You can't put *everything* on tracks.

"If you get me the tanks I'll do my best. It means the starvation of the civilians tho'. Thank the Lord; Ingrugy is even worse off."

"Thank you," said Marmaduke, courteously.

Then he went to the greatest industrial magnate in the country. The Magnate, a thin dried-up little man, put the whole case before him.

"You want tanks! You want spare parts for tanks. Repaired tanks. New tanks. Now, your Majesty, may I explain things?

"In the first place we, as a great engineering firm, are completely impotent. We, as all up-to-date firms do, rely on making our goods where they can be turned out most cheaply. For instance, our iron mines are two hundred miles from here and our foundry three hundred. Our finishing works are a hundred-and-fifty. All the roads have been destroyed. What is the answer to that?

"Again, our factory is motived by electricity. The hydro-electrical works and the central electrical supply are both in little bits. It'll take a year to replace them."

"Then we make cars—not tanks."

"Oh," said Marmaduke. "What about England and the Great War. Then piano factories turned out aeroplanes."

"Your Majesty, I agree," answered the little man. "But if you look closely into the matter . . . How long did it take them to so adapt themselves? Three to six months at the least.

"Besides, industry has moved forward in the last fifty years. The early twentieth-century factory was an inefficient place. Let me describe it. Mass production, save for the pioneering

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work of Ford at Detroit, was unknown. Skilled labour, wasteful skilled labour, was the backbone of the factory. To-day mass production is the only production; the unskilled man or woman at the specialized machine, the only labour. My works make the fifteen incarnations of the Bullace car and the ten types of the Bullace tractor. If I want to add an extra tooth to gear-wheel 345 on the Bullace straight-twelve—" He slapped the table a little to emphasize his point. "It takes us six months. Idea, design, mathematics, test, special machine, etc., etc. We could repair tanks for you in six months . . . provided electricity and raw material . . . In a year I can turn you out ten thousand tanks a week. But for six months—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Your Majesty," said the Chief of the Great General Staff later, "he is right. But our resources are not at an end. I am improvising workshops. We are dismantling broken tanks for spares. We must remain on the defensive for three months, then we shall be able to take the offensive again."

"And Ingrugy?" asked the King.

"Will not be ready for at least a month later," replied the C.G.G.S. "If I may say without immodesty, their Chief of Staff is not a fully qualified engineer."

The King walked jocund into the Palace Yard. Then he made a series of strange sounds which a professor of Mediæval History standing near identified as hunting noises.

"Clarence," yelled Marmaduke, to a distant A.D.C. "Hither! my compliments to General Naggot, and ask him to unleash the gee-gees."

III.

And now the war took on a new phase. The cavalry of Saliva had been carefully trained and armed. Each troop had two very light but powerful anti-tank guns, on pack. The matter of supply in the field had been worked out in detail with a double end, the first being self-contained mobility, the second the utmost use of local resources for food and fodder. ("Corn won't burn as readily as petrol," Marmaduke had said.)

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Anti-tank manœuvres had been practised with great assiduity, and a system of visual signalling introduced.

The Ingrugians thought this new development the funniest jest of the decade. The comic papers rocked with joy, and the general staff worked out the details of the Triumph, which was to show the inhabitants of the capital "Marmaduke's Mammals" (as they dubbed them) in the rôle of principal captives. Almost indifferently they sent seventy of the remaining Ingrugian tanks to haul in these foolhardy horsemen.

"Can one man, nay, can one hundred men," Marmaduke had asked, "fight a swarm of wasps with revolvers?" That was the story of the first battle. It was rather like Agincourt. The tanks came into a stretch of flat country with a lot of cover. Then suddenly, from every hedgerow and mound, opened anti-tank guns. Twenty tanks were put out of action, and when reinforcements came and the whole mechanical body swept on majestically they found the Salvians gone. They scattered in pursuit. Then as tanks became isolated, so would hidden horsemen approach within range and shatter them. Soon the natural tendency of tanks to spread out, combined with the difficulty of petrol supply, divided the mechanized force into little bodies of four or five. The tragedy could be foreseen. Good for eighty miles on a road the tank was little faster and much less handy than a horse in enclosed country.

Little swarms of cavalry would close round each group, placing light shells into the delicate interiors of the steel boxes. Half-a-dozen escaped to tell the story.

The next battles were much the same except that the third was a complete debacle, for the machines. They had been taught by bitter experience to concentrate. In mass formation they came against a brigade of Horse Artillery armed and organized anti-tankwise. Not a single tank survived the battle.

All the time the cavalry was moving forward, living on the country save for ammunition. The mechanized Army demoralised by the difficulties of repair, replacement and supply, attempted no more battles hanging on the flanks, attempting to destroy unwary bodies of horse. In this they very occasionally

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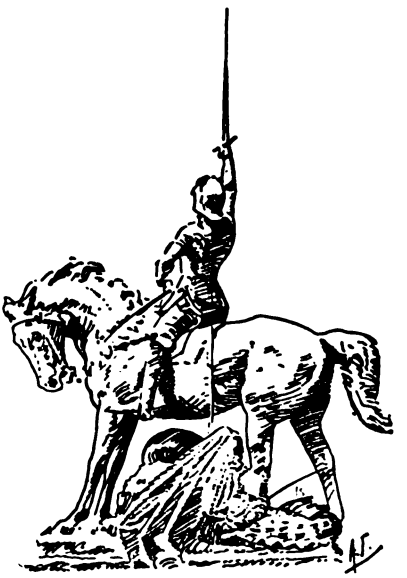
succeeded but normally scouting and protection were far too good. At last, becoming more daring every day the Salvian Cavalry began to seek out their opponents and disable them. It was much like big-game hunting and a most popular sport.

* * * * *

It was the day of the triumphant entry of the Salvian Army into Bunga, the Capital of Ingrugy. The order was full dress, and very magnificently the glittering cavalry swung between the sullen, defeated lines of spectators. First there came the Lancers, silver and green, like the breaking of waves. Then, shining red and orange, as flame shines, the Hussars. Followed bands of white, touched with vermilion, showing up the gleaming cuirasses of the Dragoons. Last, apple-green and gold, the Chasseurs.

In the centre rode Marmaduke (surnamed the Great) dreamily stroking his long blond moustache. It was not till they got to the market place, where were piled a mountainous pyramid of rusting, broken, surrendered tanks, that he spoke.

"You know," said he slowly, "I *always* thought the old, the tried, the simple things of life would justify their existence in War . . . Such as horses!"



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SKIN SAVING

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

The Muhammadan does not forget that he stands in India as a conqueror. Not more than about twelve hundred years ago the amazing eruption of the Islamic volcano scorched the middle-east, and its molten lava began to stream in perennial overflow across to India. The Hindu likewise first descended from his Aryan uplands as a conqueror; but so long ago that the origins of that influx are now dimmed in the twilight of fable. The more recent arrival does not always trouble to conceal the fact that he looks on the earlier as an easily-mastered aboriginal. Consequently little love is lost. There are "incidents."

It may not be altogether tactful to mention this, but were it otherwise, the burden of an overwrought British Raj might be even heavier than it is. That, however, like Free Trade or the worth of the League of Nations, is entirely a matter of opinion.

Naturally enough it is usually during some period of religious observance that this ancient antagonism is most apt to blaze out in blood. Then the stoic, olympic assistance of Thomas Atkins is hysterically besought by both sides, and subsequently he is villified impartially in the presses of each.

It was on Ashuráa, the tenth day of Muharram, that Dickie and I became embroiled in one of these sectarian disturbances. Muharram—as perhaps everybody does not know—are days of lamentation for the Caliph Ali, cousin of the Prophet, who was politically murdered at Qada: and for his sons, Hasan, said to have been poisoned by his wife, and Hussain, who fell fighting for the Caliphate, pierced by twenty-three lances thrusts.

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The trouble began in the immemorial manner. A large body of Muhammadans paraded the streets, carrying representations of the Tabuts or biers of Hasan and Hussain, and reciting the prescribed funeral oration with great excitement and outcry. Hindus were shocked, and distracted from their worship by this alien uproar. Gongs bellowed, conches brayed, angry voices rose in counter-clamour from the Temple of Durga, as the procession passed. In a few minutes the streets were seething; battle was joined.

This was during the unrestful times of demobilization; while everything was still "controlled"—even passages home. Dickie and I, fresh from the Iraq Rebellion, were kicking up our heels in a "Rest Camp" along with several hundred other officers and men, Regular, Territorial, "Kitchener," conscript, waiting our turn for a ship, when news arrived that there was a regular old flare-up down in the city. Chiefly—as ever on such occasions—a wholesale looting of shops had started, and, it was rumoured, a number of wretched *banias* had already been battered to death.

"You're Indian Service," the Brigade Major ran me to ground in the mess, where Dickie and I were idling restlessly," "you understand the ways of these sweet people. The General wants you to take a couple of lorry-loads of men down to the bazaar, and—and—ah—preserve the peace."

"What precisely are my orders?" I wanted to know with marked absence of enthusiasm. A few months before the name of Dyer had blazoned portentously in the public eye—and I am a retiring man. "Let me have them in writing," I insisted, "or I don't budge." For in those reactionary days, after the long stresses of war, discipline was, perhaps, not quite all that it might have been.

In due course, while Dickie selected the party from heterogeneous British details, whom neither of us had ever seen before, the Brigade Major returned with typewritten instructions. These ordained in brief that we were to preserve life and property, restore order, calm the tumult; but that on no account whatever were we to hurt anybody.

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"The last part negatives the first," Dickie grumbled. "The order is ambiguous."

"When you're as old as I am, Lion-Heart, you'll know that most military orders are."

Dickie did not like the job. He swore feelingly.

"The General's just trying to save his own skin. They always do."

"Hush!" I admonished. "Please God, I shall be a General myself some day."

We trundled down in lorries to the scene of the riot. There was no open space in the bazaar, it was just a warren of dirty, narrow, festering, seething streets, through which a general free-fight seemed to be raging. The combatants broke and vanished before our juggernaut approach, but as quickly closed up again behind us, and resumed their interrupted occupation.

At one time I halted the lorries, and with upraised hand exhorted the people to disperse quietly to their homes, lest evil befall—but with no result beyond a brickbat through my *topi*. Having soon got into a complete system of *cul-de-sacs*, I parked the lorries and posted pickets. We had certainly succeeded in moderating the inter-communal difference, for it was on *us* now, that the bulk of the mob concentrated their attention. Our pickets began to have a lively time.

I stood with Dickie behind the machine guns at the central four-ways crossing of the bazaar, a gun commanding each street. The hullaballoo was deafening. Almost up to the line of our bayonets, the mob howled and danced, shrieking abuse and throwing odds and ends at us. The low roof-tops, just above our heads, swarmed like a hive of bees—thicker almost than the streets themselves—with, as is generally the case, crowds of excited youths, mostly students; who poured a regular fusilade of pots and pans and stones and villification on to our heads. And beyond our immediate vicinity, the minor business of pillaging and *bania*-killing was proceeding briskly.

"Now what?" raged Dickie, rubbing a smitten funnybone. Being young, he very much disliked being made a fool of. "Shall we charge with the butt?"

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Sternly I discountenanced the brutal suggestion.

"God forbid, Richard—we might hurt one of the pets."

"Then what the devil *can* we do?" he asked with a lamentable lack of patience. Funny bones are sensitive things.

"Make faces at them," I suggested; "or still more frightful, Dick, look natural."

The men, I regret to say, were rather of Dickie's sentiments. Many of them had likewise just discovered how sensitive funnybones and other parts of the anatomy can be. They were saying aloud rude things which shocked my pre-war notions. Also the mob understood exactly how things were.

Their leader, a large, fat, smooth-faced Hindu in a greasy little skull cap, strutted and bombasted about in front of the guns, daring us to shoot, shouting and laughing that we were afraid to, and derisively making a public mock of us. Unhappily for him and a lot of his friends, there were in the nearest gun team a couple of West Country Territorials; friends they were, or perhaps brothers—I do not know, for this was a transient episode, just a brief hour in one's life time. The No. 1, whose duty it was to fire the weapon, had warmed into a slow, bucolic resentment over the irk of a thumbnail crushed by some missile. He was wanting to know "for why doesn't us set about 'un pr'aper," when a sudden shout from Dickie caused his friend, the No. 2, lying along the gun beside him, to turn on an elbow and look up. Some enterprising young men on the roof above had slung out a sack containing about a hundredweight of *channa*. It described a parobala, and landed on the face of No. 2, whose neck cracked under it like a clay pipe stem. The No. 1 made sure that his mate was dead; exclaimed a broad Somerset oath; and pressed the trigger. There followed one short, sharp, stuttering snarl from the machine gun.

The Muharram festivities for that year were over. In an instant, magically, almost uncannily, the roof-tops were as bare as winter elms. The streets were deserted—except for a dozen or so small crumpled heaps of soiled rags, some jerking and drumming. The fat Hindu lay quite still, a kind of pained surprise in his open eyes. There was awe in Dickie's voice.

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"Now we *have* done it! Who's going to carry the chee-ild?"

No doubt we were both thinking of certain gentlemen yet abed in Westminster, who would wax eloquent over this. Dickie added:

"I say, you were an ass to get those orders in writing, Ken. The General's saved *his* skin alright. You'll be for the high jump!"

"I always was a fool," I admitted sadly.

On the way back the Brigade Major raced up in a car. He had heard rumours of the shooting. He was desperately agitated.

"I say, you are —— fools!"

"Thank you," I said.

"Thank you," said Dickie.

"There'll be hell's delight over this," he proceeded.

"Perhaps," I said hopefully, "a grateful public will subscribe twenty thousand pounds for me."

The Brigade Major was determined to be helpful. He was an old friend, being in saner times an auctioneer and valuer in the market town near my home. I gave him the details.

But, curiously, I was not in the least interested in what I had to tell him. My thoughts were seven thousand miles away, and on the ship which now might or might not materialize.

I suppose my sensibilities were blunted. I cared nothing for those corpses in the street, or the dead No. 2 gunner. After having seen one's kind mown down in swathes for the best part of five years, it was very clear to me that all mankind is hopelessly mad. This additional little insanity was quite negligible. I didn't really mind what happened about it. Only the screaming comedy of life was real. I heard the Brigade Major saying that I was to leave it all to him. When I laughed, he was rather shocked. He thought, good fellow, that I was shaken, numbed, by what had happened. He spoke soothingly, as one does to a concussion patient. The murdered No. 2 was a most providential scapegoat.

"Dead men tell no tales," said the Brigade Major.

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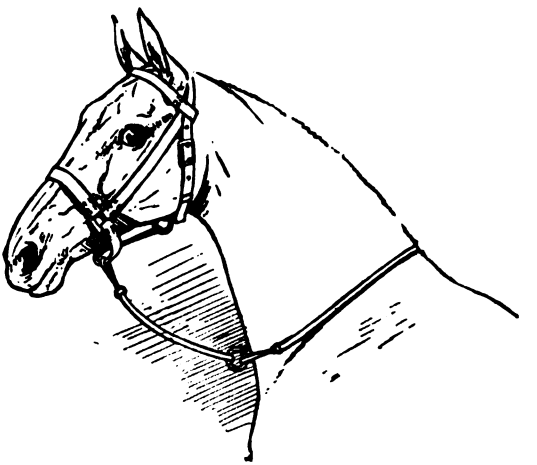
Next I found myself in the H.Q. office, standing to attention before the General's table. I heard the Brigade Major giving a brief, realistic account of what had occurred. I learned that Private Daniel Clutterbuck had been crouching to his gun, finger on trigger according to the book, when a sack of grain had fallen on his head—causing him to release the trigger in his death throe. Before the automatic mechanism could be stopped, the damage had been done.

The General looked at me, and I looked at the General. I thought I heard a little sigh of relief escaping. He asked no questions.

The written orders which I had demanded had made his own skin secure. And now, generous soul, he took up a strong pen and saved mine.



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BATTLE-HONOURS OF THE CAVALRY

Compiled by K. R. WILSON.

I.

"ABU KLEA."

19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"ABYSSINIA."

3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS.

"AFFGHANISTAN, 1839."

4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

"AFGHANISTAN, 1878-79."

10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS.

"AFGHANISTAN, 1878-80."

9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 15TH K. HUSSARS.

"AFGHANISTAN, 1879-80."

6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS.

"AFGHANISTAN, 1919."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS.

"ALBUHERA."

3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS.

"ALI MASJID."

10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS.

"ALIWAL."

16TH Q. LANCERS.

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"ALMA."

4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"BALAKLAVA."

4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"BEAUMONT."

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. 7TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS 16TH Q. LANCERS.

"BHURTPORE."

11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

"BLENHEIM."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS.

"CABOOL, 1842."

3RD K.O. HUSSARS.

"CHARASIAH."

9TH Q.R. LANCERS.

"CHILLIANWALLAH."

3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 14TH K. HUSSARS.

"DELHI, 1857."

6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS.

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"DETTINGEN."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Royal Horse Guards. 1st K. Dragoon Guards. 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards. 1st R. Dragoons. R. Scots Greys. 3rd K.O. Hussars. 4th Q.O. Hussars. 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. 7th Q.O. Hussars.

"DOURO."

14th K. Hussars.

"EGMONT-OP-ZEE."

15th K. Hussars.

"EGYPT, 1882."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Royal Horse Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards. 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.

"EGYPT, 1882, 1884."

19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.

"EGYPT, 1884."

10th P.W.O.R. Hussars. 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.

"EMSDORFF."

15th K. Hussars.

"FEROZESHAH."

3rd K.O. Hussars.

"FUENTES D'ONOR."

1st R. Dragoons. 14th K. Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers.

"GHUZNEE, 1839."

4th Q.O. Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers.

"GOOJERAT."

3rd K.O. Hussars. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 14th K. Hussars.

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"HINDOOSTAN."

8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS.

"INDIA, CENTRAL."

8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 14TH K. HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O LANCERS

"INKERMAN."

4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"KABUL, 1879."

9TH Q.R. LANCERS.

"KANDAHAR, 1880."

9TH Q.R. LANCERS.

"KHARTOUM."

21ST E.I. LANCERS.

"KIMBERLEY, RELIEF OF."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

"LADYSMITH, DEFENCE OF."

5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"LADYSMITH, RELIEF OF."

1ST R. DRAGOONS. 13TH HUSSARS. 14TH K. HUSSARS.

"LESWARREE."

8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS.

"LUCKNOW."

2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS.

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"MAHARAJPORE."

16TH Q. LANCERS.

"MALPLAQUET."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS.

"MODDER RIVER."

9TH Q.R. LANCERS.

"MOODKEE."

3RD K.O. HUSSARS.

"MYSORE."

19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"NIAGARA."

19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"NILE, 1884-85."

19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"NIVE."

16TH Q. LANCERS.

"ORTHES."

7TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS. 14TH K. HUSSARS.

"OUDENARDE."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS.

"PAARDEBERG."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

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"PEKIN, 1860."

1st K. Dragoon Guards.

"PENINSULA."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Royal Horse Guards. 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards 1st R. Dragoons. 3rd K.O. Hussars. 4th Q.O. Hussars. 7th Q.O. Hussars. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars. 11th P.A.O. Hussars. 12th P.W.R. Lancers. 13th Hussars. 14th K. Hussars. 15th K. Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars. 20th Hussars.

"PERSIA."

14th K. Hussars.

"PUNJAUB."

3rd K.O. Hussars. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 14th K. Hussars.

"PUNNIAR."

9th Q.R. Lancers.

"PYRENEES."

14th K. Hussars.

"RAMILLIES."

1st K. Dragoon Guards. 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 6th Dragoon Guards. 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards. R. Scots Greys. 5th R.I. Lancers.

"SAHAGUN."

15th K. Hussars.

"SALAMANCA."

5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 3rd K.O. Hussars. 4th Q.O. Hussars. 11th P.A.O. Hussars. 14th K. Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers.

"SERINGAPATAM."

19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.

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"SEVASTOPOL."

1st K. Dragoon Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 6th Dragoon Guards. 1st R. Dragoons. R. Scots Greys. 4th Q.O. Hussars. 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. 8th K.R.I. Hussars. 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars. 11th P.A.O. Hussars. 12th P.W.R. Lancers. 13th Hussars. 17th D.C.O. Lancers.

"SOBRAON."

3rd K.O. Hussars. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 16th Q. Lancers.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1846-7."

7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1851-2-3."

12th P.W.R. Lancers.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1879."

1st K. Dragoon Guards. 17th D.C.O. Lancers.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1899-1900."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Royal Horse Guards.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1899-1902."

5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 6th Dragoon Guards. 1st R. Dragoons. R. Scots Greys. 5th R. I. Lancers. 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars. 12th P.W.R. Lancers. 13th Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars. 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-02."

7th P.R. Dragoon Guards. 8th K.R.I. Hussars. 14th K. Hussars. 17th D.C.O. Lancers.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1901-02."

1st K. Dragoon Guards. 2nd Dragoon Guards. 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards. 7th Q.O. Hussars. 20th Hussars.

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"SOUTH AFRICA, 1902."

3RD K.O. HUSSARS.

"SUAKIN, 1885."

5TH R.I. LANCERS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"TAKU FORTS."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS.

"TALAVERA."

3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 14TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

"TANGIER, 1662-80."

1ST R. DRAGOONS.

"TEL-EL-KEBIR."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"TOULOUSE."

5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS.

"VILLERS-EN-CAUCHIES."

15TH K. HUSSARS.

"VIMIERA."

20TH HUSSARS.

"VITTORIA."

3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 13TH HUSSARS. 14TH K. HUSSARS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

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"WARBURG."

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 7TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS.

"WATERLOO."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 7TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 13TH HUSSARS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS.

"WILLEMS."

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 7TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

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NOTES

Military Alliances.

The King has been pleased to approve of the following alliances :—

The Governor-General's Body Guard, Non-Permanent Active Militia of Canada, to The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards).

3rd Mounted Rifles (Natal Mounted Rifles) Active Citizen Force, Union Defence Forces, to 3rd The King's Own Hussars.

"Cavalry Journal."

The undermentioned have become subscribers for 1930 :—

Lieut.-Colonel T. A. A. Wilson, 2nd Lancers (Gardner's Horse).
Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Harene, 2nd Lancers (Gardner's Horse).
Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Greenlay, M.C., V.D., 14th Canadian Light Horse.
Major C. H. Liddell, late 15th/19th Hussars.
Captain C. Childs, Royal Corps of Signals.
Captain O. Trangsrud, M.C., 14th Canadian Light Horse.
Captain W. E. Jefferson, 14th Canadian Light Horse.
Lieutenant C. Goulburn, 8th Hussars.
O.C. Cawnpore Squadron, United Provinces Horse (Southern Regiment) India.
The Library (Men's) Lord Strathcona's Horse, Canada.
The Officers' Mess, Lord Strathcona's Horse, Canada.
Mons. Le Directeur du Service Kegresse, Paris.
Captain A. G. Olsen, 12th Cavalry, U.S.A.

Notes on Civil Employment.

By Lieut.-Colonel F. K. Hardy, D.S.O.

Nobody would consider the job of Night watchman to be a particular desirable form of employment. The fact that there were 450 applicants for such a vacancy recently shows the

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wretched state of the labour market at present better than any statistics.

On every side one hears of factories standing off hands, and except for building no one seems very hopeful about the future. In the building trade in London and the neighbourhood there is great confidence. Large contracts have been placed and people who should know tell me that there will be plenty of work for bricklayers, plasterers and carpenters.

A number of soldiers seem to think that to be able to drive a motor is all that they need do in order to be sure of employment. That is a false idea. Employers who pay a decent wage and offer good conditions of work expect a man to be something more than a driver. He has to be a mechanic-driver or a salesman-driver, and in addition know a particular district intimately. A large proportion of the drivers of the summer pleasure traffic are unemployed during the winter months so that men who are only drivers cannot expect constant employment or a good wage. It is for these reasons that at Hounslow we train men to become motor-fitters and mechanic-drivers and are not content with only teaching men to drive. The pay in both these is good and students have found employment fairly readily.

A recent innovation has been the introduction of a course to train "Married Couples." The daily papers are always full of vacant situations for man and wife. The wife has to be a cook and the man either a house-parlourman or chauffeur. The wages range from £100 to £120 a year and all found. Only childless couples can be considered for this training as employment cannot be found for those with families. It is essential if a high wage is to be obtained that the wife should be qualified to do high class cooking, consequently the arrangements are that the wife attends a really good school of cookery in London and the husband goes through the motor mechanics or private service course at Hounslow.

The frequent enquiries I receive point to the fact that few soldiers realize the many pitfalls which are to be met with in buying a business. Before anyone puts down money to buy a

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business very careful enquiries should be made into its past history and its prospects for the future. Information should be sought from disinterested people as well as from the seller, who, unless he has something to hide, should readily answer questions and give all particulars of the income and outgoings over a period.

The arrangement by which soldiers on furlough may visit Hounslow on any Wednesday morning should prove useful to many who want advice as to their future in civil life. All expenses in connection with the visit here, of course, to be borne by the soldier himself.

OVER-SEAS LEAGUE

Migration and Overseas Settlement Bureau.

A new phase of Migration work is being developed by the Over-Seas League, the object being to assist men of moderate means such as ex-officers of the Services, ex-Civil Servants and others, to settle in the Dominions. Anxious to make its contribution toward the building up of a strong United Empire, the League believes that it would be of mutual advantage, both to the Mother Country and to the Dominions, if the class of men referred to can be happily assimilated into the life overseas.

Many such men are looking for a wider and less conventional life than is possible in the Old Country and are desiring to transfer their homes to countries where their incomes will go further, where taxation is lighter, and where their children will have a better prospect of a prosperous and happy future. They are also looking for a place in which to settle where a good climate and a reasonable amount of social and sporting life are to be found.

The object of the League is to supplement the work of Governments and Migration Societies, confining its activities to the needs of a class of settler who is in danger of being overlooked in the field of migration work and to whom the League believes it can be of service. The organization is of an entirely free and voluntary character, the aim of the League being to

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make use of its world-wide organization to help the class of men described. Its sole objective is to meet a very real need by providing a practical plan by which many most desirable settlers may be helped to find their way into a community of congenial people, with benefit to themselves and pleasure to those among whom they settle.

The Central Committee of the Migration Bureau at the Headquarters of the League in London includes prominent business men and representatives of the Navy, Army and Air Force, Retired Naval Officers' Association, and Oversea Governments. It has the official approval of the Overseas Settlement Committee of the British Government.

The Bureau works through Advisory Committees set up in the Oversea countries. These are composed of men of good repute on whose advice a newcomer can place implicit reliance. It has been strictly laid down that no one with any interest in the sale of land or the commercial side of the business of immigration is eligible for membership of any such Committee. Their work is of an entirely honorary nature. They furnish first-hand information regarding their districts, and extend a welcome to prospective settlers who are introduced to them by the London Committee.

Those desirous of taking advantage of the Over-Seas League Migration Scheme will—on application to the Office—receive the following advantages:—

(1) They are shown comprehensive reports drafted by the committees overseas, covering all sides of life likely to interest the prospective settler; also private letters from individual members of the committees describing their experience in those countries. This information contains a personal touch which is of great value to the prospective settler. It covers such ground as housing conditions, cost of land, cost of living, facilities for augmenting income, educational facilities, servants and labour, games, shooting, fishing, and other forms of sport, social amenities, climate and accessibility to railways, shops, etc. By means of this information they are able to sum up the relative advantages of the various countries. The

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Central Committee is willing to advise all applicants how best to utilize their resources.

(2) If so desired, questionaires from individual applicants are sent to the committees overseas, who answer all such particular enquiries, giving any additional information required. No cost to the applicant is involved.

(3) On the newcomers' arrival in the country to which they elect to go, they are met by a representative of the Committee. Suitable accommodation is found for them; they are shown round the country; given the benefit of expert advice; passed on if they so desire to other committees; and everything possible is done to ensure their satisfactory settlement.

The Charm of British Columbia.

Comparisons are always interesting. Here is the considered opinion of Mr. B. S. Westbury, an Englishman who has lived in the Kootenay Valley for fifteen years:—

"Life in England is very difficult for those who have only small incomes, but in British Columbia it is easy. Being equally familiar with life in both countries, this comparison induces me to express the hope that some of those who read this may decide to come out and spend a few months' holiday in British Columbia wth a view to studying the possibilties of the country as their future home.

"Everyone knows that it is a beautiful country in every way, but few realize that it is probably the cheapest part of the British Empire in which to live. For instance, if two people have a "ranch" of their own and £200 a year, they can live in real comfort, with freedom from financial worry and the prospect of being able to make money as well; and this in the midst of people of their own kind, and with all the comforts of modern civilization: the pioneering days are over. There must be many people with small incomes of £200 to £600 a year living in England. Are they all enjoying life? How do they manage? There must be another large group of those still in the "Service" in India, or other parts of the Empire, who will shortly be retiring. What does the future hold for them?

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"Why not come and spend six months' holiday in British Columbia and see what the country is like to live in? The trip need cost no more (including the fare there and back) than a similar period spent in England. Many ex-officers find here varied interests and excellent sport while living happily on their pensions. Visitors will find mountains and lakes, the sky blue and the air clear, so that one can watch an eagle volplaning ten miles away, and a merry company living in absolute freedom."

Correspondence should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., O.-S. League Migration Bureau, 4, Park Place, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

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REGIMENTAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

9TH QUEEN'S ROYAL LANCERS

Items of Interest for the period 1st August to 31st October, 1929.

INTER UNIT CROSS-COUNTRY RUN—SECUNDERABAD.

1st man in .. .. Bandsman King (9th Q.R. Lancers).
3rd Team .. .. 9th Q.R. Lancers.

REGIMENTAL CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

The Regimental Cross-Country Run, over a course of 5 miles, was held on 21st September, 1929.

1st man in .. .. Bandsman King (27 min. 45 sec.)
2nd man in .. .. L/Cpl. Douglas.
3rd man in .. .. L/Cpl. Slater.
1st Team .. .. "H.Q." Wing (86 points).
2nd Team .. .. "A" Squadron (114 points).

INTER-SQUADRON CRICKET.

"A" Squadron beat "C" Squadron in the Final by 31 runs.

BOXING.—"PETO CUP."

Finals.

Bantam Weight .. Tpr. Dugan ("C") beat L/Cpl. Heather ("H.Q." Wing)
Feather Weight .. Tpr. Laybourne ("C") beat Tpr. Clay ("M.G.")
Light Weight .. Tpr. Hall ("M.G.") beat L/Cpl. Lilley ("C")
1st Welter Weight.. Tpr. Fraine ("M.G.") beat L/Cpl. Rickerby ("C")
Special Contest .. L/Bdr. Carter ("G" Bty.) winner
Special Contest .. Lt. S. C. Wright winner.
Special Contest .. Signaller Anderson winner
2nd Welter Weight Tpr. Hill ("H.Q." Wing) beat Tpr. Mitchell ("C")
Middle Weight .. Tpr. Smythe w.o. Tpr. Strange (H.Q." Wing)
Special Contest .. L/Bdr. Howard ("G" Bty.) winner
Light Heavy Weight Tpr. Hayward ("C") beat Tpr. Sheridan ("H.Q." Wing)
Heavy Weight .. Tpr. Westerman ("C") beat Tpr. Nicholson ("M.G.")

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The Regiment held a Boxing Tournament *versus* "G" Battery (Mercer's Troop) R.H.A. on 28th September, 1929. The following are the results :—

Event.	*Winner.*	*Loser.*
Light Weight ..	Dr. Wawman ("G" Bty.)	Tpr. Harrison (9th Lcrs.)
Welter Weight ..	Gnr. Hanlan ("G" Bty.)	Tpr. Hall (9th Lcrs.)
Feather Weight..	Tpr. Tagg (9th Lcrs.)	L/Bdr. Carter ("G" Bty.)
Bantam Weight .	L/Cpl. Heather (9th Lcrs.)	Gnr. Richardson ("G" Bty.)
Welter Weight ..	L/Bdr. Howard ("G" Bty.)	Tpr. Farrall (9th Lcrs.)
Light Weight ..	Sig. Anderson ("G" Bty.)	Tpr. Laybourne (9th Lcrs.)
Middle Weight ..	Sig. James ("G" Bty.)	Tpr. Smith (9th Lcrs.)
Feather Weight..	Tpr. Wright (9th Lcrs.)	Dr. Andrews ("G" Bty.)
Welter Weight ..	Tpr. Fraine (9th Lcrs.)	Gnr. McGreave ("G" Bty.)
Middle Weight .	Tpr. Westerman (9th Lcrs.)	L/Bdr. Appleby ("G" Bty.)

Mons Day Celebrations.

Saturday, 24th August, was observed as a holiday to commemorate the part the Regiment took in the Battle of Mons.

A series of Sporting Events and Entertainments was arranged for the 22nd, 23rd and 24th August, but owing to bad weather it was carried out on dates stated :—

Thursday, 22nd August, at 4 p.m. (Held 29th August).
Inter-Messes Triangular Mounted Tournament.

Friday, 23rd August, at 4 p.m. (Held 27th August).
Sergeants' Mess Annual Mounted Competition.
Free admission to Cinema at 8 p.m.

Saturday, 24th August.
Réveillé was played by the Band.
Massed Trumpeters then sounded " Walk," " Trot," " Line will Attack," " Charge."

The Band then played a number of marches round the barracks.

During the morning a Squadron Football Tournament was arranged, each team to consist of 1 Officer, 1 W.O., 1 S.Q.M.S., 1 Sergt., 1 Farrier Sergt., 1 Corporal, 1 Lance/Corporal, 1 Trumpeter, 1 Clerk, 1 Farrier and 1 Trooper.

Results were as follows :—

10.0 a.m.	"C" Squadron, 21 pts.	" H.Q." Wing, 3 pts.
10.35 a.m.	"A" Squadron, 3 pts.	" M.G." Squadron, 11 pts.
Final	"C" Squadron, 3 pts.	" M.G." Squadron, 0 pts.

A Fancy Dress Football Match was also played between the married and single Sergeants.

At dinner every man was given a pint of beer, or a mineral.

During the afternoon, dismounted Sports were held with the following results :—

100 *Yards* .. 1st, Bdm. Leach (10⅘ secs.); 2nd, L/Cpl. Miles; 3rd, Tpr. Osborne.

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Long Jump .. 1st, Bdm. Baker; 2nd Cpl. Putnam; 3rd, Tpr. Saunders.

220 *Yards* .. 1st, L/Cpl. Earle (25⅘ secs.); 2nd, Tpr. Fawkes; 3rd, L/Cpl. Beenham.

High Jump .. 1st, Bdm. Leach (5′ 3″); 2nd, Tpr. Smith; 3rd, Trpr. Palser and L/Cpl. Horton (tie).

440 *Yards* .. 1st, Bdm. Baker (58⅘ secs.); 2nd, Tpr. Smith; 3rd, Tpr. Pogson.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Tpr. Vernon (85 yds.); 2nd Tpr. Bowen.

880 *Yards* .. 1st, Bdm. King (2 min. 15 secs); 2nd, L/Cpl. Grandy; 3rd, Tpr. Bishop.

Wheelbarrow Race 1st, Tpr. Morris; 2nd, Tpr. Hayward.

Slow Bicycle Race 1st, L/Cpl. Miles; 2nd, Tpr. Theobald; 3rd, Tpr. Stevens.

Relay Race .. 1st, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd "M.G." Sqdn; 3rd, "C" Sqdn.

Boot Race .. 1st, Tpr. Burrows; 2nd, Tpr. Stewart; 3rd, Tpr. Phipps.

Open Mile .. 1st, Pte. Morton (Loyals), 5 mins. 20 secs.; 2nd, L/Cpl. Grandy; 3rd, L/Cpl. Douglas.

Old Soldiers' Race 1st, Tpr. Saunders; 2nd, R.Q.M.S. Giles; 3rd, Tpr. Bishop.

Egg & Spoon Race 1st, Mrs. Tully; 2nd, Mrs. Taylor; 3rd, Mrs. Lake.

Boys' Race .. 1st, Boy Holmes; 2nd, Boy Stuart; 3rd, Boy Elen.

Obstacle Race .. 1st, Tpr. Hayward; 2nd, L/Cpl. Cudbertson; 3rd, Tpr. Nicholson.

Ben Hur Race (*with Bullock Carts*) .. 1st, "M.G." Sqdn. (Capt. G. F. Bishop); 2nd, "A" Sqdn. (Lt. G. W. Breitmeyer); 3rd, "C" Sqdn. (Maj. J. F. Colvin, M.C.)

Tug-of-War .. Winners, "M.G." Sqdn.

In the evening the Officers gave a Dinner in the Sergeants' Mess to all members of the Sergeants' Mess and the married people of the Regiment. Afterwards a Cabaret Show was held in the Regimental Gardens.

The Sergeants' Mess Annual Competition which should have been held on the 23rd, was held on the 27th August.

The Mess was divided into four classes for the various events, which resulted as follows:—

DUMMY THRUSTING LANCE.

Class A. 1st, S.S.M. R.I. Taylor; 2nd, Sergt. Hayworth. Sergt. Bradshaw who should have been awarded 2nd prize was, owing to an error, overlooked.

Class B. 1st, Trptr.-Major McGuigan; 2nd, Sergt. Judd.

Class C. 1st, Sergt. Banfield; 2nd, Sergt. Fox.

Class D. 1st, Sadd./Sergt. Kelf; 2nd, Bnd./Sergt. Mullett.

TWO RINGS AND A PEG.

Class A. 1st, S.S.M. R.I. Taylor; 2nd, R.S.M. McIntyre.

Class B. 1st, S.Q.M.S. Saunders; 2nd, Sergt. Sandford.

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Class C. 1st, Sergt. Townsend; 2nd, Sergt. Mullenger.
Class D. 1st, Sadd./Sergt. Kelf; 2nd, W.O. Instr. Brooker (A.E.C. attchd.)

TENT PEGGING.

Class A. 1st, R.S.M. McIntyre; 2nd, S.S.M. Tully.
Class B. 1st, Sergt. Percy; 2nd, Sergt. Judd.
Class C. 1st, Sergt. Banfield; 2nd, Sergt. Gable.
Class D. 1st, Sergt. Stedman; 2nd, Bandmaster Saunders.

INTER-MESS TRIANGULAR TOURNAMENT.

Held on 29th August, 1929.

DUMMY THRUSTING SWORD.

Maj. J. F. Colvin, M.C.	..	55
Lieut. G. P. F. J. Roberts	..	60
2/Lt. Hon. A. F. Phillimore		53
		—168
S.S.M. R. I. Taylor	.. ..	61
Sergt. Hayworth	.. ..	60
Sergt. Bradshaw	.. ..	58
		—179
Cpl. Dale	.. .. ..	73
L/Cpl. Stack	.. ..	24
L/Cpl. Hardwidge	.. ..	69
		—166

ALL ARMS COMPETITION.

Capt. L. H. H. Harris	..	34
Lieut. M. H. Aird	.. ..	38
Lieut. G. E. Prior-Palmer	..	35
		—107
R.S.M. McIntyre	.. ..	46
S.S.M. R. I. Taylor	.. ..	41
Farr./Sergt. Stickles	..	20
		—107
Cpl. Frayne	.. .. ..	27
Cpl. Dale	.. .. ..	40
Cpl. Hardwidge	.. ..	31
		— 98

DUMMY THRUSTING LANCE.

Lieut. G. E. Prior-Palmer	..	52
Lieut. G. P. F. J. Roberts	..	54
2/Lt. Hon. A. F. Phillimore		53
		—159
R.Q.M.S. Giles	.. ..	60
Sergt. Hayworth	.. ..	67
Sergt. Bradshaw	.. ..	54
		—181

INDIVIDUAL TENT PEGGING.

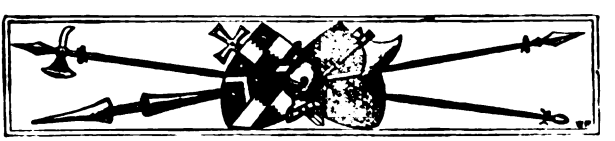
Maj. J. F. Colvin, M.C.	..	6
Capt. L. H. H. Harris	..	7
Lieut. M. H. Aird	.. ..	7
		— 20
R.S.M. McIntyre	.. ..	8
R.Q.M.S. Giles	.. ..	7
Sergt. Stickles	.. ..	10
		— 25
Cpl. Frayne	.. .. ..	9
Cpl. Banner	.. .. ..	8
Cpl. Parkes	.. .. ..	0
		— 17

SECTION TENT PEGGING.

Officers	.. .. ..	35
Sergeants	.. .. ..	47
Corporals	.. .. ..	35

Total Points.—

Sergeants	.. .. ..	539
Corporals	.. .. ..	498
Officers	.. .. ..	489



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SPORTING NEWS—EASTERN COMMAND, INDIA

Meerut. The Christmas Tournament.

Polo.

"The Pistol Shots" (Major Miles, R.A.V.C., Captains Herrick, Sawers, Royal Deccan Horse, Mr. Colam, "I" Battery) beat the "Delphiniums" (Brigadier Anderson, Captains Belben, Allen, Watkins) in the final. 9 teams entered.

Tent Club. Christmas meet Bijnor Island.

7 days' hunting, 7 boar, average number of spears out 7. Mr. Clements, 4th Hussars, has taken over the Honorary Secretaryship from Mr. Benson, R.A. Condition of the country good.

Delhi. The Radha Mohan Tournament.

Polo.

Jodhpur beat Kashmir in the final. 4 teams from Delhi and 4 from Meerut entered.

Tent Club.

Christmas Meet, 14 boar. During the meet Captain Scott Cockburn unfortunately lost a horse which fell and broke his neck.

Muttra.

Tent Club.

The Muttra Cup was originally intended to be held early in January; it had, however, to be abandoned owing to the very poor condition of the country. Locusts have lately caused great havoc in this part of the country.

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Calcutta. Christmas Tournaments.

Polo.

1. *The Carmichael Cup* (4 chukkar handicap for teams located in Bengal, Assam, Bihar and Orissa).—Government House (Captains Vaux, Birnie, Hatch and Major Kenworthy) beat the Northern Bengal Mounted Rifles (Mr. Shipsey, Capt. Jordan, Lieut.-Col. Little and Mr. Hill) in the final. 10 teams entered.

The Local Auxiliary Force Units put up a really good performance, and showed great keenness.

2. *The Ezra Cup* (4 chukkar handicap open to any team).—Jodhpur beat "The Crusaders"—a 4th Hussars team (Messrs. Cowdell, Wijk, Knight and Robinson) in the final, 23 teams entered.

3. *The I.P.A.* (6 chukkar open tournament).—The 15th Lancers (Mr. Loring, Captain Pert and Majors Anderson and Atkinson) beat the 8th Cavalry (Major O'Donnell, Captains Wilson, Tucker and Law) in the final. Major O'Donnell got kicked in the head just before play commenced; an Indian officer took his place. 9 teams entered.

Calcutta may congratulate themselves on having secured so many entries for their tournaments this year.

R.C.T.C.

Flat Races.

Mr. Eve's "Star of Italy" won both the King Emperor's Cup and the Viceroy's Cup.

Hurdle Races.

The Burdwan Cup was won by Messrs. Oxford's and Neilson's "Battle Line," ridden by Goswell.

The Grand Annual was won by Mr. Hunter's "Domestic Bond," ridden by Captain Leetham, 11th Hussars.

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SPORTING NEWS—CANADIAN

On the invitation of the American Government a Canadian Army Horse Show Team was selected from the Officers of the Permanent Force to compete at the Boston Horse Show, October 30th—November 2nd, and then to proceed to New York for the Horse Show there, November 6th—14th.

The Canadian Team was as follows :—

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.,
Captain S. C. Bate,
Captain L. D. Hammond,
Lieutenant C. C. Mann (Reserve).

There were eight horses in the string, two horses being allotted to each officer.

The team had barely three weeks' schooling in Toronto before proceeding to the United States, but were greatly assisted by the advice of Mr. Hugh S. Wilson, Oakville, Ont., who did everything in his power to strengthen the team with advice. The team was also indebted to H. C. Cox, Esq., who lent his excellent school, with all its facilities, during the preliminary training.

The results were as follows :—

Boston Horse Show.

Teams of Three Hunters or Jumpers.—Canadian team second.

MONTREAL (Lieut. Mann)
GOLDEN MELODY (Captain Bate).
MOTHER BERTHA (Capt. Hammond).

$1,000 *Championship International Military Stake.*

Won by BUCEPHALUS (Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.) after a jump off with two United States Army Officers—SERGEANT MURPHY (Captain Hammond) tied for fifth place.

Officers' Open Class.

BUCEPHALUS (Major Timmis)—Tied for third place.
GOLDEN GLEAM (Captain Bate)—Sixth.

5-Foot Class.

MONTREAL (Lieut. Mann)—Fifth Place.

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International Military Team Trophy.

Canadian Team:

BUCEPHALUS (Major Timmis)
SERGEANT MURPHY (Captain Hammond)
GOLDEN GLEAM (Captain Bate).

Tied with Irish Free State team for second place. The United States won this event with 4½ faults. In the jump off the Canadian team made a world's record score.

BUCEPHALUS ... 0 faults
SERGEANT MURPHY 0 faults
GOLDEN GLEAM ... 1 fault. Total 1 fault.

Irish Free State team scored 8½ faults in jump off.

Triple Bar Class.

CHANCELLOR (Major Timmis)—4th place.

New York Horse Show.

The jumping in New York was extremely high class. In numerous events four or five clean performances were the order. The Canadian horses did not ship very well from Boston, and due to the bad condition of the stables at New York most of the horses were sick and could not do themselves justice.

Teams of Three Jumpers.

GOLDEN MELODY (Captain Bate)
CHANCELLOR (Major Timmis)
MOTHER BERTHA (Captain Hammond).

Tied for first place with U.S. Army team; were beaten in the jump off.

$1,000 *International Military Stake.*

MONTREAL (Lieut. Mann)—Won after two jump offs with U.S. Army officers.

International Military Team Trophy.

POLAND	2½	faults
ITALY	6½	,,
U.S.A.	8	,,
IRELAND	13	,,
CANADA	20½	,,

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The first two horses in Canadian team went clean. Unfortunately the third horse blundered very badly at the stone wall, which seemed to stun him, 14 points were deducted for loss of time by this horse.

In the International Individual Military Championship Montreal (Lieut. Mann) made only ½ fault. Clean performances won the ribbons.

Although the unfortunate showing of one horse in the Military team trophy was a great disappointment, nevertheless the showing of the team as a whole was very good. Both important individual jumping events, in Boston and New York, were won by the Canadian team, e.g., by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., and Lieut. C. C. Mann. The shipping fever was also an unfortunate incident in New York, as Bucephalus was practically useless and could not be entered in the big team event.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"The Royal Air Force Quarterly." January, 1930. Gale & Polden. 7s. 6d.

We are delighted to welcome this latest recruit to the none too lengthy list of Service journals, and congratulate editors and publishers on their brilliant debut with its first number. There is so much of interest and value in it that a reviewer is nonplussed to know how to deal with it adequately. The layout of the pages comprises five sections, dealing respectively with personnel, organization and administration, with operations and intelligence, with research and technical development, with history and travel, and with civil aviation, while there are also two additional sections of Air Force notes and short stories. There are besides a frontispiece (a portrait of Marshal of the Air Force Sir Hugh Trenchard), two colour, four photogravure, twenty-two monochrome, and three line illustrations, and one map. A mighty wealth of material and decoration for 7s. 6d.

The reviewer would specially mention as worthy of reading by all Service officers the eight articles in the first and second sections. These deal with service in the R.A.F., preparation for the Staff College, leadership, and official language in the one section, and in the other with air strategy, co-operation work with the army in 1929, the Air operations in Afghanistan in 1929, and a naval miscellany. The travel articles and the short stories are also excellent. The other sections naturally have a less wide appeal, as have the book reviews, the notes on sport and extracts from Air Ministry Orders which conclude the number; but all are of the utmost interest and utility to

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those for whom they are meant. Nothing has been spared in this first number to make the journal as attractive and valuable as possible, and we extend to all connected with it our best wishes for the success it deserves, and will, we feel sure, rapidly attain.

"The Royal Engineers' Journal." December, 1929.

This excellent journal always contains much interesting matter, not only for sappers but for the Army in general. The first three articles in the current number come under the former head and deal respectively with Military Mining in the War, the Engineer School at Versailles, and sundry problems in connection with gunnery. Two articles on mechanization follow: one by Colonel Martel discusses the rôle of the mechanized force in mobile warfare and opines that considerations of economy and efficiency combine to make it preferable to compose such a force of light, rather than medium, tanks, the latter being kept for use in the decisive operations carried out by the main body. Mr. V. W. Germains in a thoughtful paper (with which many readers will not entirely agree) considers that in a European war we must modify our more sanguine imaginings of the decisive rôle to be played by armoured forces, and that we should do well to concentrate on mobility rather than armour in tank design. Colonel Molesworth gives a long and detailed account of our three wars against Afghanistan; and Lieutenant Micklam in an amusingly written paper advocates the use in all military offices of a personal card index, giving all requisite details for each man of all the personnel administered. A number of short technical papers, the usual lavish and detailed reviews of books and periodicals, and a memoir of the late Major-General A. E. Sandbach, C.B., D.S.O., R.E., complete the contents.

"The Fighting Forces." January, 1930.

This brightly written and admirably edited periodical continues to extend its radius of action to appeal to an ever-widening circle of readers. The Colonels'—and other officers'

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—ladies are now being catered for by two features intended specially for their edification; an Imperial Geography Bureau has been set up; and an inquiry bureau has also been opened, and deals this month with queries on such topics as battle honours, sport, education, cars, etc. Sport is represented by articles on the Cresta Run and fishing in Kashmir; the periodical item on settlement after retirement describes the prospects in South Africa; and there is the usual admirable assortment of stories, serious and otherwise, with a Service atmosphere. In more serious vein there is a most vivid and impressive account by Major Brownlow of the Battle of Cambrai, a disquisition by Lieutenant Commander Butt on defects and possible improvements in the present system of training naval officers, and an excellent description by Wing Commander Maude of that little known section of The Royal Air Force, the Fleet Air Arm. The editor deals trenchantly with the current cry in the Press for the reduction of Service staffs, and it is hoped that his judicious remarks on the radical unwisdom of such a policy will be widely read and heeded. There are three other readable articles on the Indian State Forces, a voluntary scheme for pensions of naval officers' widows, and the Indian Border State of Hunza. In a word, this is a very good and very widely varied number.

"Journal of the Royal Artillery." January, 1930.

This number contains a good proportion of historical articles —an account by Captain Latham of the Rocket Service, with particular reference to the part played by the British Rocket Brigade in the campaign in Germany in 1813; a sketch by Major Edwards of the history and holders of the appointment of Master Gunner of St. James' Park; and the first instalment of a series describing the various "honour" titles of batteries by Lieut.-Colonel Leslie (this particular one being concerned with the "dragon" honour gained in China in 1842). A deeply interesting and sympathetic sketch of Lord Horne as an Army Commander, by Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Anderson, who was for two years his chief General Staff Officer, opens the

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volume; he paints his chief as a reticent, lonely, sensitive soul, but clear-headed, resolute, meticulous in matters of discipline, deeply religious, and with a great practical knowledge of his profession—a man not easy to know, but when once known, the best of chiefs and leaders. Major Thomas in an article on "Make-Believe War," commends to his readers the study of "Training and Manœuvre Regulations"; Major Hogg offers some useful hints on how to carry out an inspection; and there are three articles of lighter and sporting interest, besides an abstruse mathematical disquisition on the slide rule, which the reviewer, whose ability in the realm of figures suffices only to enable him to under-estimate his overdraft, can but accept on trust as the last word on its subject.

E. W. S.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following:—

**The Royal Engineers Journal*	December, 1929.
**The Royal Air Force Quarterly* ...	January, 1930.
**The Fighting Forces*	January, 1930.
The Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps	January and February, 1930.
The Journal of the United Service of India	January, 1930.
**The Journal of the Royal Artillery* ...	January, 1930.
The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly	January, 1930.
The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps	January and February, 1930.
The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps	January and February, 1930.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal ...	January and February, 1930.
The Canadian Defence Quarterly ...	January, 1930.
The Strathconian...	January, 1930.
The Military Gazette "Canadian" ...	Nos. 23, 24, 1929; 1, 2, 3, 1930.
On the March	January and February, 1930.

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Our Empire	January and February, 1930.
The Eagle Journal of Royal Dragoons	January, 1930.
The Ypres Times...	January and February, 1930.
The Xth Royal Hussars Gazette ...	December, 1929.
The Wasp...	January, 1930.
The White Lancers and Vedette ...	January, 1930.
The United States Cavalry Journal ...	January, 1930.

* Reviewed in this Number.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

In the "Revue de Cavalerie" for November-December, 1929, there is the continuation of the account, which opened in the preceding issue, of the manœuvres of the 4th Division of French Cavalry of the Army of the Rhine, which took place in 1928. After giving an account of the actual operations carried out and of the manner in which the different units executed the various missions entrusted to them, the writer, Colonel Flavigny, pays a very special tribute to our 8th Hussars, which took part in these manœuvres attached to the French Cavalry Division. "One was at once struck," writes Colonel Flavigny, "by the first-rate turn-out of the *personnel* of the Regiment and the excellent condition of the mounts. The strictest discipline was maintained during the longest marches, and at every halt, whether long or short, the men dismounted to look after their horses, unsaddling them in order to rub their backs, massaged their legs and saw that they were fed and watered. The regimental staff took the greatest pains to ensure that the original orders, given in a foreign language, were carefully translated, and all instructions issued were carried out without mistakes or misunderstandings of any kind. The squadrons appeared to have been very carefully trained and manœuvred most skilfully, while they played their part admirably in the operations conducted by a large unit, work to which they were somewhat unaccustomed."

This number contains the final portion of the heroic story of the "Five days' reconnaissance" in the German Lines, carried out by five subaltern officers of French cavalry. Their various adventures make most stirring reading; some of the little party were made prisoners, others were wounded, but one is glad to think that they all recovered to see France again, and

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that one, the leader of the five, got back to cavalry headquarters with very useful information.

Captain d'Arexy contributes to this number a very enthusiastic article on the value of polo in the army; he admits with regret that many French officers do not care to pursue the game and that others even strongly disapprove of it; but as one who has played it regularly since its first introduction into the French army, and who may therefore be said to know something about it, he claims that it teaches, or helps to teach, all the best qualities desirable in the finished cavalryman—to keep one's head, *sang-froid*, decision, energy, and discipline. "Le polo," sums up the writer, "est sans rival."

The January-February number of this year contains an opening article dealing with the methods of instruction to be employed in a regiment of cavalry where the period of service, as in the other arms of the French army, is reduced to one year. Those of us who consider it very difficult to train and turn out an efficient cavalryman under our infinitely longer period of army service, will be interested to read the suggestions put forward in this paper for the thorough training of even the specialists of a cavalry regiment in twelve months; and to learn, as the writer contends, that under the system of training suggested, it is possible to afford a very complete instruction, and to turn out cavalry soldiers fit in every way for the requirements of active service.

Commandant Keime continues in this issue his series of articles on the tactics of Cavalry of to-day, and deals in this paper with the work of the cavalry division in the delaying action, based on the lessons in the early part of the Great War in September and October, 1914, and with special reference to the work of the 1st Division of French Cavalry. The author gives its movements from day to day, from its departure from the neighbourhood of Sus St. Leger on the night of the 2nd September, to the 20th October, when it had arrived near Roulers. During these days of storm and stress the 1st Cavalry Division naturally experienced many ups and downs; but the writer concludes his review of these operations with the general

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statement that the Cavalry Corps, of which the 1st Division formed part, had, by its delaying tactics, forced the German infantry divisions to spend three whole days in arriving at a point, which otherwise they might easily have reached in the course of a very few hours; that it had thus allowed of the holding successfully of a *tête du pont* to the east of the canal, and had denied to the enemy a portion of Belgian territory, the retention of which was of the first importance; while finally, the action of the Cavalry Corps had given time for the arrival upon the scene of allied reinforcements which had definitely barred to the enemy the road to Calais.

This number contains a most interesting account of the work of a squadron of the 1st French Hussars about Mareuil in August, 1918; worthy of study also is Captain Gazin's article entitled "Les détachments d'exploration en Allemagne."

To the "Schweizerische Monatschrift" for December last Colonel Lebaud contributes an interesting paper on the military forces of Czecho-Slovakia. This army had to be raised in something of a hurry during the general upheaval in Central Europe which followed upon the end of the Great War. A French Military Mission under General Pellé had been placed at the disposal of the new State to assist in the establishment and organization of an army, but it was impossible to proceed with a methodical organization owing to the invasion by the Magyars of those states of Slovakia which had previously formed part of Hungary. As now organized the army of Czecho-Slovakia contains a very large proportion of the cavalry arm, for the whole army is something under 110,000 strong in "other ranks," while containing ten regiments of cavalry each of six squadrons. The value of tradition is not lost sight of, for the 8th Regiment of Cavalry has recently been presented with a standard bearing the emblem of St. Wenceslas, the 8th being regarded as the present-day representative of an Austrian cavalry regiment which was originally raised in 1616.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

PART I.—MILITARY.

"The Art of Generalship." By Lieut.-Colonel C. O. Head, D.S.O. (Aldershot: Gale & Polden). 7s. 6d.

The sub-title of Colonel Head's book is "Four Exponents and One Example." The exponents are Napoleon, Wellington, Wolseley and Henry Wilson; and the example Salamanca. To these five papers the author prefaces a fairly long introduction, composed in the main of various conclusions drawn from his personal experience on the Western Front. (By internal evidence he was a gunner, commanding a brigade of field artillery.)

The five sketches, and of them in particular the biographical series, are highly provocative in matter with a fine old Anti-Whig bias. They give evidence of a wide reading and of much independent thought on the part of the author. With the aid of a peculiarly easy style and having no small aptitude for presenting his case free of technicalities, he consequently succeeds in making each of his subjects a very human and substantial person to the reader. Historically each sketch is accurate, and though Colonel Head is perhaps a little too willing to see the best in his hero and the worst in the Government for the time being, every word is not only interesting but stimulating. "Salamanca," the "example" of the fifth sketch, was written after he had visited the Peninsula in March, 1929; so Colonel Head, like Sir John Fortescue, is able to describe the operations in the light of a

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personal acquaintance with the ground. Taking the sketches they are five of the best military essays I have read recently.

I cannot say the same of the introduction, although it begins with some suggestive reflections on leadership in the abstract. A good part of it is occupied by criticism, perhaps sound, of the Corps system in France; but surely two and a-half pages (about one per cent. of the whole book, and ten per cent. of the introduction) regarding the misdeeds of a few gunners who committed a nuisance in an unauthorised place, is out of all proportion in a book on the art of generalship?

The book is well printed, but for no known reason the title is not stamped on the spine. When placed on the shelf it will therefore repose in aggravating and unnecessary anonymity.

H. B.

"Marlborough and His Campaigns, 1702-1709." By Colonel A. Kearsey. (Gale & Polden.) 3s.

THIS little volume, after the model of the author's former works dealing with the various campaigns set for promotion and other examinations, contains a diary of events, and accounts of Marlborough's four famous battles, "described in conjunction with Field Service Regulations," Volume II. (the old, not the new, edition). Six sketch maps, (which do not show all the places referred to in the text) are appended. All this should be of some use to students who know nothing of the subject with which the author deals, and will, it is to be hoped, encourage them to pursue their researches more widely; the book is not, we are sure, intended as a satisfactory substitute for further study, though there is a distinct danger with this, as with all short guides to knowledge of its kind, that it may be so regarded by those to whom the subject, though compulsory, is distasteful. Consequently, it is only as an introduction to Marlborough's life and wars that the book can be, and is, recommended. As such, it contains matter of real value, and nutritious, if rather potted, food for thought.

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"The Cavalry Went Through." By Bernard Newman. (Gollancz.) 7s. 6d.

This book contains the reminiscences, somewhat breezy and somewhat feverishly lyrical, of Brigadier-General Newman, who, if only by reason of his reflected glory as one of the chosen coadjutors of Field-Marshal Henry Berrington Duncan, must be already well known by name to every reader of the CAVALRY JOURNAL. Of the meteoric career of his chief in the late World War, thousands of volumes have told us; and Duncan's epic achievements are enshrined in the memories of all citizens of a grateful and victorious country, and all former combatants in the greatest of history's wars. But General Newman's book was well worth writing, if only for the vivid intimate glimpses it gives us of this greatest military figure of the age. He first brought himself to Duncan's notice in October, 1915, when the latter arrived in France after his lightning conquest of German North East Africa at the head of his Iron Battalion; and it is amusing to note that he gained his appointment to Duncan's staff by a happily devised solution to the problem of how to induce his second-in-command to dispense with a most unmilitary pair of side whiskers. He was present at the surprise and capture of Hill 70, near Loos, and at all the subsequent exploits of Duncan's little band of super-soldiers, culminating in the elimination of the St. Mihiel salient in February, 1916. He then sailed to Gallipoli with the combined expedition that overran the Peninsula in a night and forced the surrender of Constantinople and the signature of peace by Turkey in a six weeks' campaign. The course of events from Duncan's appointment as Generalissimo in France at the beginning of 1917, to the time when the Germans, shattered to pieces by the overwhelming British attacks between Arras and Ypres and from the Belgian coast, were surrounded in the Ardennes and laid down their arms, is narrated in less detail but with equal vividness, and the author ends his story at the signing of the Armistice—that epoch-making prelude to the happy era of peace and plenty, of light taxes and luxurious living, which all classes in this country enjoy to-day.

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"A perfectly gorgeous stunt," gorgeously worked out. It was quite impossible, of course, that it could really have happened. But—was it?

"Sherman: The Genius of the Civil War." By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (Benn.) 21s.

The American Civil War, which was first introduced to the British Army by Colonel Henderson's epoch-making classic "Stonewall Jackson," is once more exciting the attention of military writers. Following on Colonel Fuller's study of Grant, we now have Captain Liddell Hart's on his subordinate and colleague, Sherman. Both are excellent, and if we confess to a preference for the latter work, it is perhaps because Sherman's life, in contra-distinction to Grant's, has not up to the present been worthily written, so that we are thus on less familiar and less controversial ground. Also, one cannot resist the opinion that, taking them all in all, Sherman was the better soldier and the better man of the two; the last battle of Shiloh and the operations of 1864 in Virginia do little to enhance Grant's military fame, and his subsequent political career was not far short of discreditable. Sherman's later campaigns show him on the other hand increasing daily in strength and stature as a soldier, and once his military tasks were over he wisely adjured politics entirely. Moreover, his restless thirst for self-expression, his clarity of thought and word and pen, his finely-tempered mind and admirably wide grasp both of essentials and of detail, stand out so prominently in his voluminous correspondence and his memoirs that we seem to be able to know him more intimately and understand him more fully than is possible with the somewhat taciturn and mysterious Grant.

Captain Liddell Hart, whose every new book is better than his last, has done his work admirably. He not only tells us what Sherman did but shows him to us as he was; his descriptions of the campaigns, and his appreciation of their importance and bearing on the general issue of the war, leave nothing to be desired (we wish, however, that his publishers had not made the

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maps open the wrong way). Both he and Colonel Fuller have perhaps tended over-much to stress their favourite doctrines—in Captain Liddell Hart's case the value of the indirect approach and of the enemy people rather than his army as objective; one has a shrewd suspicion, after much study of history and biography, that the great men of the past were rather less clear-sighted and consistent than one is often asked to believe, and that not every Messiah would even understand, let alone approve, the teaching of his own apostles. But this insistence on his pet doctrines merely adds to rather than detracts from the interest of Captain Liddell Hart's book, which is first-rate biography and history—and none the less valuable for its occasional interludes of topical controversy.

E. W. S.

PART II.—SPORTING HORSE MANAGEMENT AND GENERAL.

"Stable and Saddle." By Lt.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (Methuen & Co.) 18s. net.

Reconsideration of dogmas should always be welcome, even though the latest views may be heterodox or wrong, inasmuch as thought is stimulated. Lt.-Col. McTaggart is to be congratulated on his book in which he examines critically various theories on "The Horse." Many old-cherished customs of the stable have undoubtedly survived for years, because they have been handed down from father to son and not from any point of reasoning. The author pleads for a fresh consideration of these: "Custom, like ivy, is of tenacious growth, so do not let us allow it to get too firm a hold of us, lest it choke us."

Some of the sixty-eight view-points that the author puts forward are undoubtedly correct, others are doubtful and many are heretical. But it is for the reader to reason and judge for himself. Will the latter agree with Col. McTaggart's views on shoeing—"Shoe, only if you must and then with tips only." The use of bandages, except for cuts, for travel, for racing and for

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warmth, is totally unnecessary, is another theory put forward. After a day's hunting, he advocates a good solid meal of oats unless the horse is exhausted.

Some readers might prefer to label "Stable and Paddock" "Popular Myths Exploded," others might prefer it to be burnt by the public executioner as was the fate of ancient heretical writings, but the author has certainly given us food for thought, and the book is to be recommended as one which will tend to make lovers of horses think out these problems for themselves and not to trust to old customs.

"The Manual of Horsemanship, Equitation and Driving, 1929." (H.M. Stationery Office.) 9d. net.

This is the latest official manual on the horse and contains matter, which was formerly incorporated in the various drill volumes of the various arms. It is stated that this Manual is to be used by horsed units of cavalry, artillery, engineer and signals in conjunction with their own drill books.

Chapter I. deals with Horsemanship, Minor Ailments and Saddlery; Chapter II with Equitation; Chapter III with Driving.

The idea of concentrating such subjects in one manual is not only sound, but more economical in view of the progress of mechanization.

"Hunting and Horses." By A Fox-Hunting Woman—Mrs. Philip Martineau. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.

This is a book of personal reminiscences taken chiefly from the hunting field and covers the period from the 'eighties till the present day. The authoress possesses a great love and a good eye for a horse, and she states that she could often recognise her old equine friends before her human friends. Her hunting experiences were in Ireland, in the Shires and Provinces, in France and in America. Mrs. Martineau is outspoken as

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regards some of her comments on hunting men and women, but these do not detract from the value of the book. A coloured frontispiece by G. D. Armour and some reproductions of well-known sporting prints are included in the volume.

O.J.F.F.

"Imperial Economy." By Major R. J. Wilkinson, O.B.E. (London: Sifton Praed.) 1930. 6s.

As the happy owner of a brilliant cartoon of Major Wilkinson's—frequenters of the billiard-room of a certain club in the Himalayas will know which I mean—I was much interested to receive his new book. It may at once be stated that he is as much at home with graver problems as he was with Thalia.

Imperial Economy is defined as the means by which the British Empire exists and persists. "These means consist of man-power, supplies of foodstuffs, fuel and raw materials, manufactures, systems of transportation, communication and credit, and measures for defence." Every page of this carefully compiled little book is packed with facts and with quotations full of food for thought. The scope of the work will be gathered from a selection of the chapter-headings: Sea-Power, Imperial Organization, Imperial Communications, Economy of Force, The Middle East, India, Colonial Defence, The Next War, and The British League of Nations. I predict that "Imperial Economy" will at once find a place by the side of Captain Cole's "Imperial Military Geography" on the bookshelf of every candidate for the promotion and Staff College entrance examinations; it should form an admirable pendant to the latter book, which comes from the same enterprising firm of publishers. At the same time it should appeal to a very much larger audience than the Services alone.

The book is well printed and bound, and has two useful maps. In the next edition, which will soon be called for, the opportunity should be taken to correct "Seuz" in the map of the world (in which Assam is marked as a town), and a number of minor misprints in the text.

H. B.

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The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the JOURNAL:—

"Historical Illustrations to Field Service Regulations, Operations, 1929." By Major H. G. Eady, M.C., *p.s.c.* (Sifton Praed & Co.) 10s. 6d., post free 11s.

"Changing Conditions of Imperial Defence." By Captain D. H. Cole, M.B.E. (Sifton Praed & Co.) 6s. 6d., post free 7s.

Printed by J. J. KELIHER & Co., LTD., Marshalsea Press, Southwark, S.E.1, 111, Kingsway, W.C., and 73, Moorgate, E.C.

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THE KETTLE DRUMMER, 1st LIFE GUARDS

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JULY, 1839

CAVALRY

By J. [illegible]

"A Cavalry [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JULY, 1930

CAVALRY BANDS

By J. Paine

"A Cavalry Band is a sacred thing. It only turns out for Commanding Officers' Parades, and the Band Master is one degree more important than the Colonel. He is a High Priest and the 'Keel Row' is his holy song. The 'Keel Row' is the Cavalry Trot; and the man who has never heard that tune rising, high and shrill, above the rattle of the Regiment going past the saluting-base, has something yet to hear and understand."

Rudyard Kipling.

One of the greatest delights of our boyhood was the spectacle of the mounted band. The cavalry arm has suffered severely during the last few years, and though its strength has been reduced by nine regiments, it has been robbed of its full dress uniforms, and has lost the lance as a weapon of war, it still retains its bands. The cavalry bandsman, moreover, is, unlike the trooper, still resplendent in the full-dress uniform, and, in his showy tunic, smart-looking overalls and jingling spurs, he is a familiar figure at seaside resorts. Unlike the civilian musician he is a player who must be able to fill many rôles. As one of a military orchestra he can satisfy the tastes of the audience of the select

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concert hall, he can take his place in the ranks of the band as a dismounted musician on the square or on the march and, greatest of all wonders, he is able to render stirring tunes on horseback. A good deal of this mounted work still falls to the lot of the bandsmen of the Household Cavalry, but in the other cavalry regiments parades of this order are not as frequent as they were.

When the regiment is mounted and the band has orders to accompany it, there is usually no alternative but to put the members of the latter on horseback, so it is fairly safe to assume that so long as cavalry retain the musical element the mounted band will stay. One trusts one shall never have the mortification of beholding a dismounted band at the head of a mounted regiment. If exception is made of the Royal Artillery Mounted Band, mounted bands are of a necessity peculiar to cavalry regiments, and it is of the bands of these twenty-two Regular regiments that it is proposed to say a few words.

The cavalry reduction scheme put into operation shortly after the war whereby several pairs of regiments were linked together as one regiment with a joint numerical title, brought about the reduction of nine regiments and incidentally nine first-class bands. The First Life Guards and the Second Life Guards as an instance were absorbed into one regiment as the 1st/2nd Life Guards and their respective bands were merged into the present one band of The Life Guards, this being the title granted to the regiment quite recently. One is glad to note, however, that the regimental marches of the two regiments are still played by the present band, "The First Life Guards' March," composed, by the way, by H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent, being followed by the old March of the Second Life Guards, "The Men of Harlech." The Household Cavalry has now only one other band, that of the Royal Horse Guards, familiar to all as "The Blues." These two staff, or stationary, bands fulfill many important engagements outside their regimental duties. Their uniform is that of the regiment, but they do not wear the cuirass, of course. On ceremonial occasions they don a dress familiar to all Londoners, the blue velvet jockey cap, the long gold coat, white pantaloons and Wellington boots. It is thus, headed by the kettle drummer

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between an escort of troopers, one used to behold the mounted band in all its glory. The spectacle may still be seen, but not quite the same since the drummer's escort has of late been dispensed with, but the writer has been informed on good authority that the custom has a chance of being revived again. As the newspaper reporters kindly remind us now and then, the drummer steers his steed with reins attached to his stirrups. It would be difficult to conceive of how else he could manage his horse since he has a drum stick in each hand. More unenviable still would seem to be the lot of some of the mounted bandsmen in the leading ranks, the euphonium and trombone players especially. In the hands of a deft player and a good rider, however, the size and awkwardness of these instruments is soon overcome. When not on the march a mounted band invariably forms up in two ranks behind the drummer and bandmaster. In this formation one of the Household Cavalry bands is conspicuous in the centre of the Horse Guards' Parade at the annual Trooping of the Colour; whilst on the occasion of visits of foreign Royalty one is often posted outside Buckingham Palace or at some point of vantage on the route. Not by reason of their inferiority but on account of the combination of instruments one can invariably tell the approach of a mounted band, which, by the way, is brass in instrumentation and often consists of as many as thirty performers. This number, however, does not constitute the musical establishment of a cavalry regiment. The Life Guards, for instance, can boast of a Trumpet Major, a Corporal of Horse, a Corporal, a kettle drummer, twenty-four musicians, eight trumpeters and a quartette of boys, some forty in all. Outside the Service trumpeters are often thought to be just trumpeters and nothing more, but when available they have to perform band duties, and a certain number of junior musicians are liable for duties as acting trumpeters. In due course each trumpeter becomes absorbed into the establishment of musicians, so taken all round he is quite a useful servant of the State. The State dress of the Household Cavalry bands mentioned above is, by the way, not worn by the bandmaster who wears the dress of an officer of the regiment, minus the cuirass.

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Whilst bandmasters of all other cavalry regiments rank only as First Class Warrant Officers and are on par with Regimental-Sergeant-Majors, those of The Life Guards and The Blues hold the King's commission and are known as Directors of Music, their actual rank being that of Lieutenant. One of the famous Godfrey family, Charles, was bandmaster of The Blues for thirty-four years, his successor in 1903 being J. Manuel Bilton who laid aside his baton only a few years ago. Nor must it be forgotten that one of the founders of the "Society of British Musicians," James Tutton, was at one time the bandmaster of this regiment. Charles Cousins, the well-known Director of Music to the Royal Military School of Music from 1874 to 1890, was originally a bandsman in the First Life Guards, the regiment which also included in its bandsmen, James Waterson, afterwards Bandmaster of the regiment and Editor of "The British Bandsman." There are many who remember as Bandmaster of the same regiment in pre-war days Capt. George Miller, L.R.A.M., the present Bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards.

With the birth of the British Army at the Restoration came the kettledrums of the Life Guards which, accompanied by the trumpets, had to serve as the band of the regiment in those days. The Blues and the First King's Dragoon Guards were granted the same privilege in the reign of King James the Second and by the close of the eighteenth century the majority of the remaining cavalry regiments had followed suit. This was the beginning of the cavalry band as we know it to-day. In its evolution it has had many ups and downs, for it was not till after the Crimean War that the subject of military music was given to serious consideration by the authorities, who realized that in this direction our Army was far behind those of the Continental powers. Napoleon had been a great believer in the combination of battle and music and actually established a school for the training of trumpeters, our Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, being then an institution undreamt of.

Whilst a technical dialogue on cavalry bands would prove of

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interest only to musical readers, there are other matters associated with our mounted bandsmen which are deserving of notice. Next to the fact that they still cling to the State dress uniforms worn well over a century ago, the most interesting fact concerning the Household Cavalry bands lies in the fact that not only were they the first to be accorded the privilege of carrying kettle-drums, but that they still possess the beautiful presentation drums that were beaten at the head of the regiments concerned in the days of George the Third and William the Fourth. Furthermore, it is just a century ago since Lord Cathcart, Colonel of the Second Life Guards and our Minister at St. Petersburg, received from the Emperor a set of chromatic trumpets of the same make as those played by the Imperial Guards. The presentation was made on condition that the new patent chromatic contrivance on each trumpet would be covered up. Almost needless to add the secret could not long remain with the band of Cathcart's regiment, and to cut a long story short the invention of the cornet duly came about, the saxhorn following some years later.

In the much admired picture by A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., of "The Drummer of His Majesty's First Life Guards" exhibited at the Royal Academy eight years ago and now in the possession of the regiment, the State dress is shown to advantage. Moreover, the wearer is a Britisher, but in its early days the regiment, in common with other cavalry regiments, used to requisition the services of negroes as drummers and trumpeters.

Mention has already been made of the First King's Dragoon Guards whose band, like those of the Queen's Bays (Second Dragoon Guards), the First The Royal Dragoons and the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons), has remained unaffected by the post-war scheme of amalgamation of regiments. The identity of the once familiar bands of the Third Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's) and The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards) is preserved in the present band of the one regiment now known as the 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards). There was never any mistaking the old band of the 6th Dragoon Guards, since in common with the regiment it wore a blue full-dress

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uniform, the remaining nine regiments of Dragoon Guards and Dragoons being scarlet coated. All these regiments wore the plumed helmet except the Royal Scots Greys whose bearskin cap was adorned with a red plume when worn by the bandsmen and trumpeters, whereas the rest of the regiment had a white plume. In the head-dresses of the bandsmen of other regiments, instances could be given of the difference in colour of the plume to that worn by troopers of the same regiment. Occasionally one has the pleasure of seeing cavalry bandsmen in the imposing pre-war head-dress, but the peaked fatigue cap now worn with full dress is quite smart, and on a hot day must be considerably more comfortable to the wearer. Even in the khaki field-service dress a cavalry band presents quite an attractive appearance, since its members wear riding breeches and spurs and their puttees are rolled in a more becoming way than infantrymen's.

Some of the old Army Inspection Returns at the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane, London, furnish many interesting details concerning the establishment and clothing of the men who composed the rather primitive "band of musick" sported by cavalry regiments in what now seems the far distant eighteenth century. It is in one of these musty old documents of 1754 that one comes across the entry that the drummers of what is now the First King's Dragoon Guards were all mounted on grey horses, a practice then in vogue for musicians of most cavalry regiments but afterwards discontinued. The number of drummers in each cavalry regiment in due course was reduced to the one that we all now know so well. In 1768, for some reason or other, the regiment just referred to was without any music at all but a Return of eight years later shows it had very good fifers and musicians. Six years following one notes that the trumpeters of this regiment were in most cases, when occasion demanded, fifers as well.

The information that twelve swords were received in 1750 for the drummers of the Second Dragoon Guards, is not altogether strange when one remembers that at this time the mounted drummer was a person of some consequence, and had, with the trumpeter, been regarded as such since the days of the

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Civil War. Manesson Mallet, for instance, in 1691 says "The kettledrum player should be a man of courage, preferring to perish in the fight, than allow himself and his drums to be captured. He should have a pleasing motion of the arm, an accurate ear, and take a delight in diverting his master by agreeable airs." To quote the words of an Army officer in 1668, the trumpeter had to be "a man of accomplishment, with a comely figure, a good deportment" and, moreover, was expected to be "a politic, discreet and cunning person." These were the good old days, the days when war and romance went hand in hand. Let not the present reader imagine that his descendant is a less worthy warrior, for both prior and since the Great War it was (and is) no uncommon sight to see a row of campaign medals on the breast of the rider of the drum horse, or, for that matter, on the tunics of the other members of the cavalry band. The drummer is sometimes one of the squadron trumpeters, in fact, as previously emphasized, a certain proportion of the band is formed by men or youths who are trumpeters in the regiment. It was a trumpeter of the Second Dragoon Guards, T. Monaghan, who was awarded the much coveted Victoria Cross for saving the life of a wounded officer in the Indian Mutiny, a campaign in which the Cross was also won by a trumpeter of the Ninth Lancers, Robert Kells, who afterwards went into The Carabiniers and rose to the rank of Trumpet Major, a rank now held by the non-commissioned officer in charge of the trumpeters, and filled by one who also plays in the regimental band. The Trumpet Major, moreover, was the Bandmaster in the days when the cavalry band, in more ways than one, was far behind what it is to-day.

Until a few years ago the present band of the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards had its separate existences with the regiments we remember as the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and the Seventh Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's). The former regiment, the old First Horse of the Irish Establishment, had only the one kettledrum, according to an inspection return of 1767, but though this seems a one-sided affair, the now universal adoption of a drum on either side of the drummer's horse had

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not been the vogue with all regiments till a later date. It is worthy of notice that the post of Bandmaster to the now abolished Cavalry Depôt at Canterbury was taken over in 1885 by one who spent his more humble days as a bandsman in the Fourth Dragoon Guards, Henry Sims. In the latter part of the eighteenth century there is the following curious official entry, concerning what were then the musicians of the Seventh Regiment of Dragoon Guards, "Trumpeters, one too young and little to mount a horse.

One of the amalgamations which one is forced constantly to refer to here, is that of the regiments, and incidentally the bands, once known as the Fifth Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) and the Inniskillings (Sixth Dragoons). Till quite recently the band of this regiment was billed at performances as the 5th/6th Dragoons, but it is now styled the Fifth Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The original Fifth, popularly known as The Green Horse in the same way as the Seventh Dragoon Guards was dubbed The Black Horse, had in 1775 one kettledrummer and four of the trumpeters trained "to play on different instruments which, with two boys paid by the Captains and mounted on Officers' horses, made altogether a good Band of Music." The combination does not sound particularly inspiring but these were the days when military music was still in its infancy. Whilst non-commissioned officers and men of the original Inniskillings wore yellow waistcoats and breeches up to 1768, those of the drummers, trumpeters and hautbois were red.

Conspicuous at the head of the black plumed helmets of the First The Royal Dragoons in pre-war days were the white plumed helmets of the bandsmen of the regiment, which as yet has not suffered alliance with another regiment. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the trumpeters are said to have been handsomely dressed and formed a good Band of Music. Like the farriers they then rode black horses and, regrettable to add, they were all foreigners. The Royal Scots Greys boasted about this time of what they designated a "Music-Master," whose band consisted of half a dozen trumpeters who

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when dismounted were initiated into the art of mastering the clarinet, the French horn and the bassoon. One writer has put it on record that the Greys was the only heavy cavalry regiment that could boast of a band in the Crimean War.

If something of interest to the general reader must be said of the bands of the twelve Hussar regiments which existed before the amalgamation scheme dispensed with three of them, the information imparted will of a necessity have to be confined to a few remarks only. It is known from contemporary information that just over a century and a half ago a black kettledrummer appeared on the muster rolls of the Third The King's Own Hussars. This is the regiment which since 1778 has maintained the services of a kettledrummer clothed as a sergeant who, on ceremonial occasions, wears a massive silver collar presented by the wife of the Colonel about that time.

The Fourth Queen's Own Hussars was quite notorious in the latter half of the eighteenth century owing to the escapades and consequent Courts Martial of several of its negro trumpeters and drummers. The regiment, however, seemed loth to part with the coloured element in its musicians and as late as 1842 had an Indian Trumpet Major. Of the same nationality were the half dozen trumpeters, kettledrummer and Trumpet Major who composed the band of this British regiment a score of years previously. In the forties, however, the Fourth were able to muster three cornets, five trumpets, two French horns, one Kent bugle, one ophicleide, three trombones and a pair of kettledrums. The band of the same regiment consisted of about forty performers in 1886, the year in which it gave many much appreciated performances at the Edinburgh International Exhibition where bands competed from all over the country, the only other cavalry band represented being that of The Blues.

To read in an official document of "remarkable pretty horses" seems a somewhat happy departure from the usual form of expression, but this is the observation made on the greys of the drummers in a mid-eighteenth century inspection return of the Seventh Queen's Own Hussars, a regiment of Scottish origin, a fact still perpetuated by its retention as a regimental march

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of "The Garb of Old Gaul," which is also the appropriately chosen march of the Scots Greys. There is no mistaking the nationality of the Seventh's bandmaster in 1859, William Van Den Heuval, nor that of the one appointed to the same regiment at the time of the Zulu War, Carli Zoeller, who afterwards became bandmaster of the Second Life Guards. The Eighth King's Royal Irish Hussars, who favour the national air of "St. Patrick's Day," had serving as a bandsman in the regiment in the 'sixties the afterwards celebrated bandmaster of the Tenth Hussars, Duke of York's School and Royal Marine Artillery, Second Lieutenant Benjamin Green, M.V.O.

No discussion on cavalry bands would be complete without the mention here and there of a few of these regimental marches, since these are the tunes played by the bandsmen on innumerable occasions, though most of them are familiar only to that section of the public who happen to reside near barracks occupied by cavalry. That the Tenth Hussars should share with the Third Dragoon Guards and Twelfth Lancers the privilege of playing "God Bless The Prince of Wales" is only to be expected, since the well-known Plume of Feathers of His Royal Highness form part of the crest of all three regiments and his title has a place in the full designation of each. It was, by the way, a bandsman of the Tenth Hussars who achieved fame as a fighter in the Egyptian Campaign, and on being asked to name his reward asked for the pardon of an officer who had previously been dismissed from the Service. The whole story formed the subject of a long poem in a contemporary number of "Punch." The celebrated Guards' Bandmaster, the late Captain Albert Williams, M.V.O., Mus. Doc. (Oxon), was the Tenth's bandmaster in the late 'eighties.

The bandsmen of the Eleventh Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) have long been the most conspicuous of all Hussar musicians, not only on account of their crimson overalls, worn by no other regiment in the Service, but from the fact that their busbies have been of grey fur instead of the customary black. The drummer, moreover, has, or did have, a taller plume than that worn in the busbies of the other bandsmen. Like the other

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cavalry bands, that of the Cherrypickers had small beginnings, the year 1790 witnessing a muster of ten musicians, comprising six trumpeters, three men of musical inclinations from the squadrons, and the worthy person appointed to control them. Nineteen bandsmen, however, could be produced twelve years later, the Thirteenth Hussars boasting also of about this same number in the same year. In the early 'sixties the latter regiment dropped its reed band in favour of a brass band, but it was not long before the discovery was made that to suit all requirements both combinations had to be adopted. Unlike the remaining Hussar regiments, the Thirteenth had overall stripes, tunic collars, busby bags and plumes all of the one colour, white, a circumstance which brings to memory an amusing story in one of Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills" concerning The Rout of the White Hussars. It is probably only one of this great writer's yarns, but in reading this story of the resurrection in the Shiny East of a drum horse the reader feels that he has made the discovery of a hitherto unrecorded incident in the annals of an English cavalry regiment, a regiment whose whole inner life was upset by the new commanding officer casting a drum horse who "carried himself with all the pomp and dignity of a drum-major of the Guards" and replacing it by "a washy, bay beast, as ugly as a mule, with a ewe-neck, rat tail, and cow hocks." Little wonder the drummer detested such an animal. Kipling is at his best when he goes on to say that "the best of the band-horses put back their ears and showed the whites of their eyes at the very sight of him. They knew him for an upstart and no gentleman."

The Thirteenth Hussars is now, of course, absorbed with the old Eighteenth Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own) as the 13th/18th Hussars. The Eighteenth must confess to have had no music at all in 1792, but eventually, of course, a band was formed in this as in every other regiment during the last century. One of its bandsmen, Joel Englefield, became bandmaster to the regiment in the late 'sixties, and eventually aspired to the bandmastership of the First Life Guards.

Every trumpeter of the Fourteenth King's Hussars could play

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on the fife, and some on the clarinet, according to one of its regimental inspection returns of 1775. The fine regimental march of the Fourteenth, "The King of Prussia," was introduced by its commanding officer when it was stationed at Bangalore fifty years ago. The band used to play "Up Light Loo" as a regimental trot, whilst "Rory O'More" was used as the regimental gallop. The cavalry brigade gallop has been for many years "Bonnie Dundee." At the King's Birthday celebrations and such like at Aldershot it used to be a fine sight to see the march past of the massed mounted bands of a cavalry brigade. The Fourteenth now appear in the Army List with the Twentieth Hussars as the 14th/20th Hussars, another sad evidence of the disappearance of a regiment and its band. Charles Lee, bandmaster to the Fourth Dragoon Guards in the 'eighties, received his early musical tuition as a bandsman of the Twentieth Hussars.

The Fifteenth The King's Hussars and the Nineteenth Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's Own) have suffered in the same way, and now form one regiment as the 15th/19th Hussars. Like so many other cavalry bands towards the end of the eighteenth century, the Fifteenth had more foreign trumpeters than British. One of its regimental songs "Sahagun" commemorates the great battle of that name fought in 1808, and granted as a Battle Honour to this regiment alone. The Danish National Anthem, the march so often played by the band of the Nineteenth Hussars, was adopted in honour of the regiment's Colonel-in-Chief, the late Queen Alexandra. Its mounted band used to be headed by a kettledrummer who, instead of the short brush plume in his busby, wore that of an officer's.

Lastly, there are the bands of the Lancer regiments. The Ninth Queen's Royal Lancers, who had no music whatever in 1792, had in after years as its bandmaster the renowned Klussmann, who claimed to have been the originator of the brass band. For a short spell in the early 'forties the Ninth's band was under the able conductorship of Carl Boosé, one of the finest clarinet players of his day. The only other Lancer band remaining unamalgamated so far with that of another regiment

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is that of the Twelfth Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's). During the Peninsular War the "Supple Twelfth" broke into a Spanish monastery and took a hundred and four bottles of wine, and for every one of those bottles the Duke of Wellington imposed an extraordinary punishment, which, if the story is true, was that the regiment must play every night before retreat five tunes, the Vesper Hymn, Spanish Chant, the Russian National Anthem, God Bless the Prince of Wales and God Save the King. The 104 years is said to have expired in August 1916 but the custom is still in vogue in the regiment. The playing of the Vesper Hymn in another version, is said to have been associated with an officer's wife who presented the band with a new set of instruments on the understanding that it played this tune nightly after "Last Post." The Second Life Guards' bandmaster in the late 'eighties, Second Lieutenant C. W. H. Hall, M.V.O., commenced his musical career as a bandsman of the Twelfth Lancers.

"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" was the march of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, who in 1775 had a kettle drummer mounted on a long-tailed bay, nine trumpeters who played on different instruments and "two boys clothed as trumpeters and mustered as Dragoons." The regiment is now the 16th/5th Lancers, the old Sixteenth The Queen's Lancers, being once familiar as the only regiment of its kind with scarlet tunics, the other Lancers being in blue. Captain F. W. Wood, who recently relinquished the much coveted position of Senior Director of Music to the Brigade of Guards, was at one time a bandsman in the Fifth Lancers.

Almost a hundred and forty years ago the band of the Seventeenth Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own) consisted of only a half-a-dozen trumpeters, three of whom were Germans. The composition of its mounted brass band in the 'sixties is a pleasant contrast: five cornets, two trumpets, three saxhorns, two baritones, two euphoniums, three trombones, two bombardons and the pair of drums. The regiment's bandmaster in the 'forties, Henry Schallehn, before becoming Director of Music at Kneller Hall, conducted the old Crystal Palace Band in the

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days of the Crimean War. Albert Hartmann of the same regiment, and one of the early flute teachers at Kneller Hall, was the first bandmaster in the Service to take the degree of Doctor of Music (Oxon). Its showy blue and white uniform is still worn by the present band of the 17th/21st Lancers, but the very uncommon and beautiful French grey dress of the absorbed regiment, the Twenty-First Lancers (Empress of India's) is something that it is unlikely one will ever behold again. The drums, by the way, of Lancer and Hussar bands are of particular interest since they belong to regiments which, unlike the Household Cavalry, Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, do not carry standards or guidons and consequently have only the drum banners on which to display their much cherished Battle Honours.

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CAVALRY UMPIRE

By SIEGFRIED P.

PELMAN descended from the railway carriage on to the dark platform. His companion, a Colonel-on-the-Staff, was met by a British orderly, who took his valise. They disappeared into the road beyond the station and got into a car. Pelman asked a Provost Corporal the way to the Cavalry Camp, and was directed down a road in the opposite direction. He set off with his bearer along the sandy track. They humped their belongings between them. After an interminable walk they came to a lamp throwing a dim light on to a side path between cactus hedges. Some lights shone in the offing.

"We'll try up here, Maqbul," said Pelman. Another ten minutes brought them to tents, and a man directed them to the cavalry lines.

A hearty greeting awaited Pelman round a camp fire. The officers had just finished dinner, but some stewed "murghi" (chicken) was soon brought to him, and beer was poured into a tin mug. "So, you're one of our bally umpires," said the second-in-command. "Feed the beast, you fellows."

They went to bed early. Maqbul Khan had arranged Pelman's blankets on a bed of hay in a small tent under a wall. He dropped down in his breeches, and only awoke with his bearer's hand on his shoulder.

"Panch baje, Sahib! (five o'clock, Sir). Here is a cup of tea." Pelman sleepily sipped his tea in the light of the lamp. The camp was astir around him. He crawled into the open. Lights were moving everywhere, like will-o'-the-wisps. It was still dark. Horses were neighing, and the usual commotion of striking camp was in progress. Pelman shaved by the light of

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his hurricane batti (lamp), and the dawn came up as he completed his toilet and strolled across to the mess tent for hot coffee, eggs and bacon. He always found the latter difficult to consume at such an hour, but persevered as he did not know when he might get a square meal again.

He watched his bearer packing up. The wall under which they had slept was rosy in the rising sun. It was partly a ruin. From its age and castellated height, Pelman knew that the old wall must have looked down on many such a scene of activity through previous centuries, back to the time when it had been built by its first Muslim lord.

The Blue force was not allowed to cross a line East and West through Gurgaon before 6.30 a.m. The Blue commander understood from his instructions that his enemy was likewise prohibited. The Blue Cavalry was to lead the army in its advance after the declaration of war, to relieve its great frontier town and economic centre, Delhi, from the White's investment. The Blue army was strong in infantry, the White army in aeroplanes and armoured cars.

It was just 06.30 hours, therefore, that the Cavalry vanguard squadron crossed the Gurgaon station road. Its two point troops had already disappeared into the fields beyond. The remaining two troops were close together, each in column of sections. As they reached the road a roar came to their ears, and down upon them rushed two armoured cars at two hundred yards interval, their machine gun crews rattling tin cans to represent gun-fire. The troops were taken by surprise. These armoured cars could not possibly have got there unless they had started before time. It appeared later that this was allowed for surprise purposes.

The squadron commander soon recovered his wits, and his horsemen were scattered in a twinkling over the country side. The cars disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the squadron rallied across the road at a gallop. Pelman put fifteen men out of action as casualties from m.g. fire.

He then rode off into the village, where he found an enemy armoured car crew hauling a farm cart out of a narrow road,

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where it had been placed as an obstruction. Two minutes later it was off up the road, only to be sent home as "dead" from a 13-pounder shell of one of the Blue R.H.A. battery guns, which had galloped round the village to cover the rear exit at point blank range. The car, however, claimed to have captured or killed a Blue Brigade commander and his staff.

Pelman rejoined his cavalry. He found that the vanguard troops were dismounted in some shrub, having been held up by enemy infantry. Intermittent firing went on across the Gurgaon-Delhi Cantonments road.

The enemy withdrew, but a senior umpire told the cavalry not to advance for twenty-five minutes.

A field troop, R.E., arrived on the scene, and started mining the road against armoured cars.

A Staff Officer escorting a group of newspaper reporters came up and chatted to Pelman about the war. The conversation was ended by an enemy armoured car hurtling down the road spitting fire. Pelman went and spoke to the R.E. officer, who told him that sappers were mining the road at several important points, one being a bridge about five miles nearer to Delhi Cantonments.

A few minutes later the Cavalry C.O. came up. He told Pelman that he had sent an Indian Officer's patrol up the Delhi Cantonments road to the very bridge on a reconnaissance. Pelman decided, therefore, that he ought to attend this side show. He trotted off. The early morning had been chilly, but the atmosphere was glorious now. A bright clear day—the sun shone on hard brown fields. A few had early winter wheat, but apart from stubble they were generally bare. The manœuvres were timed so as to interfere as little as possible with crops. Low hills were visible to the North and West. Villages nestled white in hollows, dome and minaret sparkling in the bright light. Rocky hills gleamed red, blue and grey in the heat haze. Ruins were scattered here and there among the fields.

Pelman cantered along the side of the road in a pleasant frame of mind. He reached the bridge, and found the patrol halted behind the village. Its scouts were beyond. They had

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found nothing. An R.E. subaltern was busy with a party under the bridge. He showed Pelman his arithmetical calculations of explosive to be used, and explained that it was easily within his power to provide it. He then laid a fuse to cover, one hundred and fifty yards away. He also asked the patrol leader if he would co-operate and dismount for action to cover the bridge with rifle fire. The Indian officer agreed. They all took their stations, and Pelman and his horse were alone in the landscape.

Ten minutes passed, and then—"honk! honk! honk!" and two armoured cars appeared, travelling at thirty miles an hour. As the first one reached the bridge a flag went up from the R.E. officer's station. An outburst of blank fire came from the sappers and the cavalry patrol. The umpire stopped the car and told the officer in charge that he had been blown up on the bridge, and must return home and take no further part in the manœuvres.

"All right, Sir, we've had a good run for our money. Home John!" and the car sped on.

The second car tried to follow over the bridge, but Pelman had his horse as a barrier across the road. The car stopped and its commander, a sergeant, peered from the turret. Pelman explained that he could not go on as the bridge was in ruins, that his fellow was dead, and that they were being heavily fired on from the left front.

"We can't go back, Sir. There was only just room to get by a trench half way across the road as we came through. It'll be finished now. Besides, they'll be waiting up for us with 13-pounders. We did a good bit of work. You should have seen everyone careering about the country. I chased some Indian Cavalry all round a field."

"I know," said Pelman, "the ground is so hard, but now it's your turn. What will you do?" The sergeant looked round him. The bridge was over a deep nullah (dry water-course), some fifty yards wide and twenty feet below road level. A narrow track led into the nullah from both ends of the bridge.

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"We've bridging equipment, Sir," answered the sergeant at length. "I'd ramp that ditch, and we'd easily get round."

"All right, sergeant; do it!"

The sergeant looked slightly discomforted, but, seeing that the umpire meant business, he disappeared. The door of the turret suddenly opened, and the commander dismounted followed by three men. They walked round the car to examine the ditch bordering the road.

"One of your men's dead," shouted Pelman. "You can't reconnoitre in full view of those fellows shooting at you. Get under cover quickly." The sergeant and his men jumped back behind their car; and, crawling under it, carried out a reconnaissance on their stomachs. Two long boards were then unslung from the side of the car and placed in position across the ditch by means of an entrenching tool and a mallet. The crew got back into their steel home. The car backed and then proceeded gingerly on to the boards. There was a crack—one of the boards slipped. A wheel went over the side, and a second later the bottom of the sump pit had been knocked in and oil was pouring into the ditch. The armoured car was finished as far as the war was concerned. The crew had to emerge and die. Pelman left them half an hour later, still digging and hauling. An S.O.S. had been sent by a passing sightseer's car for the repair gang and mobile workshop.

The cavalry patrol had disappeared to report to its regiment. Pelman ate some sandwiches, and rode off across untilled rocky country. He had difficulty in finding his way through deep ravines, running like a maze, twisting and turning for miles. The sheep tracks were most misleading. It was late in the afternoon that he struck the main Gurgaon-Delhi road, just to the south of the highest of the ridges.

Masses of transport filled the road for as far as the eye could see. A tractor-pulled howitzer battery was creeping up the left of the road. Abreast of it was an unending stream of A.T. carts, and to the right again an army of camp followers streamed north, a motley throng, carrying every sort of impedi-

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menta. A staff car was trying to force its way past the three deep columns. Pelman reined up and watched.

Suddenly a drone came to his ears. There was a village across the road below the ridge, surrounded by peepul trees, sentinels black and forbidding the gathering darkness. From behind them appeared an aeroplane, bearing down upon him. It swung round over Pelman, and at a height of fifty feet went roaring up the road, spitting death into the crowded ranks. The gunners certainly had anti-aircraft automatics—but Pelman saw no effort made to use them. It was the end of a long day. Everyone sat and watched the enemy 'plane shooting at them, surprised and interested.

Pelman forced his way up to the head of the guns and found their Major. "Half your guns, tractors and personnel are out of action, Sir. They will not move from here for three hours from now. Let's synchronize watches. You did nothing to scare that dodger away. He'd have caused terrible havoc." The Major was pained. "But look here, just see how the road's blocked. We've been ordered to take up a position for the night. We'll never get in if we do as you say. It's nearly dark now."

"It's just because the road is so blocked that that aeroplane did so much damage. Sorry, Sir, I'm afraid you must do it," and the Umpire Captain left the Major and hurried on to the top of the ridge, where in a tent just off the road he found his chief umpire. He explained what he had done.

"Quite right, my lad. I'm behind you all the way. Teach 'em a lesson; even if rations are late. Just what would happen on a single line of communications like this." The famous gunner general tucked his eye glass more firmly into his eye.

Pelman went out again into the night. It was an hour later that he rode into the Cavalry encampment. He found the officers tired and not overjoyed with the results of the past day, but a little alcoholic refreshment put them all into a happier frame of mind. They retired to sleep early. Their rations and servants only reached them in the early hours of the morning. Pelman said nothing about his aeroplane.

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Soon after dawn the cavalry were ordered forward again, on the left flank of the advance. They had been relieved by infantry outposts for the night. They were soon held up in the morning mist by enemy infantry, but after a sharp engagement were allowed to proceed. They were in thickish country now, undulating, with topes of mangoe trees, villages, and many ruins of the glory that was once Delhi!

Pelman and a brother umpire rode on in front. "They ought to be a bit more lively," said Pelman. "I can't see why they don't risk a little and get on. It's like a funeral." They came out into an open field, with ruins on both flanks. "Look at that camouflage, Jerry. Do you see that armoured car trying to look as if its cupola belonged to the little mosque? Rather good, what?"

"We'll wait and see what our fellows do here," replied his companion. A cavalry patrol reached the field, and galloped back on being fired at from a range of fifty yards.

"The only thing to do, of course, is to gallop the field in well extended lines. The war taught that. They'd be across the field and over the road and into that wood before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' I'll go across and watch them do it from the other side of the road, while you stay with them, if you've no objection."

He trotted over into the wood. Nothing stirred. After waiting ten minutes, he decided to go a little further. He left the cover of the wood, passed through some sugar cane, and out into cotton fields—over a low rise, and lo and behold! An enemy cavalry brigade was passing at a walk across his front. They appeared unconscious of danger from their flank, and no one noticed Pelman.

This was too much! If only those cavalry had come on! What a charge they could have made! He rode down the slope, and finding a Major asked him what was happening. His umpire's badge gave him free access to all information. The enemy cavalry were retiring after a reconnaissance to the South-East, where they had had a fight with Blue infantry. They were going back to water and rest by the Jumna.

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Pelman left them and rode to a high mound, which gave a fine view over the country. He sat there for an hour. A group of villagers came out and chatted with him—but the Blue lances never appeared. They brought Pelman water and chuppattis.

It was 4 p.m. when Pelman decided that he had better leave his eyrie and return to the Blue force. He re-crossed the Grand Trunk road three quarters of an hour later. There was no sign of his cavalry. He examined a lovely old tomb. Pigeons were roosting there. He re-crossed the road once more, and found a magnificently appointed camp, belonging to Imperial Service troops commanded by their chief. Pelman was given a whisky and soda. A General chatted to him about the operations, but no one knew where the Blue cavalry were. The General thought that they had crossed the road, though.

Pelman pushed his horse on through the evening shadows, back to his afternoon's eyrie. That was the obvious direction to take, and, anyhow, his Pundit friend lived nearby.

It was very late when he arrived, leading his horse. They were both very tired. Pelman entered the village below the mound, and asked for the Pundit. He was soon surrounded by a small crowd who escorted him to the Pundit's house. That worthy hurried out. He begged Pelman to enter his humble abode, and ordered a youth to take his horse and water it. "The boy's father is in the 'risala' (cavalry). He will look after it as if it were his own," Pelman was assured. "I am so glad that you took me at my word, and have come to spend the night." Pelman had met the Pundit sitting on the mound in the afternoon, and had listened to all that learned old man had to say about the evils of Swaraj demands, the irreligious outlook of the rising generation, and the marvels of the electric torch. He would like to own one. Pelman had been begged by the Pundit to return and spend the night, if he required a bed. He did require a bed now; but first he was forced to drink bowls of steaming milk.

He was then escorted down a street to the guest chamber of the leading man in the village. It was a raised dais, with a bed on it. Red paint adorned the woodwork of the pillars before

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the dais and around the doors. The headman and the Pundit crouched at his feet. An evergrowing crowd of villagers pressed in to the auditorium before the dais. Singing was going on outside, but silence was kept in the guest chamber save for monotones from the trio on the dais, and for coughs and nasal noises from the "hoi polloi" below.

The headman told Pelman about the chances of a good winter crop; of the village's quota to the great war; of the regiments their Jats served in; of the brave deeds executed by relations in France, Mesopotamia and Palestine. Pelman was interested but sleepy. The atmosphere was becoming overpowering. The hurricane battis exuded black smoke. He at last begged to be left alone. It was already 11 p.m. The crowd was driven out —and Pelman's brain dissolved into dreams of an armoured car spurting hot milk at the Cavalry Colonel and his staff. Pelman was urging the Pundit, the village headman and several others to charge the armoured car. They were mounted on cows. "Tut, tut! How very distressing," the Pundit was saying, when he awoke in a chilly dawn.

A hot bowl of milk was being held out to him. It was too much. He had to refuse. He rode off with the blessings of the Pundit in his ears, and the determination to send the old man the electric torch for which he craved.

Pelman soon found himself in the middle of a dawn attack on an ancient walled village. Tommies and sepoys were dashing forward in the mist. Guns boomed, rifles popped—Lewis guns were ubiquitous.

Suddenly a bugle call from afar announced the "Cease fire." The manœuvres were over.

In a sunny room of the rest house at the Kutub, the Senior Blue Umpire was collecting his juniors' remarks on the operations a few hours later. In the meantime Pelman had had a wash and "brush up" and breakfast in the directing officers' camp.

"The armoured cars had it all their own way to start with. They got 'surprise' by being allowed half-an-hour's start—and, as very few Indians, anyway, had seen an armoured car

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before, it took some time for many people to realize what they were. One Indian officer, I understand, reported that he'd been "watching a marvellous new kind of water cart, which moved ever so fast!" Once, however, the Blue force had tumbled to their enemy's tactics, many cars were dealt with by road mines and 13-pounders. The ground, of course, was ideal for the cars. It was hard and dry, and in many cases they were able to drive across the fields after their prey; but this, of course, is not likely to be the case often, I think. Anyway, it was not really practical after the Blue force had passed north of the ridges. We must remember, though, that we shall have tanks with us soon—and these armoured cars have given us a good idea of what we may expect."

"I think I can say," he continued, "that the umpiring arrangements were good. Some decisions caused complaint! but in several cases that only showed how excellent they were, to my mind. Umpires are apt to be too weak, especially junior ones. Anyhow, we all had a very interesting time. Thank you, gentlemen, that's all. Good morning."

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BARON DE MARBOT

Colonel du 23rd Chasseurs à Cheval 1812

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THE CAVALRYMAN OF ROMANCE

Brigadier Gerard in Real Life.

By Major T. J. Edwards, F.R.Hist.S.

Part I

Introductory.

The wars of revolutionary France provided the opportunity for the emergence of men with great natural military aptitude; hence we have Wellington and Napoleon and a number of lesser stars which gathered around them, whose light might have been hidden under a bushel but for this circumstance. To obtain a picture of these brilliants, one has usually to consult a formal history, for it has been the distinction of few to have their exploits made the basis of a historical novel or tale of military romance, but such is the happy fate of Lieutenant-General Baron de Marbot, one of Napoleon's brilliant cavalry Colonels, who saw service in Italy, Austria, Germany, Spain, Portugal and Russia. It is mainly on the Memoirs of Marbot that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle drew for his great creation—Brigadier Gerard.*

Marbot was a wonderfully efficient, quick-witted soldier; always most thoughtful for the welfare of his men and horses, and universally loved for his unselfishness. He had tremendous courage, was a great patriot and an apostle of *esprit de corps*. He was fortunate in becoming an A.D.C., first to various marshals and then to Napoleon, fairly early in his career,

*As there was an actual Brigadier Gerard in the French Army at this period, the identity of Marbot with the romantic character of that name might be questioned in some quarters. It may therefore be stated that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has, in correspondence with the writer of this article, put the matter beyond question.—T. J. E.

I also wish to acknowledge the kindness of General Azan, Chef du Service Historique de l'Etat-Major de l'Armee, Paris, who has supplied me with details of Marbot's military service.—T. J. E.

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which enabled him to take a broad view of events on the field and appreciate correctly the tenets of tactics and strategy, and to see behind the scenes of many great military movements. When he became Colonel of the 23rd Chasseurs his mind had to work in a smaller orbit, which made him at times impatient with his seniors who could not see as far as he did the consequences of their actions. Apart from his deeds of daring he had many qualities which made him beloved by all except those jealous of his reputation.*

Early Life.

Marcellin Marbot was born on 18th August, 1782, at his father's Chateau of Lariviere at Beaulieu on the borders of the Limousin and Quercy, now in the Department of Correze. He was of noble origin although the title had been dropped for some time. His father was a General under the Republic, having first entered military life as a Sub-Lieutenant in Louis XV's bodyguard. In the family circle young Marbot was called "the Kitten" owing to his snub nose set in a round face, and this soubriquet induced him to imitate a kitten, both in its vocal sounds and mode of progress on all fours. Such a grip had this imitation business got upon him that on one occasion when he was in a situation in which he was likely to be killed by strangulation he did not cry out like a normal child, but simply mewed with all his might.

When Marbot was a child the Revolution was brewing. His father was known to be a moderate democrat and was greatly respected by the peasantry, so that when the revolt did come his family was spared all brutal treatment, although they had many unpleasant experiences. To remove young Marbot from danger he was sent to a girls' school at Turenne, where he remained four

*As this article is based upon "The Memoirs of Baron de Marbot," translated from the French by A. J. Butler, the following extract from the Preface will be of interest to readers: "As to the question which has been raised in some quarters with regard to the genuineness of the Memoirs, it will suffice to say that there are persons of the highest authority who were acquainted with General Marbot, saw the Memoirs in M.S. during his lifetime, and vouch for the virtual identity of the book as now published with what they then saw. Its genuineness once established, it is hardly possible to doubt that it is a faithful record. There is sincerity in every line of it."

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years. He does not appear to have been dissatisfied with his position for he remarks: "The young ladies, who were mostly between sixteen and twenty, petted me to their heart's content; and my only regret was that my stay among them would, as I imagined, be of short duration. But you must observe that I was a very quiet and obedient child, and only eight years old," for whom "the young ladies contended for the privilege of kissing me and tending me." No doubt there are two opinions on the suitability of such a kindergarten for prospective cavalry officers.

In November, 1793, General Marbot placed Marcellin in the Military College of Soreze, where he remained till February, 1799, then being sixteen and a-half years old. The next month his father was appointed to command a Division at Paris. "I was delighted with all the military bustle which surrounded him," says Marbot the younger, "the headquarters always full of officers of all ranks; a squadron of cavalry, a battalion of infantry, and six guns permanently stationed in front of the door; orderlies coming and going. I thought it much more amusing than the themes and versions of Soreze." This military atmosphere impregnated his young mind and never left him.

General Marbot, in common with many other officers of high rank, was not too enamoured of the idea of General Bonaparte being placed at the head of the Government, and when that event came to pass he asked for the command of a Division on service and was given the command of one in Italy. Before going to take over his new command, General Marbot was conversing with M. Barairon, the Registrar-General, and his wife. Madame Marbot and young Marcellin were present. During the conversation Mme. Barairon asked the General what he was going to do with his son, and he replied he was to be a sailor, to which she replied, "It would be better for you to take him to Italy than send him to be bored to death on board a vessel blockaded in Toulon Harbour."* Thereupon the General turned to his son and said: "Well, will you come to Italy with me and serve in the Army?" "I threw my arms round his neck,"

*A British fleet was blockading Toulon at the time.

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writes Marbot, "and accepted with joy. My father took me straight to the office of the first arrondissement in the Place Beauvau and enlisted me in the 1st Regiment of Hussars (the old 'Bercheny') which formed part of the Division which he was about to command in Italy."*

Marbot, the Hussar Trooper.

The young hussar trooper soon evinced that Brigadier Gerard touch of dash and swagger for on the day he got his uniform he went to see his elder brother, Adolphe, at Saint Barbe College. "You may imagine my entry into the College," he writes. "It was recreation time, but all games ceased on the spot, and the pupils, old and young, crowded round me, contending for the honour of touching my accoutrements. The hussar had a complete success."

On the way to Italy, General Marbot, with his staff and his son, met Bonaparte at Lyons on his way to Paris to establish the Consulate, and Marbot records that: "General Bonaparte asked me very courteously for news of my mother, and complimented me in a kind manner on having taken up the military career so young. Then gently pinching my ear—the flattering caress which he always employed to persons with whom he was pleased†—he said, addressing my father, 'Here will be a second General Marbot some day.' His forecast has been verified, though at that time I had very little hope of it. All the same, his words made me feel proud all over—it doesn't take much to awaken the pride of a child." Taking into consideration young Marbot's nature, there is no doubt that this incident did much to inspire him to perform those many courageous, as well as dashing, feats which brought him fame.

At this period Marbot was a strange mixture of qualities, for with all his pride and swagger, he held his father "in such awe that in his presence," he says, "I was extremely shy. He fancied me even more so than I really was, and used to say that I ought to have been a girl, often calling me 'Miss Marcellin.'"

*"There was then no 'Ecole Militaire,' and the only way to enter the Army was in the ranks."—Marbot.

†Napoleon did this to all with whom he was extra pleased, irrespective of age, sex or status.

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Then he adds this comment, in quite the Gerard spirit, "This vexed me a good deal, especially now that I was a hussar."

The 1st Hussars were stationed at Nice, and on arrival there General Marbot consulted with the Commanding Officer regarding a suitable mentor for his son. Sergeant Pertelay was recommended. The Commanding Officer then immediately left the regiment to go to the Depot at Le Puy en Velay and this circumstance had a great bearing upon young Marbot's destiny, for it so happened that there were in the regiment two brothers of the name of Pertelay, both sergeants, "but quite unlike each other morally and physically. The elder was wicked while the younger was virtuous. It was the latter whom the Colonel had intended to recommend as my mentor; but, being in a hurry, he omitted when naming Pertelay to add 'junior.' Further, this Pertelay was not in the squadron at Nice, whereas the elder was actually in Troop 7, to which I was to belong. Major Muller* therefore supposed that it was the elder brother whom the Colonel had named to my father; and that this wild fellow had been selected in order to take the nonsense out of a mild and shy lad like myself. So he sent us Pertelay senior. This typical hussar of the old school was a hard drinker, a brawler, always ready for a quarrel and a fight; brave, moreover to the point of rashness. He was absolutely ignorant of everything that did not concern his horse, his accoutrements, or his service in the field. Pertelay, junior, on the other hand, was gentle, well-mannered, highly educated; and, being also a very handsome man and every whit as brave as his brother, he would certainly have got on fast had he not been killed, while still young, on the battlefield. However, to return to the elder. He came to my father's house, and what did we behold? A jolly ruffian—very well set up I must admit—with his shako over his ear, his sabre trailing, his florid countenance divided by an enormous scar, moustaches half a foot long, waxed and turned up to his ears, on his temples two long locks of hair plaited, which came from under his shako and fell on his breast, and withal such an air! —a regular rowdy air, heightened still further by his words,

*The Second-in-Command of the 1st Hussars.

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jerked out in the most barbarous French-Alsatian gibberish.* In short, from Marbot's very minute description of his mentor, we gather he was a bit of a " Character " and there is no wonder that his father hesitated to entrust his son to him. Nevertheless, in view of the Colonel's recommendation, General Marbot decided to give him a trial, and away went young Marcellin to the barracks to start his military career under the ægis of this somewhat comic-opera Sergeant of Hussars.

The hardships of barrack-room life to a General's son brought up in a refined atmosphere can well be imagined and do not call for special notice here, except that the practice of sleeping two in a bed† so disgusted him that he complained and was given a separate bed in the N.C.O.'s room. A further difficulty arose as regards dress. Nature so far had not provided Marbot with a moustache, and all hussars had to have moustaches.‡ Sergeant Pertelay, however, overcame the difficulty, and, says Marbot, " in conformity with the practice in the regiment, took a pot of blacking and with his thumb made two enormous hooks covering my upper lip and almost reaching to my eyes. At that time the shakoes had no peak, so it happened that during reviews or when I was doing vedette duty and was bound to remain perfectly motionless, the scorching rays of the Italian sun pouring down on to my face used to suck up the liquid part of the blacking with which my moustaches had been made, and the blacking as it dried drew my skin in a very unpleasant way. Still I did not so much as wink. I was a hussar; the word had a magical effect upon me, and besides, when I entered upon a military career I thoroughly understood that my first duty was to conform to the regulations."

General Marbot's motive for putting his son into the ranks was to cure him of his foolish schoolboy air. The young hussar also wished to overcome his shyness and in doing so became a

*Being the old Bercheny regiment, the 1st Hussars formerly consisted of no one but Germans. Down to 1793, the words of command were given in German.

†This was also the British practice at that time.

‡Moustaches were introduced to give the soldiers a " savage appearance," *vide* " The Life of a Regimental Officer, 1793 to 1815 " (p. 6), by Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman.

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perfect daredevil. He joined a kind of brotherhood in the regiment, called "The Gang," which was composed of the most wild and reckless spirits whose chief crimes were looting under the enemy's nose. The incident which gained his admission into this "select" circle is worthy of note. In company with Pertelay he went to a public house and there allowed his sword to trail over the feet of a big horse-artilleryman.* This led to a duel with sabres. As Marbot faced his opponent the latter suddenly bolted and at the same moment our hero was seized from behind by eight gendarmes and brought before his father. He had not disclosed his name and no one knew that General Marbot had reprimanded his son and ordered "this hussar to the Citadel." Later, however, some of the General's Staff learnt the details of the affair and interceded on behalf of the prisoner. The General hated duelling and had given strict orders concerning it. He therefore gave orders for Marcellin to be brought before him for a further lecture before release, and sent an old servant to the Governor of the Citadel for the lad. On the way to the General headquarters, young Marbot felt he could not endure another scolding, so, watching his opportunity, he kicked the lantern out of the servant's hand and bolted for his regiment. Here he related what had taken place and was immediately elected to membership of "The Gang."

Promoted Sergeant.

On the left of General Marbot's division was that of General Seras who had received orders to reconnoitre the valleys beyond Monte Santo Giacomo. Having no cavalry of his own he borrowed fifty of the 1st Hussars from General Marbot, in which detachment his son was included. The Lieutenant in charge of the party soon became a casualty by falling from his horse and dislocating his foot, and the command then devolved upon a Sergeant Canon. General Seras told Canon that he was very anxious to know what Austrian troops were in front of him and therefore he wished him to take his detachment and capture some prisoners from the enemy's outposts. The Sergeant made his dispositions and gave the necessary orders, but he had not

*Usually called "flying-artillery" at that time.

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gone very far before his heart failed him; he complained of indisposition and went back to an inn. The command then devolved upon Pertelay, who refused to accept it, as did the remainder of the N.C.O.'s, and they elected young Marbot to lead them in the enterprise. This he did very successfully, for surprising the Austrians by a turning movement, he captured many from whom he chose the best mounted (seventeen in all) to bring back to General Seras. When he did meet the General the latter, who was ignorant of Marbot's parentage, said: "You have performed a duty which is usually only entrusted to officers. I am sorry that, as a General of Division, I have not the power to appoint you Sub-Lieutenant; I will, however, ask your promotion to that rank of the Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile, I make you Sergeant." Thus Marcellin got his first step. Sergeant Canon was found in a drunken sleep in the inn and was reduced on the spot "by having his stripes torn off.*

Promoted Sub-Lieutenant.

Marbot was only a Sergeant one month when he was promoted to commissioned rank. Although his promotion came quickly it did not come easily, for he performed feats, which in the British service at the present day would have earned for him some great distinction. His next exploit was as follows:—

General Championnet, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, had fought a series of actions against the Austrians about Cuneo and Mondovi with varying success. One day he placed Pertelay Junior in command of thirty troopers of the 1st Hussars and ordered him to scout on the right flank. Here he discovered an Austrian battery of eight pieces well out on the flank doing great execution with enfilade fire. The battery was promptly charged and the gunners driven under the ammunition wagons. Pertelay forced the Austrian gunners of six guns to take them towards the French lines. He was prevented from moving the other two owing to some battalions of infantry moving up to recover the lost guns. Nor did he spike these. As soon as Pertelay's party moved off the Austrian

*This was in 1799. Stripes were not introduced into the British Service until 1802. (See General Order, 14th July, 1802.)

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gunners ran out from the ammunition wagons and, with the remaining two, poured shell after shell into the party. With great difficulty the six guns were brought into the French lines, but the casualties had been great, poor Pertelay junior being among the killed. All this had taken place under the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief, who ordered the remnant of the party to be brought to him. He praised them for their gallant conduct and awarded swords of honour to three of them. He added that he wished to confer a Sub-Lieutenancy on one of their number and asked them to nominate a candidate. With one voice they all named Marcellin Marbot. General Seras had informed the Commander-in-Chief of the service for which he had promoted Marbot sergeant, and Championnet referred to it now, and appointed him to the sub-lieutenancy. With great pride young Marcellin wrote of his promotion to his father, who ordered him to refuse it, which he did. But as General Marbot had written to General Suchet, then Chief-of-Staff, to the same effect, the latter replied that the Commander-in-Chief would be very much hurt if one of his divisional generals disapproved of his nomination. General Marbot then permitted his son to accept the promotion, which was gazetted on 10th December, 1799.
A.D.C. to His Father.

Fifteen days later General Championnet was forced to withdraw his army and he himself left it. General Marbot, as senior divisional commander, assumed the command of the army provisionally. The 1st Hussars returned to France, but the General appointed his son to be one of his A.D.C.'s. A little later the great Massena arrived on the scene and took over the command of the army, and General Marbot resumed command of his division.

In the spring of 1800, the Austrians forced Massena into Genoa, where his army was to undergo terrible suffering and young Marbot to suffer a great bereavement in the death of his father. Commenting on events at the outset of this campaign, he writes: "The animating sight of troops on the march, the clatter of artillery movements, roused the desire which is always in a young soldier's heart of taking part in warlike operations."

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But the death of his father and the terrible experiences of the two months' siege, sobered him considerably. Typhus alone carried off 10,000 out of 16,000 soldiers and the civil population averaged 700 deaths daily. Added to this, signs of revolution against the French were noticeable among the population, whose fathers had massacred the Austrians in 1746. To such a state had the garrison been reduced that Massena would not permit young Marbot to follow his father's body to the grave, as he was afraid the sight of an officer sobbing behind the bier of a general of division might have a bad effect upon the troops. Being now out of employment Massena attached the heartbroken young officer to his staff, and during the remainder of the siege he experienced nothing exceptional, although he got some useful advice through being a little indiscreet when the English fleet was shelling a battery. Instead of going about his business he stayed near the battery and was thus counselled by Colonel Manton (later the Marshal Count of Lobau): "You are a young fellow but you must learn that in war it is foolish to expose oneself to needless dangers. What good would it have done you if you had had your leg smashed, without any advantage to your country?" "I never forgot this lesson, and long after thanked the Count of Lobau for it. It has often struck me what a difference there would have been in my fortunes if I had lost a leg at the age of seventeen."

When Massena capitulated he obtained safe conduct for two aides to go to Bonaparte, one of whom was Marbot. "General Bonaparte spoke with much sympathy of my recent loss, and promised if I behaved well to act a father's part to me. He kept his word." But Marbot had to do a good deal more for his steps of advancement than the other officers on the staff, and he gained little from the illustrious patronage of his Emperor. He arrived in time to be one of Bonaparte's orderly officers at the battle of Marengo and was therefore the only French officer to go through the siege of Genoa and the battle of Marengo.

At the conclusion of the campaign, Marbot returned home to his mother, then at Paris, and spent some months in great dejection of spirit owing to the loss of his father. In the autumn of

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1800, Bernadotte, later King of Sweden, was commanding the Army of the West, with his headquarters at Rennes. He had promised Mme. Marbot that he would take her son on his staff as a regular A.D.C. Young Marcellin was intended for this appointment, but his elder brother, Adolphe, thought he himself was intended, and hastened to Rennes, and, arriving before Marcellin, got the appointment. When the younger brother arrived Bernadotte was in a fix, and promised to have his establishment of aides increased so as to include him, but in the meantime he would be a supernumerary.

This was not the only occasion that confusion arose between these two brothers, and always to our hero's disadvantage.

Soon after arrival Bernadotte moved his headquarters to Brest where was assembled a fleet composed of French and Spanish vessels in readiness to take his army to Ireland, a venture which being abandoned, the headquarters moved back to Rennes. The staff was reduced and Marbot, being only a supernumerary, was sent to the 25th Mounted Chasseurs then serving in Spain. His regiment remained in Portugal until the beginning of 1802, when it returned to France.

Marbot's regiment was ordered to Toulouse, "but," he says, "for my sins we arrived at Bayonne on the very day of the local fair" and he was ordered to remain behind and buy some horses. So that he would not be troubled with his own horse it went on with the regiment. The next day he booked and paid for a seat in the coach, put his regimental uniform into his trunk and sent it to the coach and arranged to be called early next morning to catch it when it started at 5 a.m. The waiter at the hotel forgot to call him and he did not wake up until 8 a.m. "After storming a good deal, swearing a little and invoking curses on the faithless waiter, I saw that I must make up my mind to do something. . . . So I settled to walk the distance." That day he reached Peyrehorade and on the next day he had an adventure on the road to Orthez. He was dressed in a "fancy uniform" made for service on Bernadotte's staff. A fearful storm came on, in the midst of which two half-drunken mounted gendarmes approached him, coming from Orthez.

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They asked him who he was and he handed up his passport wherein he was described as a sub-lieutenant of the 25th Mounted Chasseurs. "You a sub-lieutenant," cried the elder gendarme, "You are too young to be an officer." Marbot referred him to his passport wherein he was described as an officer. "That may be, but you have forged it, and the proof is that the uniform of the Chasseurs is green, and you have got a yellow jacket. You are a runaway conscript and I arrest you." Marbot disputed the action and the younger gendarme sided with him and this led to a fight with sabres between the two gendarmes which was soon brought to an end by the elder one's horse falling into a ditch. Eventually they all got to Puyoo where the mayor released Marbot at once.

At Toulouse he was "put through the mill" by Major Blancheville. "He was an excellent officer of long standing in the service, and from him I learnt to do my duty with precision, and in this respect I owe much to him . . . He took a great interest in such young officers as were capable of learning and forced them, whether they would or not, to study their business. There were three of us sub-lieutenants whom he had distinguished; these were MM. Gavoille, Demonts and myself. With us he never overlooked an inaccurate word of command, and would put us under arrest for the smallest faults. As he was very good-natured off duty we ventured to ask him why he reserved his severity for us. He replied, 'Do you think I am such a fool as to waste my time in soaping a negro? . . . You have the necessary materials for success; you only want to work, and work you shall.' I never forgot this answer, which I turned to account when I was Colonel. Old Blancheville undoubtedly had drawn the horoscope of the three sub-lieutenants correctly, for Gavoille became Lieut.-Colonel, Demonts General of Brigade, and I Lieutenant-General."

Whilst at Toulouse, the regiment was inspected "by the celebrated General Bourcier, who had a great reputation for severity." Marbot was told off to meet him and writes: "He met me very kindly and spoke of my father, whom he had known well, which did not prevent him putting me under arrest the

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next day. You shall hear the reason; it is a good story. One of our Captains, a fine young fellow, would have been one of the handsomest men in the army if his calves had been in keeping with the rest of his person; but he had legs like stilts, which had a very bad effect with the tight—so-called Hungarian—pantaloons worn at that time by the Chasseurs. In order to meet this inconvenience, the captain had had some good-sized pads made in the shape of calves which made his handsome figure complete." So much for the Captain. "It was prescribed by the regulations that the officers should have their horses' tails long, like those of the troopers. Our Colonel, M. Moreau, was always admirably mounted, but all his horses had their tails docked, and as he feared General Bourcier, who was very strict in maintaining the regulations, would reprimand him for setting a bad example to his officers, he had caused, for the purpose of the inspection, false tails to be attached to all his horses. They were so marvellously fitted that unless you knew you would have thought them natural. We went to the inspection, to which General Bourcier had invited General Suchet, inspector of infantry, as well as General Gudin, commanding the territorial division." The inspection proved very severe and the regiment had to do much galloping about for a long time, at the end of which the Captain's calves had slipped round to the front of his shins and the Colonel's horse's false tail had come "unstuck," and a long piece of tow was dangling from the false tail to the ground. Young Marbot was only two paces behind his Colonel and the Captain and says: "I could not restrain myself from shouting wildly with laughter. I writhed on my saddle, I gnawed the sleeve of my jacket; it was no use; I laughed and laughed until my sides ached. Thereupon the inspector-general, not knowing the cause of my merriment, ordered me to fall out of the ranks and put myself under arrest. . . . The Generals must have thought that I had gone mad; but as soon as they had departed, the officers of the regiment, coming up to the Colonel and the Captain, soon knew what was the matter and laughed like me—but at least with less danger to themselves." At a party that night, at which the generals were present, Major

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Blancheville explained the cause of Marbot's outburst. The company became convulsed themselves, and Marbot was released from arrest and sent for to join the party. His arrival occasioned another outburst. The Captain, who was ignorant of what had taken place, soon afterwards entered the room, which sent them all into fits again.

It has been remarked that Marbot had to work harder for his promotion than his contemporaries, and although he does not attribute it to the following circumstance it might possibly have had something to do with it.

An expedition to San Domingo was preparing under Bernadotte, the troops of which were mainly those of the Army of the Rhine who had no love for Bonaparte because he had belonged to the Army of Italy. The expedition was about 80,000 strong and with this Bernadotte planned to overthrow his enemy, Bonaparte. When all was ready Bernadotte went to Paris to await events. A proclamation had been printed in Rennes announcing that Bonaparte had been overthrown and Bernadotte was head of the Government. It was necessary that a supply of these proclamations should be brought to Paris secretly, so, unknown to Adolphe Marbot, Bernadotte's A.D.C., a supply was placed in a vehicle conveying his kit thereto. The conspiracy failed and the leaders were arrested, except Bernadotte who denied all knowledge of it. As the vehicle was entering Paris it was searched and the proclamations discovered. Adolphe was arrested and kept in confinement for a month while influential friends, as well as the conspirators, declared his innocence. The First Consul "not choosing that he should be Bernadotte's A.D.C. any longer," sent Adolphe to Cherburg, "but probably, with the mnemonic system peculiar to himself, he entered in his head the words, 'Marbot—aide-de-camp to Bernadotte—Rennes conspiracy.' Anyhow, my brother never got back into favour with him, and some time later he was sent to Pondicherry." As Bonaparte knew the Marbot brothers well it is curious how he confused them in his mind, for many months later, when Marcellin was strongly recommended for promotion to lieutenant by Marshal Augereau, the First Consul called him up

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and Marbot records the following dialogue between Bonaparte and himself: "Is it you who . . . . ?" "No Sir, it is not I who . . . ." answered I, briskly. "Oh! You're the good one, the Genoa and Marengo one . . . . I make you lieutenant."

Marbot was almost immediately sent to the Cavalry School on a course with a view to becoming instructor at the depot. This he loathed and craved to get back to the regiment. "I was in this perplexity," he says, "when one day, as I was at the end of the Avenue of Paris with a book on the Theory in my hand, a bright idea occurred to me which totally changed my destiny and aided vastly to raise me to the rank which I hold." In fact he had learnt that Augereau was to command an army to enter Portugal and within twenty-four hours his mother had seen Augereau and secured for her son an appointment as a regular A.D.C.

With the opening of 1805 Marbot commenced his long campaign, for he was on active service practically for the next ten years, i.e., up to Waterloo. It was during this period that he executed those brilliant exploits which are reflected in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard stories. The first campaign was against the Austrians and at the moment when Napoleon declared war against them the French were lining the coast facing England, therefore they had their backs towards their new foe. It was during this campaign that Marbot nearly ruined his career by telling Napoleon a lie. Napoleon saw Morland's regiment of Chasseurs march past and taking out his note book calculated that they were at least 400 under strength. Morland disputed this so Napoleon deputed Marbot to count every man of the regiment. Marbot went to the lines of the regiment and counted every man and found that Napoleon's estimate was correct. The regimental surgeon was a Captain Fournier, who had been very attentive to Marbot's father during his last illness, and as Marbot was making his way back to General Headquarters he met Fournier and Morland, who said that several stragglers had joined since the regiment was checked. "They added that the Emperor was, besides, too busy to verify my report. I did not conceal from myself that I was being asked

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to deceive the Emperor, which was a serious business; but I also felt that I had a great debt of gratitude to M. Fournier for the really affectionate care which he had bestowed on my dying father. So I allowed myself to be overpersuaded, and promised to dissemble a great part of the truth." Marbot therefore avoided meeting Napoleon until nightfall when he reported only 80 Chasseurs missing. The next day, however, he was kept in an anxious sweat for on three occasions the Emperor made attempts to visit Morland's regiment to verify Marbot's report, and to the latter's great joy had to abandon it in the end owing to activity on the part of the Austrians. Had Napoleon discovered that he had been deceived, Marbot's military career would have been cut short.

The battle of Austerlitz* was fought on 2nd December, 1805, in bitter cold weather, and on the morning of the next day, Napoleon and his staff were conversing round a huge fire on the shores of Lake Satschan. The conversation was interrupted by the cries of a Russian non-commissioned officer on an ice floe. He was a horrible sight, having had his thigh smashed by a bullet and he was covered with blood. Moreover, his clothes were frozen. Napoleon ordered General Bertrand to do what he could to save the man. Some pieces of wood were pushed into the water with soldiers astride them, but these lost their balance and were soon thrown into the water. Their clothes began to freeze at once and they were only saved from drowning with difficulty. Marbot says that at this stage he ventured to remark to someone that it would have been better had the soldiers stripped themselves and swam to the ice floe. General Bertrand happened to overhear and repeated it to the Emperor who remarked that the soldiers had shown more zeal than discretion. This so piqued Marbot that he stripped at once and dived in. He was followed by a lieutenant of artillery a few minutes later. Owing to the temperature of the water, layers of thin ice were already forming and these cut Marbot's hands, arms and breast as he ploughed through. The artillery officer following in Marbot's wake was spared this agonising experi-

*There is a famous picture of this battle done by the Gerard, the painter.

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ence. They reached the Russian and after a time brought him to the shore. Blood was streaming from the gashes in Marbot's body, but he soon recovered from the effects of his adventure. The artillery officer hung between life and death for months and eventually was invalided from the service. The Russian, who was a sergeant, was so grateful to Napoleon that he said he could serve no other master and he became a sergeant in a French lancer regiment.

(*To be continued.*)

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GREAT CAVALRY SOLDIERS I HAVE KNOWN

By Percy Cross Standing.

I once enjoyed the privilege of a conversation with the late General Lord Chelmsford, and I purposely drifted our talk to the subject of the Prince Imperial's unfortunate death in a Zulu ambush. Lord Chelmsford said, "Poor, dear fellow! It was my misfortune that he was on my staff when the catastrophe happened, but *what* trouble he would have made in France if he had lived." A reference to the fact that in Napoleon III's will it was solemnly enjoined on his son to do his utmost to get back the throne of France for the Imperial dynasty at whatever cost.

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood honoured me by writing a preface to my book on "Napoleon's Marshals," and I remember the charming hospitality I received from his gallant soldier son (Sir Evelyn being away at the time) at his beautiful place in Essex. Another military man who interested me strongly was the Earl of Dundonald, who died in 1929, and who in later life elected to live simply and quietly in the suburban retirement of Wimbledon Park. Lord Dundonald was, as my readers know, first man in to Ladysmith at the relief of that beleaguered town. He was a great "Buller man,"—as Lord Cochrane, he carried Sir Redver's despatches across the Sudan desert in '85. "Buller said to me," Lord Dundonald told me, "if I ever have an independent command you need not wait for a job." So, trusting his word, when the Boer War broke out I sailed for the Cape on my own, simply taking a couple of chargers with me. On my reaching his headquarters, Buller immediately placed me in command of his cavalry corps." I then referred to the circumstances of Sir Redvers' retirement, and Lord Dundonald simply said, "He was no longer the Buller of Zululand and Egypt."

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Lord Dundonald was, as all the world knows, grandson of "the" Dundonald who, after Nelson, was our greatest sailor-genius of his epoch. This makes him the great-grandson of that Dundonald* who beggared himself by scientific inventions, many of which have since come to pass. This great genius's biography has never been written, and although a suggestion was made to me by Lord Dundonald on the subject, nothing has (I believe) been done in the matter.

I had not the honour of knowing Lord Kitchener, though I was one of the privileged party on the station platform when he had his memorable reception on returning from his conquest of Khartum. Much longer ago, I was present when Lord Wolseley's friend General Sir William Butler (husband of the famous painter of "The Roll-Call") took the chair for his lecture on the Red River Expedition of 1870. Sir William mentioned that when that expedition was starting, a certain person came to Wolseley and said, "Don't go, General. In those tractless wilds, the heat of summer and the cold of winter won't let you live. You will all die of disease." And Sir Garnet replied, "My good sir, my instructions are to take Fort Garry, and *you* may take your oath we'll get there!"

Lord Wolseley always said that the greatest, most commanding personality he ever knew was Robert E. Lee, Generalissimo of the Confederate forces in the American Civil War. Garnet Wolseley, then on the staff in Canada, was granted three months' leave in 1862. Instead of going home to England to enjoy his leave, he managed to get into the Confederate lines and became the guest of General Lee, thus meeting Stonewall Jackson and Lee's other fighting lieutenants. At that period, everything pointed to an early victory for the Southern cause, and Wolseley left Lee's headquarters before the crushing blows of Stonewall Jackson's death and the defeat of Gettsyburg. Thinking that he would like to make known his impressions of the Confederate headquarters, Wolseley sent a paper on the subject to *Blackwood's Magazine*. To his pleasurable surprise, Mr. Blackwood retaliated by sending him a cheque for forty guineas and a letter of congratulation.

*Archibald, the ninth Earl.

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Talking of that wonderful Civil War, I had a slight acquaintance with the late Colonel John Singleton Mosby, who died at a great age in 1916. He was a famed leader of Confederate horse under General J. E. B. Stuart, and wrote a book called "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign." Mosby on one occasion, with a handful of men, raided so close up to Washington that they came in sight of the Capitol itself! He captured the Federal General Stoughton and a number of horses at dead of night, and when President Lincoln heard of the occurrence he said, "I guess I can make a new General soon enough, but what about those horses?"

A leading Federal General wrote, "Mosby is the devil. There'll be no peace in Tennessee till he is killed." (And he *wasn't* killed.) At a meeting of the War Cabinet in Washington President Lincoln lifted up the table-cloth. When asked why he did so, he replied, "I'm only looking to see if Mosby is underneath."

The following was Colonel Mosby's own account of his capture of General Stoughton:—

"It was on March 7th, 1863, that I started from Aldie with twenty-nine men. It was pitch-dark before we got near the cavalry pickets at Chantilly. Here a good point was won, for once inside the Union lines we would be mistaken for their own men. We passed along close by the camp-fires, but the sentinels took us for a scouting party of their own cavalry. I had no reputation to lose by failure, but much to gain by success. I remembered, too, the motto that Ixion in Heaven wrote in Minerva's album: 'Adventures are to the adventurous.' There were a few guards about, but they did not suspect us until they saw a pistol pointed at them. Of course, they surrendered. Some refused to believe we were Confederates, even after we told them who we were. . . . Joe Nelson rode up to me with a prisoner who said he belonged to the guard at General Stoughton's headquarters, and with a party of five or six I immediately went there. An upper window was raised, and someone called out, 'Who is there?' The answer was, 'We have a despatch for General Stoughton.' An officer (Lieutenant Prentiss) came to the front door to get it. I

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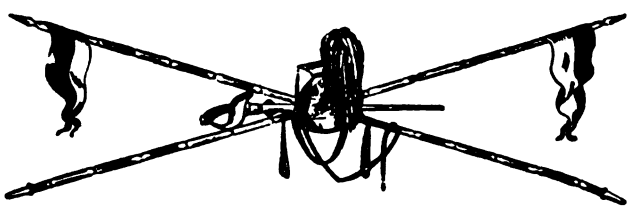
caught hold of his shirt and whispered my name in his ear, and told him to lead me to the General's room. Resistance was useless, and he did so. A light was struck, and before us lay the sleeping General. He quickly raised up in bed and asked what this meant. I said, 'General, get up—dress quick—you are a prisoner.' 'What!' exclaimed the indignant General. 'My name is Mosby. Stuart's cavalry are in possession of the place, and Stonewall Jackson holds Centreville.' 'Is Fitzhugh Lee here?' 'Yes.' 'Then take me to him. We were classmates.' 'Very well, but dress quick.' My motive in deceiving him as to the amount of my force was to deprive him of all hope of rescue. I turned over my prisoners to Stuart at Culpeper Courthouse. He was as much delighted by what I had done as I was, and published a General Order announcing it to the cavalry, in which he said it was a feat 'unparalleled in the war'."

On the occasion of his raid near Washington, Mosby had the impertinence to cut off a lock of his hair and ask a woman, who was passing by, to "give it to President Lincoln with his compliments!" The Colonel told me that during these incursions his command never exceeded more than two or three hundred men. So high was General Lee's opinion of him that after the capitulation of the Army of Northern Virginia, Mosby was given command of the remnant of the Confederate forces pending the final act of submission. This remarkable veteran survived to occupy a position in the United States Department of Justice during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency.



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PIGSTICKING TRIP, APRIL, 1927—MORADABAD KADIR

From the diary of the late Lieut. P. H. PHILLIPS-BROCKLEHURST, Royal Scots Greys.

Note by LT. COLONEL A. L. MACDOUGALL, D.S.O., M.C.

I first met Pat Brocklehurst at Meerut on my return to India in May 1926. I remember the occasion well. It was an extremely hot day at the height of the hot weather. On my arrival, I was told that Brocklehurst had arranged a pig-sticking meet in the neighbourhood for that afternoon. We duly arrived at the meet to find a most excellent bundobast, and although the day was blank, it was through no fault of the organizer.

This thoroughness in detail was a great trait in his character. He was as keen on his profession as he was on all forms of sport and games. On his return to England with the regiment at the end of 1927, hunting naturally took the place of pig-sticking, and he proved himself an excellent rider to hounds.

His untimely death at the early age of 26, riding in a point-to-point in March this year, has deprived the Army of a very promising young officer, and all of us who knew him, of a very good friend. I am certain, however, that he died as he would have wished—riding a good horse.

Monday, April 4th.

Left Meerut at 6 a.m., having run over an old man on the way to the station. He got a bump on the head and a badly bruised leg. Gave him some money and at his own request took him to the station, where he came on to Hapur on the same train as myself.

Terribly hot in train—dogs felt it very much.

Arrived Aghwanpur Station 6.30 p.m. Found Shikari and the camel there. Horses arrived same train with two Syces missing! Camp in bagh about three-quarters of a mile from the station and on the bank of the river.

Tuesday, April 5th.

Spent the morning reconnoitring with the Shikari and an intelligent local man who seems to know the country well. What I saw gives great promise of sport and there are signs of pig

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everywhere. At 4 p.m. I set out with twenty coolies and beat two small grass tuckras on the eastern bank of the river and about half a mile from the camp due east. I went forward on to a nullah. A large para and a big sow with twelve butchas was all that went forward though the Shikari said two boar broke back.

The cook produced a perfectly foul dinner! The two missing Syces turned up all right.

Wednesday, April 6th.

Line of twenty coolies started in thick thorn jungle about a mile and a-half due east of camp, and beat north. Self forward, at end of thick stuff, in porcupine grass. Self on Tid Apa with Chaidi on Hopeful with spare spear and Charlie and his Syce in reserve! Large sounder broke but had no rideable boar with it.

Then a beautiful boar broke and I pursued. I burst it over the porcupine grass and came alongside just as we were getting into some thick grass. He came in straight away and by luck I speared him through the lungs and blood simply poured out of his mouth and he dropped dead.

Changed on to Hopeful and Chaidi and spare spear on to Charlie.

Continued the beat through light jhow and eventually picked up a rideable boar. He took a long time to get up to as he had a good start on me and was a light leggy boar. Eventually got alongside and he charged. I speared badly and got him through the eye. This maddened him and he charged madly several times; luckily I just caught him each time but not in a fatal place. Finally my spear broke in his back and I was reduced to using the lead. Benjamin was invaluable, worrying his backside, and eventually Chaidi appeared with spare spear and I slew him. Hopeful had one small cut behind and had torn off his off fore shoe in the rough going.

Beat crops for rest of morning but saw nothing.

Tried a big pond for fishing with no result in the afternoon.

1st Boar, Tid Apa, 32½ ins. and 215 lbs.

2nd Boar, Hopefull, 28 ins. and 150 lbs.

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Thursday, April 7th.

Line of thirty coolies started in island one mile N.N.E. of camp. Very thick indeed. For the first part I was forward on a nullah but saw nothing but three sounders of sows and squeakers. We then beat till 12 o'clock but everything went wrong. If I was forward everything went back and *vice versa*, and in most places it was far too thick to be with the line.

I rode Calvert and Advertisement. In the afternoon I shot two black partridges. They are very scarce here and I had a long walk to get them.

Friday, 8th.

Twenty coolies. Line started on east bank of river and beat south. Saw nothing for some time and then a large boar broke back. Self on Tid Apa pursued. He was very fat and did not go far, though the distance he went he went very fast. Slew him fairly easily. Benjamin put his pig up and pursued like hell. Continued the beat for some way and saw nothing; we then circled back towards camp.

A boar broke on the left of the line and I pursued on Charlie over terrible country. Just as we had full steam up Charlie fell and turned a complete somersault throwing me miles. Broke my topie and hurt my shoulder.

The line continued and a rather small boar broke, Tid Apa and I pursued but lost him on the river bank in thick jhow.

Shot one snipe in evening.

3rd Boar, Tid Apa, 32 ins., 220 lbs.

Saturday, 9th.

Line thirty coolies started due east of thorn jungle and beat S.E. The beat was in very thick grass and jhow and I remained forward but saw nothing except two boar that went straight into the thorn jungle and which were not worth pursuing.

This beat took a very long time but I hoped by beating it thoroughly to shove pig into some good rideable grass about one mile north west of this very thick stuff. We then proceeded to this grass and no sooner had we started the line than a huge boar got up in front of me. It was the biggest boar that I have ever seen. I pursued on Advertisement. He headed for a

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bourragunga and when he reached the bank jinked straight back towards the line; he went practically back to the line with me very close behind him, and then jinked back towards the bourragunga, this time striking it where there were some very thick reeds. He went into them and I, too, but I lost him there. I brought the line up as I had cast forward and seen nothing and therefore imagined he was still inside, but we beat them to no effect and later, to my horror, I discovered from an excited villager that he *had* gone on forward and had crossed about a mile of maidan before disappearing into thick jungle. I was furious with myself but can't think even now how he avoided me unless he trickled forward in the minute in which it took me to get the line up!

We continued the beat and a good boar broke forward pursued by self on Calvert. This boar went over beautiful grass and I went absolutely all out and caught him in a very short way. He was very barberry and difficult to kill, still Benjy helped a lot by hanging on to him a tergo, and after a frightful amount of indifferent spearing I slew him. Calvert was wonderful and never flinched once though the boar nearly got into her several times.

I changed on to Advertisement and we continued the beat and another boar broke. I pursued, followed by Benjamin. After a short distance at full speed the boar stopped suddenly in a very thick patch and Advertisement, Benjamin and I shot over him. I could not pick him up but cast towards the bourragunga and was rewarded by seeing him just emerging on to a strip of maidan but only about 50 yards from the bourragunga. I went all out and owing to his being worn down from the first bit just caught him in some keeka thorns. Here I speared him through the ribs and my spear stuck in him, and to avoid getting Advertisement cut I had to drop the spear, meanwhile yelling for Chaidi and my spare spear which I saw in the distance. Luckily the boar was so enraged that he kept on rushing at me and thus I edged him slightly away from the water. He shook the spear out and was just going off when Chaidi arrived and I managed to kill him—a very good fighter.

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4th Boar, Calvert, 30 ins. and 185 lbs.

5th Boar, Advertisement, 30 ins. and 165 lbs.

The latter's guts had mostly dropped out by the time he was carried back to camp and hence the light weight for his size.

Fished in river all evening with no success (fished with grey dun).

Sunday, 10*th*.

Beat thorn jungle again with no result, and then another thick strip and saw nothing but one sounder of at least 30 pig, all sows and squeakers. Disappointed. Bad gut rot.

In afternoon went about one mile west of camp where a boar was supposed to be lying up near some crops. There were signs of his having been there but he must have moved although there were two coolies watching the place. Beat the surroundings with no success.

Monday, 11*th*.

Beat several small grass and thorn tuckras three miles S.E. of camp. Line started at 6.30, and I got bogged crossing the river and Hopeful and I disappeared under water—went back and changed! Beat till 1.30 p.m. but never saw a rideable boar.

In afternoon I walked about five miles for partridges—saw three and missed them. Bad day.

Tuesday, 12*th*.

Paid off the old local man who has very big ideas as to how much he is worth! He owns a banana grove or something of the kind and wanted to go and have a look at it.

Grey Lady and Robin arrived last night and three weeks' forage for all the horses. All the stuff was supposed to go by train at 11.30 to Kanth, and I started at 9.30 to ride to Misripur Begampur the next camp. I got there at about 12 and found all the horses and the Shikari had arrived safely.

My bearer and the cook turned up at 2 to say that there had not been room for all the stuff on the train and so it was coming on in bullock carts. Still there was a certain amount of food. Kipat Hussein, the head man, turned up and said that as he knew every bit of the jungle and all about pigsticking he would run the line for me on Wednesday! I said delighted!

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I tried to shoot partridges most of the afternoon but saw none, and shot two quail both of which fell in thick grass and I could not pick up. Shot a peacock, however, which should be good to eat. The bullock carts turned up at 7 p.m. The puppies absolutely exhausted after their walk.

Wednesday 13*th*.

Kipat Hussein and 25 coolies turned up at 7 a.m. and we set out to the Gokal Beat. We beat the jhow at the east end first and a small boar broke. Tiddy and I pursued but he beat me after a long hunt by lying down in a nullah of thick grass and I shot over him and never picked him up again. We then beat for some time without seeing anything, self about 150 yards in front of the line.

I then saw a good boar trickling forward—I got on to him on Tiddy and he lay down after 100 yards in a thick patch. I waited forward and was rewarded by seeing him go on again straight for a nullah where last year the "Bullock" broke his leg. I lost him in the nullah but picked him up on the other side, which was light grass. Here I had him at my mercy. He came in as soon as I was alongside and I speared him through the head! I managed to get free again and got him through the guts. I could not get the spear out and perforce had to hold him. This was not successful as he got right under Tiddy but could not cut her for reasons unknown. I saw him try like hell. The spear then began to tell on him and I was able to pull him over and get my spear out and give him the *coup de grâce*. A good hunt but was lucky to pick him up so easily twice.

After this the zemindar sahib beat at random with no success. He ran a very bad line and knew nothing about the jungle or pigsticking.

On the way home I picked up a good boar on the edge of very thick grass—ran him into the grass and lost him. Bad cess to him. I spent the afternoon from 4 onwards reconnoitring for to-morrow's beat. I think we found a good place.

We picked up a small stallion during the morning. On seeing my beautiful Tid Apa it's passions ran away with it and it followed me *all* day and returned to camp with me in spite of

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the fact that I had beaten it soundly and also set 20 coolies on to it! Vive l'Amour.

6th Boar, Tid Apa, 29½ ins. and 180 lbs.

Thursday, 14*th*.

Beat a small and partially dried-up jheel behind the camp about a quarter of a mile away (west). One pig broke due west over crops and maidan. He proved to be a boar and Calvert and I pursued. Caught him easily as the going was very good. He was a light boar and came in right across Calvert. Speared him on top of the back and pig and spear all got caught up in Calvert's forelegs—nearly brought us down. After this he was money for jam. We then beat the lovely grass and jhow that I had reconnoitred but never saw a pig at all, and we beat for about four hours. Terribly disappointing. Can't think why there were no pig in it as the grass was in beautiful condition and there was a bourragunga running down one side of it. Sickening! Shikari is quite useless so all the work devolves on me. Spent evening reconnoitring; not impressed with tomorrow's beat.

7th Boar, Calvert, 28½ins. and 150 lbs.

Friday, 15*th*.

Beat the Gopalpur beat again very carefully, self with the line to start with.

As soon as the line started near Mahtud a boar broke back —Tiddy and I and Benjamin pursued. Country very rough and thick in patches. Good boar in size but very poor in spirit; jinked away every time I came up. Eventually I speared in tergo and then he showed some fight.

Continued the beat and saw a lot of sows and squeakers but no rideable boar.

While beating towards the sandhills just short of Gopalpur a rideable boar broke and Hopeful and I pursued for ages. He was very white livered and kept going in short circles in thick grass. Finally we moved him out of the thick stuff but he just went 25 yards hells bells and got into a nullah with water and very thick perck grass and jhow, utterly defeating self. Curse him, he was dead beat, and one could smell him a mile away.

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Benjamin unfortunately was not up in time to get on to him.

Continued beating and saw several more sows. An enormous boar was reported to have run towards the camp when I was waiting forward. A Syce reported this and if it is true it is very sad as I can't waste another day on that beat. Fished all evening with meat and atta and no success!

8th Boar, Tid Apa, 29½ins. and 180 lbs.

Saturday, 16*th*.

Went out ghooming east of camp at 4.30 a.m. Saw nothing.

Grey Lady, Shikari, and I started at 7 a.m. to reconnoitre for some country for Sunday. Started on the opposite bank of the river about opposite Mahutud. Found nothing till I reached the boat bridge and Gumial and Mustafabad. Not a very promising jungle even then, still, we'll see on Sunday.

Spent the evening fishing, this time with worms, and caught five small spratts. Mail and papers arrived.

Sunday, 17*th*.

News came in late last night that there were three *huge* pig in a bit of thick grass near the boat bridge and so I decided to beat this on the way to the Mustafabad beat. Line of 30 coolies started there about 7 a.m. A rideable boar broke. Self on Advert. Went straight through a very thick patch where I lost him—picked him up on the far side but was too far behind to hunt him with any chance of success through the grass which was thick. Rather disappointed I returned to my place (forward).

A good boar broke with sounder attached and made straight for the same thick patch. This time I galloped like hell for a fairly thin bit at the end of the patch which I hoped he would cross. He did, and Advertisement and I had the hell of a hunt up a nullah of jhow and grass and finally killed him in a thick patch. I think I was lucky as the whole time the going was very thick, and I must say I never really expected to kill him! I then returned to the line, got on Hopeful, and waited for the end of the beat. A large sounder broke but no boar of sufficient size. I rode back towards the corpse of the pig I slew to show some coolies who were to take it back to camp and on the way

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picked up a light boar. Hopeful and I pursued and had a very fast hunt towards what I knew to be an impenetrable sanctuary, and so did the pig. His whole mind was concentrated on reaching the sanctuary and he went like the wind over light bushy grass. He never thought of fighting and jinked like the devil. Still I just caught him one in the spine on a jink and after that he could not do much more and died within ten yards of his sanctuary. Hopeful went very well and was very handy for a change.

Line then proceeded to Mustafabad. We beat thick grass and I was with the line on Calvert. Benjamin put up a boar and we pursued and hunted him miles until we came to the end of the thick stuff and here he beat us by jinking back and we never picked him up again. I then waited forward in a bourragunga and a lot of pig trickled forward, mostly sows and squeakers. I picked up one boar and hunted him a long way but finally lost him in a very big and thick grass jungle. I returned to my place and four pig emerged—two crossed the bourragunga quite close to me and both were boar, but the other two did not cross and as they looked very big I crossed and pursued. They had a big start and as soon as I appeared they crossed the stream. I plunged in after them and Calvert and I got bogged and nearly disappeared. Eventually I got across and caught these pig up as they were on maidan—to my horror they were two huge black sows! Feeling an absolute fool I went back and redirected the line beating down the bourragunga, but saw nothing. We then crossed to the jungle in which I lost the pig. I went right forward on a strip of maidan on Advertisement. I reckoned that if pig crossed there there was just room to catch them before they reached another thick place.

I waited for some time, in fact till the line was within 50 yards of me before anything happened and then two old sows and their families broke. Then a good boar broke and Advert. and I pursued. He again was concentrating entirely on reaching this thick place and was—in spite of being a heavy boar—very difficult to catch and jinked as soon as we came along side.

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Eventually he crossed me and I got a light and lucky spear. This steadied him up and we slew him on the edge of the thick stuff.

Riding back to change horses met another rather light boar, but he had only half the distance to go and Advert. was tired. We hunted him some way in the thick, but he beat us in the end. Changed on to Hopeful and the line continued. Another boar broke and Hopeful and I slew him in grand style having almost come to grief at the start!

While I was away on this pig the Shikari said that two very big boar broke taking a rather different and easier line. Hell! The amount of pig collected in that 50 yards must have been amazing. Thence home, tired. Good day.

9th Boar, Advertisement, 29 ins. and 175 lbs.

10th Boar, Hopeful, 28 ins. and 140 lbs.

11th Boar, Advertisement, 31 ins. and 200 lbs.

12th Boar, Hopeful, 30 ins. and 180 lbs.

Shot six parrots.

Monday, 18*th*.

Spent the morning reconnoitring on Grey Lady. Think I've found a good spot.

Fished all evening and caught 5 sprats and two good fish (about ½ lb. each), very good eating.

Tuesday, 19*th*.

Line started at the northern end of the Mustafabad beat and beat in a circle towards Mustafabad. Good boar broke almost immediately. Self on Tiddy pursued but lost as he ran straight into a very thick jungle.

Line continued, self on Tiddy forward. Four large sows and fourteen butchas broke first followed shortly by a good boar which we pursued. I had a job to turn him off thick jungle but managed it and slew him without further incident. Unfortunately my poggled Shikari did not stop the line while I was hunting, consequently, as my Syce informed me, streams of pig broke while I was away. I arrived on Tiddy who was rather beat, and picked up a light boar which simply laughed at us and reached a sanctuary unspeared. Hell! After this

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we beat several touchras and Advert. and I lost a good pig. I was returning home when I was hollered back onto a fine boar which Calvert and I slew. This boar came in well, and after being speared twice reached some water in which it stood. Calvert and I stood on the bank and received an end on charge. Luckily I speared him in the neck or Calvert would have been badly cut.

13th Boar, Tid Apa, 30 ins. and 160 lbs.

14th Boar, Calvert, 31 ins. and 210 lbs.

Fished in evening; caught four sprats. The zemindar sahib appeared and said that the reason he had not appeared lately was that he had been completely worn out after the first day and also had a sore behind. He produced his huge behind for doctoring—I poured iodine over it, which made him hop about like anything.

April 20th.

Spent day fishing and reconnoitring. Caught five sprats.

April 21st.

Beat the Mustafabad beat again. Self forward for first beat; saw hundreds of sows and squeakers but no rideable boar. Second beat, self forward. Good boar broke, pursued by Advert. and self. Very fast boar but killed fairly easily. Third beat, saw nothing. Fourth beat, beat for some time without success and then a good boar broke. Tiddy and I pursued but lost him after a long hunt.

Line continued and Hopeful and I picked up a boar and slew him after a very long hunt. The only reason we killed him was that I was just able to ride him off some thick stuff and he came in while I was doing it.

15th Boar, Advertisement, 30 ins. and 175 lbs.

16th Boar, Hopeful, 28½ ins. and 145 lbs.

April 22nd.

Idle day—spent fishing and trying to get something for the larder. Caught ten small fish but was utterly unsuccessful in the shooting. My two baby paras are going on well and I bought a goat to feed them.

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April 23rd.

Moved to Bunkri. On arrival reconnoitred for next day. The goat has died—old age according to the jemmadar.

April 24th.

Beat the thick bourgunga country about half-mile west of camp. (Last night when the sweeper was digging for worms he swung his spade instrument into a thick patch of grass and a huge boar rushed out. The sweeper dropped his tool and fell over backwards into the water—screaming.) Very difficult place to beat as it is full of bogs and deep water. A good boar broke from a detached jheel and ran straight towards the bourragunga. Tiddy and I pursued and luckily just caught him a proper crack before he reached it. This steadied him up, and as his guts were all hanging out he was fairly easy to deal with.

Continued the beat and a good boar broke straight back (this is the boar the sweeper came in contact with) through the water—I on Tiddy galloped to the nearest crossing and just picked him up. He headed straight for the water again, but by going absolutely all out over very boggy going (Tiddy got two over-reaches) we headed him off and he went through a bagh where I speared. He then managed to get into a deep ditch where only his head was visible. Benjamin, who came up, rushed in after him and bit him like hell. The boar maddened rushed out at me and luckily I got him in the proper place and he died.

Continued the beat and then beat a small and thick grass tuckra. A small boar broke here but kept running round in circles and I could not get near him and was terrified that he would slip away unseen into the bourragunga which was very close. Twice he broke towards it and then doubled back. I then lost him in the tuckra and called the line up when Chaidi hollered me back. The wretch had slipped away and was making for the water, but he was tired and I headed him and he crawled into thick bush and lay there panting just like a dog. In rushed Benjamin and out came the boar. I caught him and speared but unfortunately broke my spear. Still he

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was very badly hurt and Benjamin kept all his attention until Chaidi arrived with spare spear. The point of the original spear was sticking about a foot out of him and as I gave him a final spear he spun round and the old spear caught Advertisement just on the outside of the hock and gave him a very bad cut. It broke a blood vessel and I had an awful time stopping the bleeding. Tight bandage below and pad of friars balsam did it. Still it broke out again later. All well now and have cleaned it and got an iodine paid on it.

17th Boar, Tid Apa, 28 ins. and 160 lbs.

18th Boar, Tid Apa, 30 ins. and 200 lbs.

19th Boar, Advertisement, 28 ins. and 140 lbs.

April 25th.

Finished the bourragunga beat. One good boar broke and made every effort to get back to the water but Hopeful and I got inside him and the three of us got bogged. This frightened the pig who made for dry land where we slew him. Shot a buck.

20th Boar, Hopeful. 30 ins. and 175 lbs.

April 26th.

Spent the morning reconnoitring, with indifferent results. Spent evening fishing, caught one very small sprat.

April 27th.

Beat all day—country just across the river and opposite the ford. Very difficult to beat with a small line. First beat I saw lots of sows but not one boar. Second beat chased three boars in succession and they all did me down; felt very angry.

At the end of the beat a good boar broke. Hopeful and I and Benjamin pursued and slew him—good hunt as it was all thick. Beat a particularly good-looking tuckra and two boar broke. I pursued on Robin but they ran into the very thickest part of the second beat where we lost them. Line very bad all day and Shikari worse than useless.

21st Boar, Hopeful, 28 ins. and 148 lbs.

April 28th.

Spent the morning reconnoitring, and incidentally found a good stretch of water where I saw huge fish rising; also two immature mugger. Came back and attended Advert., whose

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hock is more like a bolster than a hock. Hot fomentations are all I can do. Owing to not having sewn this cut the proud flesh is abundant and I am afraid it will take some time to heal.

Went to my fishing place in the evening—an awful sweat as it is at least three miles away and one must cross the river in daylight. Caught a good fish about 1½ lbs.

April 29th.

Beat jhow along river bank. A good boar broke after we had been beating for an hour and a-half. I pursued on Calvert. He was very fast and went straight into the last day's last beat. I hunted him through and he got into the last day's second beat; hunted him through and killed him just before he reached some really thick stuff near the ford. I think it was the longest hunt I've ever had and the longest point as he ran practically straight all the time. Slowish hunt as it was all through thick stuff. He unfortunately got fixed on the end of my spear, and as I could not get out of the light or hold him he just caught Calvert below the fetlock and gave a nasty cut. It broke a vein and it took some time to stop the bleeding. I eventually did and sent her to camp.

Rode Tiddy and continued the beat. Beat for miles and saw nothing but sows and their families, and one poor old cow who on seeing us immediately gave birth—I hope she survives.

Beat a good looking tuckra on the way home and a very nice boar broke; Tiddy and I pursued. It got into the same country as the first pig and I had some difficulty with him as he jinked about in it. Eventually, in a very thick patch, I speared, and only got him through the guts. The spear went right through him and consequently did not stop him coming in, which he did with a vengeance and cut an awful rent in Tiddy's forearm. Blood absolutely spouted out and I was forced to tear my shirt in half to make a tourniquet, it stopped the bleeding but I was soaked in blood right through the arms of my coat. It must have cut an artery or some very big vein for the blood absolutely spurted out, Chaidi and the dawaibox arrived and I put on a pressure and friars' balsam. She was led straight home but it broke out again when she reached camp and I had to set to work

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again, in fact, I sweated on it most of the afternoon. When I had cleaned it and syringed it and probed it I made an effort to sew it. Terribly difficult for a new hand. Also the only reason the bleeding had stopped was a beautiful clot of blood which had formed and bulged right out, also some flesh. Therefore I could not sew it properly or I would have burst the clot of blood. Still remembering Advert.'s wound I thought it as well to keep the edges as near together as possible. This I did and the needle was blunt and Tiddy fractious and I expected the bleeding to start at any moment, but all went well. I expect it will burst to-night if she attempts to lie down. To-day will live in my memory as b——y. A day of blazing heat and myself pouring with sweat, ripping up stuff for tourniquets, spurts of blood, and then the awful business of knowing one's own inefficiency and trying to sew a very nasty place with nothing but poggled Syces to help.

Fished from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m., and to my surprise caught three good fish the largest over 1 lb., dreadful looking things, still the khansamah says they are very good to eat.

22nd Boar, Calvert, 29 ins. and 170 lbs.

23rd Boar, Tid Apa, 31 ins. and 190 lbs.

April 30th.

Advert. in great pain most of last night. Gave him brandy. This morning he shows slight improvement; swelling very big, wound discharging. Tiddy's wound quite clean and improving.

Spent morning reconnoitring, found no new country, and felt ill. Fished all evening and caught one, 1½ lb.

May 1st.

Felt bad and had to spend day in bed except for dressing horses. Sick and diarrhœa, hope not poisoned or jaundice. Tiddy improving, Advert. same.

May 2nd.

Bed all day—feel rotten.

May 3rd.

Bed all day. Fished for a very short time in evening and caught three fish, largest 1 lb.

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May 4th.

Felt much better and went out pigsticking though there is practically no country left.

Picked up a good boar on Hopeful and slew him without incident. Good hunt.

Tiddy improving, Advert. not.

24th Boar, Hopeful, 31 ins. and 190 lbs.

Caught a good fish, ¾ lb.

May 5th.

Determined to get vet. somehow for Advert., as I can't move him to a station and am frightened about him.

Went train to Moradabad and found a vet.—Davies. He kindly consented to come out here tomorrow to see Advert. Had lunch and tea with the Collector, and bought some books. Davies is a civilian vet.

Went to the station at 11.30 a.m. to meet Davies who arrived, assistant surgeon, and a huge bag of tricks.

He is of opinion that the lower bone of the hock joint has been opened and that joint oil has been discharging. This, he says, is entirely responsible for the swelling and that the wound is perfectly clean and with a touch of blue stone to clear off the proud flesh should be all right. At the moment fatal to move him. Treatment: lead and opium lotion kept on continually so as to reduce swelling.

Tid Apa he said was going on very well, and he gave me some carbolic acid which diluted makes a very much stronger antiseptic than anything I've got. He also gave me a small bottle of " Aquaflavin " for use in case I got another really bad cut. This is the most certain and strongest antiseptic that one can get, but is very expensive.

* * * *

May 8th.

Spent the morning fishing and had the misfortune to get into a really big one, who broke me practically straight away.

Packed Tiddy off to Meerut.

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May 9th.

Left the jemmadah with Advert. and necessary medicines at Bunkri and moved camp with my depleted stud to Raini. Arrived at 10.30 and spent the morning reconnoitring. Not much country but what there is looks goodish.

May 10th.

Line of thirty coolies beat the thick jhow and grass on the opposite bank of the river facing Raini. Saw nothing—continued beat north up river.

A good boar broke and Calvert and I pursued but lost him after a very long hunt in a thick tuckra. Continued the beat and a good boar broke taking much the same line as the first, but we headed him off the tuckra and killed with one spear through the heart. Very lucky!

Continued the beat and while beating the aforesaid tuckra the same old boar broke. Hopeful and I had the hell of a hunt, and in Chaidi's words: "Master much find him," I lost and picked him up several times and finally slew him—a fine boar with magnificent tushes, the lower tush on the off side being non-existant. Beat on some way without success.

25th Boar, Calvert, 31 ins. and 190 lbs.

26th Boar, Hopeful, 32 ins. and 200 lbs.

Walked miles in the evening to try and get something for the pot but failed dismally! I saw nothing.

May 11th.

Spent all morning reconnoitring and shot two teal; caught one fish.

May 12th.

Beat a series of light tuckras surrounded by burnt porcupine grass. A hyena broke straight away and Hopeful and I had the hell of a hunt. It is wonderful what speed a hyena has and how quickly he can change direction.

Hopeful, 1 hyena.

May 13th.

Reconnoitred all morning.

May 14th.

Beat from 6.30 to 11 a.m. without seeing anything. Self and

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horses tired and disgusted. On the way back to camp I beat out a little isolated patch of jhow and a good boar broke. He broke across sand and was money for jam.

27th Boar, Calvert 31 ins. and 175 lbs.

May 15th.

Reconnoitred a spot about five miles from camp—just worth beating.

May 16th.

Beat from 6.30 to 12 and saw absolutely nothing except one good black buck. This galloped across my front at 50 yards' range. I seized my rifle and had a shot. The buck absolutely crumpled up and lay kicking like hell on the ground. I screamed for my knife to cut its throat and advanced towards it, having lain my rifle down. I got within 5 feet when it bounced up went 10 yards and fell down again—got my knife and approached it. This time it got up and without a sign of being lame trotted off. I supposed it to be hit in the stomach but saw no blood trial. Pursued it on Robin but lost it. Quite a mystery to me, as I should never have thought on seeing it fall that it could move at all, and on seeing it move I wouldn't believe that it had been even hit.

May 17th.

Spent from 7 to 12 by a pool I had marked down with two mugger in it. Saw them in the water but they never came out, due I think to there being a big wind.

May 18th.

On my return last night bearer reported loss of 40 rupees from my box. Told him that unless the thief confessed in two days' time would send them all to the jail at Moradabad. All burst into tears. I personally suspect sweeper.

Moved camp to bagh at Omurpur. I went first to Bunkri and saw Advert., who can now walk, and ordered horse-box for 23rd.

May 19th.

Beat grass and jhow one mile from camp and across the river —saw nothing during first beat. Second beat, good boar broke on the left of the line while I was out beyond the right of the

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line. It was seen by a Syce who said that it pointed straight for the river. Calvert and I galloped to the river bank and there saw him just getting out of the river, having crossed. I galloped down the bank to find a crossing as the bank where I was was a cliff with a 6 ft. drop. Found a gap but the boar was out of sight, galloped on, on the line he seemed to take and picked him up and slew him. A very long hunt and Calvert was whacked.

I on dismounting from Calvert to finish off the pig was kicked by her on the inside of my left knee; I stepped back quickly and put out my right knee, so was powerless for at least twenty minutes.

Went back and continued the beat. Good boar broke. Robin and I pursued. Don't know which was the bigger funk, Robin or the pig. I had a dreadful time to get up to it as it always jinked away, and when I did Robin shut up completely. Still I got a good spear through the liver and then jumped off and pursued and slew him on foot. Returned to line and finished the beat. A fine boar broke and Calvert and I pursued. He was a grand old chap and showed fight as soon as he got tired. Nearly cut Calvert but not quite. Good day.

28th Boar, Calvert, 31 ins. and 182 lbs.

29th Boar, Robin, 32 ins. and 197 lbs.

30th Boar, Calvert, 32 ins. and 186 lbs.

Three fine boar with very good tushes.

May 20th.

Spent the morning reconnoitring and shot two teal.

May 21st.

Beat the grass and jhow one mile north of camp on this side of river. It is mostly burnt porcupine grass with thick patches.

Line actually started to beat about 7.45 a.m. and almost immediately a good boar broke forward taking an easy line. Hopeful and I pursued and found some difficulty in spearing on account of the thick porcupine grass, still we managed it without any damage. Changed on to Calvert and went back to the line where two pig had lain down in a thick patch. One proved a boar and Calvert and I had a long hunt straight back

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towards the ghat over light grass but very rough going—this pig was an awful coward and took a long time to spear.

Changed on to Charlie and as soon as the line had started a fine boar broke forward. Charlie showed signs of cutting it straight away, but on being beaten up went admirably and was more or less staunch, which shows that the rest I have given him has settled his nerve. Killed pig after exciting hunt; this pig fought very well and I was terrified of getting Charlie cut as that would have finished his pigsticking for good and all. Rode back towards line still on Charlie and a huge boar broke. He was a beauty and only went a very short distance before showing fight. Charlie to my amazement behaved perfectly. I missed my first spear and the boar got in and luckily caught me on the boot between the knee and ankle. He gave me an awful bang which was most painful, but thanks to my thick boots he only cut the top of the leather. After this he made off and getting full steam up so as to give Charlie confidence I speared and luckily got him through the heart—a magnificent pig. This was a wonderful 40 minutes, four pig within that time.

Changed on to Calvert and beat for some time without seeing anything, finally a sounder broke with a rideable boar. This boar was white livered and Calvert and I had a very long jinking hunt. Finally I speared through the guts and the pig lost his temper and charged from a very awkward angle. My spear went clean through him but he had managed to cut Calvert on the chest. Not a bad cut but quite deep.

After this we went home. A damned good day and one of the pig the biggest I am ever likely to kill.

31st Boar, Hopeful, 30 ins. and 185 lbs.

32nd Boar, Calvert, 28¾ ins. and 153 lbs.

33rd Boar, Charlie, 30 ins. and 181 lbs.

34th Boar, Charlie, 33½ ins. and 252 lbs.

35th Boar, Calvert, 28 ins. and 145 lbs.

A good day for the last day of my trip. The horses leave tomorrow which is sad as I should like to have had another day's hunting here.

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Tid Apa, 8 boar; Calvert, 10 boar; Advert. 5 boar; Hopeful, 9 boar and 1 hyena; Charlie, 2 boar; Robin, 1 boar.

Aghwanpur, 5 boar; Mis Begampur, 11 boar; Bunkri, 8 boar; Raini, 3 boar; Omurpur, 8 boar.

23 hunting days. 22 pig of 30 ins. and over and 13 under 30 ins. 19 boar of 180 lbs. and over, 7 boar of 200 lbs. and over.

Benjamin

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ONE GOOD TURN

By "Bridoon."

On an April morning which showed the first promise of spring a young man in riding breeches entered the bank and spoke to the cashier:

"Will you ask the manager if he can spare me a few minutes, please?"

The young man did not take the proffered chair, but waited, walking slowly up and down the length of the unimposing counter of this small country branch of the important and powerful concern known throughout the world as the Parminster Bank. He walked up and down, up and down, hands in his breeches pockets, eyes on the floor. He was no ill-looking young man, this; slim, yet possessing physical strength; not tall, yet giving no impression of shortness thanks to a well-proportioned frame; fairish hair, and a frank, open face to which, however, anxiety and care had imparted a premature seriousness not infrequently to be met with among those young men who are, in this year 1929, in the early thirties, and on whom the cares of war and —alas!—of peace, have left their mark.

"Will you step this way, sir?" The voice of the cashier to whom he had spoken cut in upon his thoughts. The young man swung round and, taking a deep breath, unconsciously squared his shoulders. Then, with a smile of thanks to his announcer, he passed through the doorway indicated.

The manager rose from his seat as he entered.

"Good morning, Captain Ballatine!"

"Good morning, Mr. Fenwick!" The two shook hands.

"Please take a chair."

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"Thanks," said the young man.

A short pause ensued, then: "You, er—you got my letter?"

The manager placed the tips of his fingers together and looked at them before transferring his glance to his visitor. "Yes, Captain Ballatine, I got your letter. I have considered the matter carefully, and, while I am of course most ready to listen to anything you may have to add to it, I very much fear that to accede to your request would not be within my powers." His not unkindly eyes took in the look of distress that overspread the young face opposite to him. He cleared his throat before continuing:

"You see, Captain Ballatine, banking to-day is not what it was; and this is not the fault of us managers. Not so many years ago you could have walked in here, and, knowing you as I do, I should have been most happy to accede to anything you might have asked for, provided you could show reasonable means of repayment. The question of actual tangible security would not, then, have arisen. But times have changed, as perhaps I need not tell you. The amalgamation of banking concerns has made a vast difference to our policy, and I am not empowered to grant an overdraft of the amount you mention in your letter—£500 I think it was—without adequate security, before putting the matter before my directors; their answer, I fear—nay, I *know*, would be a refusal."

The young man nodded gloomily. 'I suppose," he said, "there is no possibility of my raising a bit more on the mortgage? After all, the stabling I want to build is bound to increase the value of the property."

The manager shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. In fact, to be quite candid, Captain Ballatine, your father, during his lifetime, mortgaged the place up to—I might say even over—the utmost limit of its present value. No, I fear nothing can be done in that direction."

There was a short silence, broken by the visitor.

"You see, Fenwick, it's like this. I know quite well how you are situated, and I don't want to badger you to do the

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impossible. But I've only been at this training business a year, and during that time it has cost me every penny I have to keep going."

The manager nodded—he knew. Ballatine went on:

"Now, I could get more and better horses to train, if I only had the stabling. But it is almost the end of the steeplechase season now, and if I haven't got the stabling up by the beginning of next season at the very latest, it simply means that the horses I might get will go elsewhere."

The manager looked thoughtful. "Yes," he said. "I see. And all for the want of a very little capital. I really wish I could help you, Captain Ballatine, but to do what you ask is out of the question. Can you think of no other way?"

The young man considered. "Well," he said at length, with a short laugh, "the only way I can think of would be if my horse Plantagenet should win the Stayers' Steeplechase at Banbury next week—which he may easily do—and I had backed him with about £200. But as I haven't got the £200, and you can't let me overdraw it, that isn't much good."

The manager shook his head. "Quite, quite! a great pity, a great pity indeed! I wish I could help you. But, as I said, times have changed, times have changed." He rose from his seat and held out his hand. "Please believe, Captain Ballatine, that anything I *can* do, at any time—"

"Yes, yes, thanks, Fenwick, I quite understand." With a heavy heart, the young man took his leave.

Mr. Fenwick, local manager of the Parminster Bank, sat in his chair for some minutes, deep in thought, before resuming the business which the interview just recorded had interrupted.

On his return home that evening, he wrote a letter which may in part be quoted.

". . . . If, therefore, you will insure your horse for £200, in case of accident, and should he fail to realize your hopes sell him, and refund me this sum within the month, I shall be happy to let you have £200 now. You will appreciate that I could scarcely suggest this earlier to-day in our respective capacities of manager and client. Perhaps you will let me know. . . ."

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A week later Captain Ronald Ballatine's Plantagenet won the Stayers' Steeplechase at 100-7.

Ten years later, on an April morning which showed the first promise of spring, Captain and Mrs. Ronald Ballatine rode into the stable-yard—the stable-yard that had, in that particular season, turned out more winners for its size than any other. A lad took their horses, and the two walked arm-in-arm towards the house. The last ten years had wrought well with the pair. Success had meant marriage, happiness, peace of mind; and, as it always does if not abused, had bred more success. And as the trainer surveyed his now unencumbered home, and thought of the string of shining thoroughbreds in their well-appointed boxes—not a bad horse in the stable—he reflected how much, how very much, had depended on the spin of a coin, ten years ago. What a capital thing for old Fenwick to have done, to be sure! Anything less like a bank manager—! Still, one never knew in a funny world.

Man and wife talked eagerly as they walked.

"We'll back Omdurman for the Tantivy 'Chase—he ought to win it hands down. We'll have a jolly good holiday if it comes off, won't we? We can afford it in any case. Would you like to travel? There are dozens of places I want to see . . . ."

And so it was settled.

"Mr. Fenwick to see you, sir. I have shown him into your study."

Fenwick? After dinner? What on earth—?

"All right, Mary; I'll come at once."

"Hullo, Fenwick!" said the younger man cordially, as they shook hands. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Sit down and have something to drink, won't you?"

The bank manager—an older, greyer Fenwick—shook his head. "No, thank you. No."

"Cigar?"

"No, really, thank you. I . . . ." He cleared his throat. "The fact is, I—er—I shall be glad of your advice. I must apologise for the unseemly hour of my call, but really . . . ."

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Ballatine, who was regarding him closely, noted the worry in the older man's eyes, the slight trembling of the hands, and cut him short. "Not a bit of it. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Captain Ballatine, the fact is—er—that I am in rather urgent need of a considerable sum of money. Of course, had you still been a client of my branch, I would not have dreamt . . . . but, since your account was moved to London—your success has been great, and I'm glad of it—I thought perhaps, that as old friends, you would not take exception if I . . . ."

"Of course not, man! What is the trouble?"

"Well, the truth is, I'm afraid, that my son—you know him?—my son has been very foolish—very foolish. He—er—I need not go into details—he is in the most urgent need of no less than one thousand pounds. He . . . ." His voice broke. Enlightenment came to the younger man.

"Quite. I see. You want to back a winner. It that it?"

The bank manager looked up gratefully, eagerly.

"Yes, Captain Ballatine. Yes. That is it. I have here two hundred pounds. All I can possibly afford I thought if I left it with you, you might perhaps be able to—er—increase it to the amount required—"

There was a short, pregnant silence. Then, "Right, Fenwick. I'll do my best. But you know the risks, don't you?"

"Yes, yes; but they are less with you than if I did it myself, are they not?"

The trainer nodded. "Certainly."

"And also," went on the older man, "it is the only chance! the only—"

"Yes, yes, I see. Now drink this." He gave his visitor a whiskey-and-soda, "and cheer up. I think, as it happens, that I shall have some good news for you as early as the day after to-morrow."

"Thank you, Captain Ballatine, thank you!"

He took his leave.

Ronald Ballatine returned to the drawing-room and his wife.

"We can't do better than Omdurman, Ronnie," said that lady. You've every faith in him, haven't you?"

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On the following Saturday, Omdurman, after being interfered with by a loose horse, lost the Tantivy 'Chase by half a length.

"Seventeen hundred quid, my lady," said Ballatine, in their drawing-room the same evening. "Five hundred of ours and a thousand plus his two hundred to be paid to Fenwick. He must be made to think he won. After all, if two hundred is all he can raise now, the chances are that it was all he could raise when he helped me, ten years ago. You do see, don't you?"

"My dear, of *course* I see!"

A pause. Then—

"You realize it means—no holiday?"

Mrs. Ronald Ballatine placed her hands in those of her husband and looked up at him.

"Old boy, I realize that if it hadn't been for Fenwick, there might have no home, no you, no anything. Now run along and write him his letter."

Mr. Fenwick, with tears of thankfulness dimming the page, read the following at his lonely breakfast-table on the Monday morning:

". . . . I wasn't too sure of mine at the last moment, so I put your £200 on the winner. The price was five to one. I enclose my cheque for £1,200 and am delighted it came off. . . ."

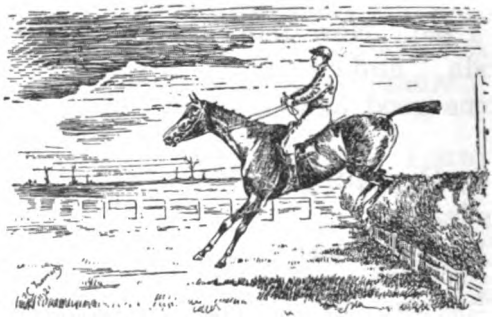

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Plate XIV. Third Squadron Standard, 1st Bengal Native Cavalry, 1818

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INDIAN CAVALRY STANDARDS

By Captain H. Bullock, F.R.Hist.S., I.A.

IV.

My first article (Cavalry Journal, October, 1929) dealt mainly with the old regulations and with the few standards which are still carried by Indian cavalry regiments. In the second article I mentioned, amongst others, some of the honorary standards granted to regiments in the past, whilst the third was mainly concerned with the flags of the Scinde Horse and other mounted corps of the Old Bombay Army.

Since this series began a great deal of fresh information has come to hand, much of which is of general interest; though some, of a more parochial nature, I have ventured to communicate direct to regiments. For much light on the cavalry standards of the Old "Coast" Army—as the Madras Army was formerly known—I wish to express my indebtedness to Major the Hon. R. A. Addington, formerly of the 8th (King George's Own) Light Cavalry. The present Officer Commanding this regiment has also kindly sent me photographs of several old flags which are now framed and glazed in the Officers' Mess. As no Madras cavalry standards have yet been illustrated in these pages, some description may be of interest.

The 8th King George's Own Light Cavalry were, until Lord Kitchener's re-organization in 1903, known as the 1st Madras Light Cavalry. In the 'fifties of the last century there were eight light cavalry regiments of the Madras Army, the battle honours borne by them being :—

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1st Madras Light Cavalry—"Mysore," "Seringapatam," "Ava."
2nd Madras Light Cavalry—"Seringapatam."
3rd Madras Light Cavalry—"Seringapatam," "Mahidpoor."
4th Madras Light Cavalry—"Seringapatam," "Assaye," "Mahidpoor."
5th Madras Light Cavalry—"Assaye."
6th Madras Light Cavalry—"Nagpoor."
7th Madras Light Cavalry—"Assaye."
8th Madras Light Cavalry—"Mahidpoor."

Of these, the 4th, 6th and 7th saw service in the suppression of the mutiny of the Bengal Army, whilst the 8th was disbanded in unfortunate circumstances. The 5th, 6th and 7th only survived it for a year or so; and in 1891 the 4th (Prince of Wales's Own) Madras Light Cavalry also ceased to exist as a corps, sending one of its squadrons to each of the three remaining regiments. These three are now represented by :—

Old Title.	*Present Title.*	*Raised.*
1st Madras Light Cavalry	8th King George's Own Light Cavalry	1787
2nd Madras Light Cavalry	16th Light Cavalry	Before 1780
3rd Madras Light Cavalry	7th Light Cavalry	1784

From 1886 to 1903 they were Lancer regiments.

As was mentioned in my first article, the present 16th Light Cavalry still carry two standards, conforming to the second and third squadron standards according to the regulations of 1840 which were also given in my article. The 8th King George's Own Light Cavalry, too, have two old standards of the same pattern, of which the third squadron standard is illustrated in Plate XI. The flag of the second squadron is of exactly similar design, with the omission of the distinguishing numeral "3"

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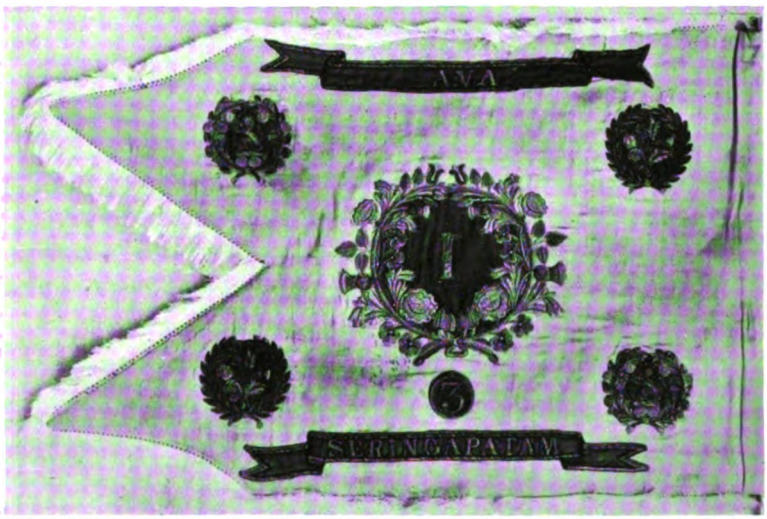

Plate XI. Third Squadron Standard of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry, conforming to the regulations of 1840, now in possession of the 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry.

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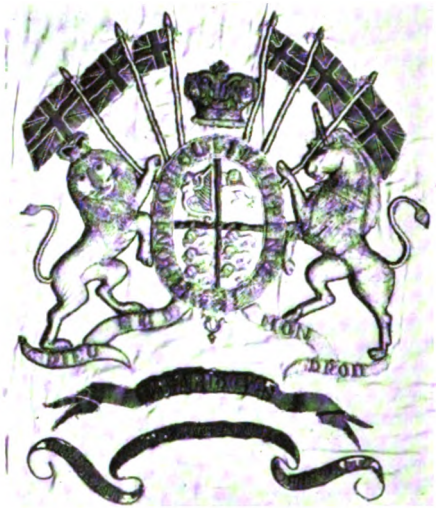

Plate XII. Royal or First Squadron Standard of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry (period ?1801-1839), now in possession of the 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry.

Plate XIII. Second Squadron Standard of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry (period ?1801-1839), now in possession of the 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry.

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below the lower wreath. It should be noted that in this flag the silk of the ground and the fringes are new, having been restored; but the embroidered devices are the old original ones. The colour is the buff of the regimental facings; and the devices in the corners are the East India Company's crest and the "Union" spray of rose, thistle and shamrock.

The regiment has two more standards of an even earlier date. These would appear to be the oldest Madras cavalry standards which have survived, though in the absence of regulations, it is at present impossible to fix their age with certainty. They may perhaps have been prepared in consequence of the order of 22nd May, 1801, that all Madras regiments were to indent forthwith for new standards and colours. In any event, there would appear to be little doubt that they are considerably older than the second and third squadron standards described above. One is a Royal or First squadron standard, with the Royal Arms, as illustrated in Plate XII; and the other a second squadron standard with John Company's arms (see Plate XIII). Each coat of arms has six rather crude Union flags above it. Perhaps some reader with a knowledge of heraldic practice will find in them some clue from which their age may be ascertained.

Having described the oldest Madras and Bombay cavalry standards known to me, I am now in a position to illustrate what is to the best of my knowledge the oldest flag of the Bengal cavalry. In Plate XIV is shown a third squadron standard of the 1st Bengal Native Cavalry. As this conforms to the regulations of 3rd November, 1818 (quoted in my first article), whilst the designation of the regiment was changed from "Native" to "Light Cavalry" on 1st January, 1819, it would seem that the age of this standard can be fixed almost to a month. It is now in my possession, having been rescued from the lumber-room: it formerly had swallow-tails, now missing, but the embroidery is remarkably fresh despite its age of over a hundred and ten years. The 1st Bengal Light Cavalry, like all the ten regiments of that line, ceased to exist during the Mutiny: it then had the battle honours "Laswaree," "Cabool, 1842," "Maharajpoor," and "Aliwal."

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WITH THE PESHAWAR VALE HUNT

SEASON 1929-30.

By "VIVE LE SPORT."

"DASH it, wot a mornin' it is! Wot a many delicious moments one loses by smooterin' i' bed! Dash my vig! If I won't get up at five every mornin' as long as I live!"—"Handley Cross."

Mr. Jorrocks, when he made the above-quoted remark on the occasion of "another last day" when he succeeded in being in at the death of the old customer after the famous run from Pinch-me-near Forest was on pretty safe ground, because whatever he may have felt on that particular morning, he certainly never carried out his threat of perpetually rising early. Had he been a member of the Peshawar Vale Hunt there would have been a different story to tell.

If one wishes to hunt with this famous Pack one has to rise early, and from the last week in October when cubbing begins, until the end of the season in March, breakfast in the dark is the invariable rule so as to arrive at the meet just at daybreak. There are a few days in December and early January when the meet is as late as 9.30 so as to allow time for the sun to disperse the frost.

To revert for a moment to Mr. Jorrocks' remark on the subject of early rising, which appears at the top of this article. It has always surprised us that although people who get up early for sport genuinely eulogise on the beauty of nature at the hour of sunrise, yet these same people will never get up so early unless definitely bound for some sport or duty, which demands being called in the dark.

In the present season 1929-30 cubbing started on the 17th of October at Darbangi, when about 50 good sportsmen and sportswomen met the Master. Hounds had evidently summered well

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at Murree. The monsoon had visited Peshawar for the first time in the memory of living man and crops were well forward. In normal years the sugar cane crop is not harvested till the end of November or middle of December, but this season it looked as though it would be cut early.

This, however, proved to be a disappointment, because nearly at the end of the season large patches of cane were still standing in the fields.

Old members of the hunt will be interested in this and will be the first to sympathize over such a misfortin'. There were two reasons advanced: (1) That the area under sugar had increased so greatly that the villagers had not the plant to deal with it; and (2) that there was a sugar shortage down country and the farmers were hanging on in the hope of higher prices. Doubtless there was an element of truth in both alleged reasons. Whatever the truth may be, the fact remains that owing to the long period of night frosts in December and January the standing sugar became nearly valueless.

Good runs do not as a rule occur till after Christmas, when the Jack generally head for the mountains of independent tribal territory some ten miles away. Thursdays and Sundays are still the hunting days, thus the busy man can hunt without any sad misgivings as to whether his leave has been signed or not.

In addition to this, after Christmas the Master on several occasions included a bye-day on Tuesdays.

We have had the good fortune to have had three seasons with the Peshawar Vale Hunt, and taking it all through we have had wonderful sport, and it is our business now to give a short account of the present season. To do this we think the best plan is to give a brief description of one or two runs prefaced by a few general remarks.

In the first place sport has been below average, and this in itself is enough to make the task of writing of it difficult. The reason is twofold. The large acreage of standing sugar cane right up to February has made it terribly difficult to get a Jack away into the open. Time and again scent has been good and

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hounds have hunted wonderfully well, but they have had to hunt from one patch of cane to another. This season, too, a few of the best coverts have been blank, a thing difficult to account for unless it is due to the unusually long period of frosts that the Peshawar Vale country has experienced. (Jackal, like foxes, like damp beds as little as Christians.)

The Field has on occasion been criticized for making mistakes, and certainly on two occasions for spoiling the sport they so ardently wanted. We take the liberty of reminding the critics that the Field is composed of a varying number of persons, some of whom know less than the others, and that those who know less are the very people one wants to encourage, for without recruits to the best of sports, hunting would soon die a natural death. We do say, however, that it is the absolute duty of the Field Master to explain to the Field what the Master's plan at each covert is and tell them where the Master wants them to go. If this is done regularly and patiently nothing but good will result.

Before going into any details of the hunting, we know that all members of the hunt will agree in saying "Hats off" to the Master, who has never allowed himself to be beaten or discouraged by adverse circumstances, and who with everything against good sport has managed to show us some jolly good days' hunting.

Looking through our diary for this season all the earlier days have such entries as this: "Pottered about for a couple of hours, while hounds were hunting splendidly in covert, eventually killing their Jack." "A few pleasant scurries between patches of cane." "Hounds hunted well through large patches of cane." Under November 7th we read: "No scent for an hour and a-half and then some pretty hound work in covert." On this day we were the unconscious victims of what must have vastly amused some dacoits; for on our return to Peshawar we heard that twelve armed men had been lying up in the very cane patches in which hounds had been hunting.

This more or less brought the cubbing to an end, and then with the opening meet at Choti Bala on November 24th began

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a long series of nights with ground frost and lack of scent, and still we hoped for better things.

In the P.V.H. there is an old-time custom that on Christmas day a drag line is arranged, and two couple of old hounds are used for the purpose. The meet was at Government House, where Sir Norman and Lady Bolton entertained everyone. Subsequently a three and a-half mile gallop across the grass farms was enjoyed by one hundred members of the hunt.

A feature of this hunt is the amount of grief one sees, hardly a day goes by without spare horses being seen galloping about. However, there is lots of water and falling is soft, and cases of people or horses being seriously hurt are few and far between.

During the latter end of December several good hunts occurred in the eastern end of the country, from the neighbourhood of the Bara Police Post generally south-east of the experimental farm at Tarhu.

Darbangi, with Pirbala Wood as the first draw, was the scene of several nice little hunts, the best of which was to Charpariza, where hounds ran out of scent.

On January 2nd hounds were at the seventh milestone on the Shaghai Thana road, a favourite meet, and from which place there has been many a great run. On this occasion a Jack was found at once and gave us a sharp ten minutes crossing the Kabul River Canal near Shahi, where unfortunately he was lost. The Master at once took his hounds back to the original covert, when almost immediately another Jack was halloed away. Then followed a capital hunt of forty minutes between the Shaghai Thana and Michni roads over a grand line of country —there was a considerable check but hounds eventually killed their Jack. The upper reaches of the Budni Canal took its toll. This canal wants knowing. In places it is terribly boggy and one cannot take liberties with it.

During this hunt "D" put up a good show. Having lost his horse near the road he jumped into a passing car which enabled him to catch his horse, which he at once mounted and then he finished the hunt.

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On January 26th hounds met at the First Bridge of Boats, on the Shabkadr road. The cane patch at Nahakki, a favourite covert, was blank, but the Master went on to the covert by the Nulla Bridge from which place a Jack went away at once and gave us a stinging good twenty-five minutes of the very best to near Jatti Bala, and from there hounds worked out the line with scent failing till they marked to ground in an earth on the banks of the Shah Alam near Jatti Payan.

The next meet at the seventh milestone on the Shaghai Thana road provided the best hunt of the season. A Jack was found in the reed bed and went away across the road heading for Michni; after a mile he was evidently headed for he turned back through Shahi Jheel recrossed the road and went on over the Kabul River Canal, which, owing to its steep banks, made followers think a bit. There was a breast high scent and hounds raced on over uncultivated country, taking the general line of the Gudar Khwar. Seldom have we seen such a hunt, the going was perfect, and a slight error in judgment as to the best way across the nullahs would have left one out of it; there was no question of catching up. It then became clear that our friend the Jack was heading for Ghundai Sar, which lies about three miles north of the Jamrud Fort. About half a mile from this mountain the situation became difficult. Hounds were absolutely racing for blood and yet had to be stopped before going into tribal territory. Word was got to the Field to pull up, which they did; the Master and his whips then managed to whip hounds off before they reached the hills. This was a seven-mile hunt measured in two straight lines of one mile in one direction and then a six mile point back. It was very little more as hounds ran since it was as nearly as possible straight. Time, thirty-seven minutes.

The forecast for the rest of the season is good; there is at the time of writing another month to go and the crops are not too high, so that those who can get out regularly from now on can be reckoned lucky.

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LIFE IN THE CAVALRY IN 1800.

By JOHN AYE.

THE year 1800 marks not only the beginning of a new century but also the real commencement of a much-needed era of Army reform. For the first time the soldier really came under discipline. The building of barracks in or near big industrial centres, first commenced by Pitt in 1792, was now well under way, and the removal of the troops from billets in licensed houses, where the landlord was compelled to "board, lodge and provide six pints of small ale" for the sum of fourpence per day, was alike beneficial to the innkeeper and the individual soldier.

The earliest specimens of barracks were far from satisfactory. In only too many cases the soldier was execrably housed. The benefits of fresh air and sanitation were still almost unknown, and disease flourished to an alarming extent. Soldiers slept two in a bed in tiers, and sometimes even four. The only accommodation—when available—for the married soldier was a portion of the barrack room curtained off by a blanket, and this disgraceful state of affairs continued down till about 1870. Wives and families still accompanied their husbands, even on active service, and at this period there were about 10,000 women on the establishment who followed the British Army to every part of the Empire.

The soldier was miserably fed, so badly in fact that the doctors frequently complained that the men's physique deteriorated in consequence. There were two meals a day, the principal one of which consisted of meat and bread, and was commonly known as "The King's Own." Vegetables were unknown. Breakfast

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varied somewhat according to the unit, but it was never a very substantial meal, as witness the recipe, sent out by the War Office to commanding officers, for a pottage to be made of "either milk or small beer with oatmeal, suet and molasses, and which is highly recommended and costs 7d. for six men." It was another forty-six years before an evening meal of coffee and bread was added to the soldiers' dietary. William Cobbett, who served for some time as a private soldier, tells a story of how with great difficulty he saved a halfpenny with which he intended on a certain morning to provide himself with a red herring for breakfast, but unfortunately before that day came it was stolen from him, and he was so overcome by the loss that he burst into tears.

As regards clothing, the old system still remained whereby the whole equipment of the regiment was in the hands of the colonel, who made certain stoppages out of the men's pay. It was the custom in time of peace to issue to each regiment the materials for its clothing to be made up in the regiment itself, a system which had doubtless been devised to retain for the colonel the maximum profit. It was, however, impracticable to carry out this system in the field, and the result was that the troops on service were often almost naked, and Sir Herbert Taylor, military secretary to the Adjutant-General, writing about this time, said, that when he joined the Army abroad in 1793 nothing could have been more disgraceful than their condition. "We were," he writes, "the objects of ridicule to every other service." Moreover, when a unit was on active service it seems to have been no one's business to look after recruits, and these unfortunates on being drafted to depots received very often what was known as slop clothing, consisting of a linen jacket and trousers, and in this garb, without any proper underclothing, they were sent out to join their units. Needless to say no provision was made as regards a colonial outfit, and a regiment bound for the West Indies went out with black leather stocks and tight fitting uniform just as if it were undertaking a winter campaign in the highlands of Scotland. One improvement that had been effected, however, was that the

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floured and pommatured head had passed away, though the pigtail was still retained, but this was shortened by order some four years later to seven inches, and finally cut off in 1808.

The rank and file was unfortunately still composed largely of the dregs of the population, and it was only by an iron discipline and an almost barbaric code of punishment that order could be maintained in the majority of units. As a general rule, however, the cavalry personnel was of a better class than the infantry, and this was more marked in such regiments as the 15th Light Dragoons that had originally been raised from among the better class of recruits. The standard of education was very low, and only a very small proportion of the men were able to sign their own name. The treatment of the individual soldier by his superiors was almost that of a felon. Canes were carried by the officers and sergeants on parade, and these were used freely to correct the most trifling errors. Flogging was carried out on a wholesale scale, and sentences of 300 to 500 lashes were common, while for the crime of desertion 2,000 could be awarded. As late as 1825 a soldier was sentenced to 1,900 lashes and actually received 1,200, but in 1838 it was ruled that no corporal punishment should exceed 200. At a somewhat earlier period than that with which we are now dealing it had been customary, with the grim humour of the time, to charge the man one shilling for the cat with which he was flogged.

Enlistment was still for life, and this system continued for another eight years when the recruit had the alternative offered him of enlisting for a term of years or for life, the bounty in the former case being then much smaller. The standard at this period was 5 feet 3 inches, or for young men of 17 only 5 feet, and men were enlisted up to forty years of age.

The few preceding years had witnessed a substantial improvement in the pay, which was now fixed at one shilling a day, from which there was a deduction of sixpence for rations. In this year an extra penny was granted as beer money, and six years later, at the request of Wellington, long service pay was introduced, the private soldier receiving a penny a day after seven years' service and twopence after fourteen years. A

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paymaster was attached to every cavalry regiment except those of the Household Cavalry.

The bodily welfare of the troops was apparently well looked after by a surgeon, with one or two assistant surgeons in each regiment, though the standard of their medical knowledge was not very high, but the spiritual welfare was left to the garrison chaplains, of whom there were fifteen at home and thirteen abroad, assisted where necessary by acting chaplains. The care of the horses left much to be desired, hygiene and stable management being generally little understood. Although Professor Coleman, the head of the recently opened Veterinary College at Camden Town, had been appointed Principal Veterinary Officer to the Cavalry in 1796 he had only yet succeeded in obtaining veterinary officers for 26 out of 39 regiments, and in the remainder the care of sick horses was entirely entrusted to the farriers.

Drill and tactics were still in a most elementary condition, though the dawn of better things was inaugurated by the issue of General David Dundas' system. Owing, however, to regiments being constantly moved from station to station there was little opportunity of carrying out anything beyond a little sword exercise and simple ceremonial movements.

The situation as regards the officers was still a disgrace to the country. Money and political interest rather than good service were the roads to promotion, and though the Duke of York, who had become Commander-in-Chief in 1795, did his best to suppress it, officers with political "pull" still did very much as they liked. Hard drinking was the fashion. Many officers were undesirable and useless to the force. It was no uncommon thing for regiments to start on the march under the charge of the adjutant and sergeant-major only, while the officers stayed behind to come galloping up several hours later, probably full of wine, and with only just sufficient sense left to take up their places at the end of the march. Although Secretary at War's leave, by which an officer absented himself from duty without consulting his commanding officer, had been abolished, it was still quite possible for an officer who did not wish to accompany

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his unit abroad or on active service to obtain long leave without going through the regular channels.

In spite of Royal Warrants to the contrary, commissions were still granted at a very early age. Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, held a commission at fourteen, was captain at seventeen, and a major at twenty. Lord Stair became a colonel at nineteen, and the Duke of Cumberland commander-in-chief at twenty-four. The Gordon Highlanders had one ensign wounded at Alexandria in 1801 who was not quite fourteen. In addition to this the action of the Government in 1794 in giving rank to persons in proportion to the number of recruits they could raise had flooded the Army with mere boys and undesirable characters. The men of such corps were at once drafted into existing units, and the officers treated in the same manner or put on half-pay. There was naturally a rush to obtain these "letters of service," and commissions to some extent became a drug in the market. What was worse, most undesirable persons flocked into the commissioned ranks, and in some cases officers who had already been discharged in disgrace came back in a superior rank.

There were, however, now signs of better things. Under the Duke of York the Adjutant-General's office expanded rapidly. An early order required all correspondence to go through the regular channels, and another step forward was the inauguration of the confidential report. In the year of which we are writing the Duke of York also devoted special attention to the foundation of a Royal Military College, from the senior division, of which the present Staff College was evolved, while the junior division, after going through many changes, finally developed into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. In all efforts at reformation the Commander-in-Chief was, however, much hampered by the multiplicity of persons with whom he had to deal. These consisted of a Secretary of State, a Secretary at War, two Paymasters-General, both in Parliament, an independent and influential Board of Ordnance that controlled not only the matériel for the whole army but also the personnel of the Artillery and Engineers, the Treasury who controlled all

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matters of transport, and the Home Office who did the same for the militia. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the C.-in-C. did not find himself well placed for the speedy transaction of business.

The evils of promotion by purchase were at this period rampant, as witness the case of one well-known and wealthy officer who in seven years bought himself up from a cornetcy to a lieutenant-colonelcy in a cavalry regiment, or that of Brevet-Major Hogan who had been "noted" for three years for the next substantive majority and during that period saw forty juniors purchase their way over his head. To regularise matters the price of commissions had been fixed by Royal Warrant in 1720, the regulation price for a first commission being £450, while each subsequent step had to be paid for proportionally, unless there was a death vacancy, in which case promotion went by seniority. Over and above these scheduled prices for each rank there grew up what was known as "over regulation payments," by which officers were induced to retire before they would otherwise have done in favour of juniors with heavy purses and the desire to rise quickly. Thus while the regulation price of a cavalry lieutenant-colonelcy was £6,175 the usual price paid was £14,000, or double that paid for the command of an infantry battalion, and in some cases as much as £18,000 was given.

In addition to those purchased a few commissions were granted from the ranks for good conduct in the field, and in the space of five years the 7th Dragoon Guards gained no less than thirty-seven of these. By far the greater number of these free commissions were, however, obtained through the influence of someone in authority, and the most startling case is perhaps that which occurred some six years later, when the famous Mrs. Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of York, and the lady who brought the sale of promotion to a fine art, obtained for one of her footmen a commission as lieutenant-colonel of a West Indian regiment.

The position of the junior officer with no private means was at this period much to be pitied, since the commissioned ranks

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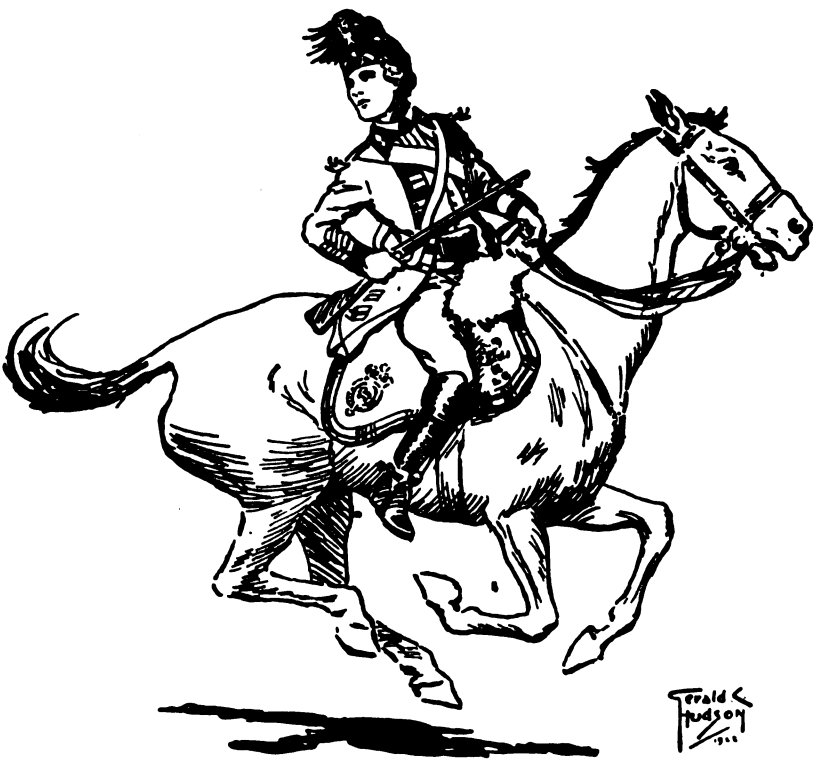
were largely run on the principle of "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have." Thus while the colonel drew pay not only as a colonel but also as a captain, and in addition made a fair income out of the clothing of his unit, the poor subaltern had, on receiving his commission, to pay fees to the Secretary of State, the Secretary at War, and five per cent. on his purchase money to Chelsea Hospital. In addition to this his pay, which was barely sufficient to support him, was subject to deductions by the Paymaster-General, Chelsea Hospital, the auditors, the Treasury, and, in fact, fees (legal or otherwise) to every clerk or civilian who had sufficient impudence to put forward a claim.



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THE SHEIKH

By "LUMBIDUM."

GOING through my stables on the way to the lines, an unmistakable figure appeared on a hot weather morning. A tall, well set-up Pathan over fifty with a beard still coal black without the aid of dye.

His greeting in Pushtu was friendly without being unduly familiar, and contained its quotum of congratulations on events that had occurred since our last meeting and had been forgotten, such as the winning of a polo tournament and the stable's success at horse shows; advice was also given as to the advantage of staff employ, preferably at Simla—those who think Simla cuts no ice on the frontier are far from correct. All these details had been gleaned in a short space because, to a man of tact, they were considered as a desirable opening to the real object of the visit.

My turn came at last.

"What is it you want, Sheikh Is it a question of that land at Bhishtpur for which your name went in? Because, if it is, you must realise what the terms are; you have to put down the money before getting possession."

"No," replied Sheikh, "that land is not worth having; it swallows a man's rupees and yields nothing; everyone knows that the water bundobast is rotten; I came over for the pleasure of seeing you and brought my second eldest (of seven), who broke out in a sweat six weeks ago when there was a rain storm and has eaten but little since. A note to the Doctor Sahib will surely effect a cure."

The necessary note was written and at lunch time our visitor awaited me under a tree with a pretty, shy frontier child of ten, decked out in all her finery. The Doctor Sahib

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had been most considerate and had thoroughly examined the child and given her father a whole beer bottle full of medicine, to be taken in twenty-four equal doses to be judged by eye.

Let us trace our acquaintance with the Sheikh. It began over twenty years ago when he was but little different from now. He was usually employed as an orderly, because he was quite a good rider and had the knack of keeping horses fit and the compound happy and free from discord. A man with a curiously well ordered mind, who always had a good reason for what he did, even though it was the cause of his being on the mat at orderly room. Very popular, he possessed a sense of humour that once led him to adopt the disguise of a Sikh and parade along with the bearded ones to the discomfort of the squadron leader, who for once was at a loss to recognize a face that seemed familiar, and had to admit that after all there was one man in his squadron whose name he had forgotten.

The Sheikh was of the first detachment that went with me to a regiment in France in 1914, where he soon rose to the dignity of a single stripe for his careful handling of the water cart. Pensioned after the war he tried his hand at trade, for how can a man with a young family as numerous as a hen's brood live on a few acres of unirrigated land on the Peshawar Plain? Trade was not a success. He turned up in Lahore just on two years ago almost on the day I returned from leave and by a stroke of luck was taken on as an orderly by the Deputy Commissioner; he is still in the I.C.S., as he styles his job, and is now so nearly out of debt that it does not matter.

But of the Sheikh what really counts is the part he once played in an affair on the frontier.

The district was then sorely tried by several gangs of raiders who specialized in robbing and sometimes murdering Hindu shopkeepers, departing over the border or into independent territory after each crime. The local inhabitants, whether of the scattered villages or semi-nomads, were only half-hearted in the matter of co-operating to ensure the round up of these gangs. True, they brought in word whenever a raid took place, and long rides by day and night to intercept the

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raiders always ended with the same tale: "You should have been here sooner; by now the raiders are over the border where none may follow."

To catch raiders you must get information before the raid, and this none would give, for the gangs had a reputation of dealing ruthlessly with anyone who was even suspected of giving information until after the event, when it did not matter much.

Information was published in Regimental Orders by way of encouraging counter-raiding parties and out-posts (the name given to detachments dotted over the country in small mud forts) regarding the rewards offered for the capture dead or alive of each particular gang of outlaws.

One night a young Pathan, whom we shall call the Shah, came to my bungalow and asked if he might have a try at earning a reward. His plan was to get in touch with the most successful gang led by a notoriously bloodthirsty man called Sawan Gud—Gud meaning halt or maimed because of a wounded arm that had withered.

His plan was to adopt the guise of a young disciple of a wandering holy man so as to get in touch with the gang and, if possible, live with it until a chance occurred of warning one of the outposts. The plan was sanctioned, but the secret was of necessity well kept, only the Commanding Officer, the Squadron Commander, the Political Agent and one Indian officer being in the know. We were at first doubtful as to the choice of the Sheikh as the holy man, but the Shah was firm on that point: "He has a beard, a poker face, and enough sense to know that I shall shoot him if he makes a fool of himself." The Sheikh and the Shah set about their plans, rehearsing every possible situation. They were holy men—the younger had lost a brother who had mysteriously disappeared some years before in Baluchistan, and they were in search of his grave. If met, the gang was to be blessed and asked for a blessing in return, for was not Sawan Gud a great man, whose influence and good wishes were likely to lend help to any venture, even to a holy man's quest. Suitable disguises were soon collected, they were each given a revolver to be carried hidden for use in case they

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were found out, so that they could put up a fight and possibly earn a reward posthumously.

Their disappearance was arranged on the grounds that they were to join the polo team as orderlies at Dehra Dun, giving up their leave to do so.

They got away unnoticed and actually begged from the Political Agent when he was on tour without his spotting who they were. It was a bitterly cold winter and the pair had a hard time in the hills before they fell in with Sawan's gang. At first Sawan would not let them come near him, but the holy man's importunities eventually prevailed. They were threatened with death if they gave information, and by way of a test Sawan beat the Sheikh over the face with a shoe. Perhaps he relented, because from that time onwards suspicion decreased and the pair were allowed access to the gang's hiding places, and eventually even to live with the gang for days at a time while they were lying up in the hills.

At last the chance came. The gang had done a very long trek, had a meal off a sheep they took from a flock, and for once settled down in a cave without the usual sentry. It was only four miles to an outpost and the Sheikh and the Shah got away unnoticed early in the night and reached the outpost, which, as bad luck would have it, was held by Sikhs of another unit. The idea was to lead a party to surround the cave before dawn. Having roused the post, they were treated with the utmost suspicion.

"This is surely Sawan's latest ruse to ambush us. Let us make sure of two of his gang and gain merit by having a couple of corpses to show."

A night of argument and bargaining followed. Our men said: "Keep one of us in the Guard Room and let the other go as a guide if you like."

It had been foreseen when making up the plan that there was a chance of outposts other than those of our own regiment failing to believe the two when they came in. It was far too risky to have given them even the smallest scrap of paper. They were coached in details such as the names of officers both British

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and Indian of other units. All these were reeled off and every form of argument brought forward during that night without avail.

In the end the Sikhs, who of course could not be warned of the plan and were not on the telephone, played for safety and made prisoners of the Sheikh and the Shah, whom they handed over with full publicity next day to the Political Officer, who happened to be passing that way with his escort. These two very plucky sportsmen were not only robbed of their share of a reward which they were so near to earning after six weeks' danger and a really hard time in the bitter cold of the hills without shelter on many occasions. They went in danger of their lives in that part of the country ever after so long as Sawan or any of his gang survived, a piece of information which the gang very soon had conveyed to them.

The Sheikh we know about. The Shah was also of the party that went to France, where he earned distinction for patrolling in no man's land, was given a commission and the coveted reward of two squares of canal land. He came to see me not long ago and asked if I could put him in the way of another job like the last, because, as he put it, "being prosperous is a much duller business than I expected.

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BATTLE-HONOURS OF THE CAVALRY

Compiled by K. R. WILSON.

II.

THE GREAT WAR.
FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

Note.—The Battle-Honours of the Regiments printed in smaller type, followed by an asterisk, are NOT borne on the Standards, or Appointments.

"AISNE, 1914."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. Royal Horse Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"ALBERT, 1916."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.*

"ALBERT, 1918."

2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15th K. Hussars.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

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"AMIENS."

2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5th R.I. Lancers.* 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15th K. Hussars.* 16th Q. Lancers.* 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"ARMENTIERES, 1914."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 16th Q. Lancers.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"ARRAS, 1917."

2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5th R.I. Lancers.* 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"ARRAS, 1917-'18."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS.

"AVRE."

3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1st R. Dragoons.* 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

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"ALBERT, 1918"

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"BAPAUME, 1918."

2nd Life Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 15th K. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"BAZENTIN."

7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 8th K.R.I. Hussars.*

"BEAUREVOIR."

2nd Life Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.* 1st R. Dragoons.* R. Scots Greys.* 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.* 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15th K. Hussars.* 17th D.C.O. Lancers.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"BELLEWAARDE."

2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6th Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"BROODSEINDE."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.*

"CAMBRAI, 1917."

4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 16TH Q. LANCERS.

"CAMBRAI, 1917-'18."

2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. R. Scots Greys.* 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS.

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15TH K. HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"CAMBRAI, 1918."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards.* 1ST R. DRAGOONS. 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.*

"CANAL DU NORD."

6th Dragoon Guards.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers.* 16th Q. Lancers.*

"DROCOURT-QUÉANT."

10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS.

"ÉPÉHY."

2nd Life Guards.*

"FESTUBERT, 1914."

17TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"FLERS-COURCELETTE."

2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.* 8th K.R.I. Hussars.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 15th K. Hussars.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.*

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-'16."

13TH HUSSARS.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-'17."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-'18."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.*

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6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.* 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers.* 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16th Q. Lancers.* 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"FREZENBERG."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 1ST R. DRAGOONS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 15th K. Hussars.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.*

"GHELUVELT."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 1st R. Dragoons.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers.* 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 15th K. Hussars.* 16th Q. Lancers.*

"GIVENCHY, 1914."

7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS.

"GRAVENSTAFEL."

9th Q.R. Lancers.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.*

"HAZEBROUCK."

6th Dragoon Guards.* 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 20th Hussars.*

"HINDENBURG LINE."

1st Life Guards.* 2ND LIFE GUARDS. Royal Horse Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS.

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4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers.* 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8th K.R.I. Hussars.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15th K. Hussars.* 16th Q. Lancers.* 17th D.C.O. Lancers.* 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"LA BASSÉE, 1914."

4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.*

"LANGEMARCK, 1914."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 1st R. Dragoons.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 15th K. Hussars.*

"LE CATEAU."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6th Dragoon Guards.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"LOOS."

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS.

"LYS."

6th Dragoon Guards.* 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 17th D.C.O. Lancers.* 20th Hussars.*

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"MARNE, 1914."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards. 2nd Dragoon Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 6th Dragoon Guards. R. Scots Greys. 3rd K.O. Hussars. 4th Q.O. Hussars. 5th R.I. Lancers. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 11th P.A.O. Hussars. 12th P.W.R. Lancers. 15th K. Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars. 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars. 20th Hussars.

"MESSINES, 1914."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Royal Horse Guards. 2nd Dragoon Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 6th Dragoon Guards. R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars. 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 11th P.A.O. Hussars. 12th P.W.R. Lancers. 16th Q. Lancers. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars. 20th Hussars.

"MONS."

1st Life Guards. 2nd Life Guards. Royal Horse Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 6th Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars. 5th R.I. Lancers. 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers. 15th K. Hussars.* 16th Q. Lancers. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars. 20th Hussars.

"MONS, PURSUIT TO."

2nd Dragoon Guards. 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards. 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards. 1st R. Dragoons. R. Scots Greys. 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers. 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. 8th K.R.I. Hussars. 9th Q.R. Lancers. 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars. 15th K. Hussars. 16th Q. Lancers.* 17th D.C.O. Lancers. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.

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"MONS, RETREAT FROM."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16th Q. Lancers.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"MORVAL."

1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

"NEUVE CHAPELLE."

R. Scots Greys.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 20th Hussars.*

"NONNE BOSSCHEN."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards.* 1st R. Dragoons.* 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 15th K. Hussars.*

"PASSCHENDAELE."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.*

"POELCAPPELLE."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.*

"POZIERES."

9th Q.R. Lancers.*

"ROSIERES."

2nd Dragoon Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 15TH K. HUSSARS. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.*

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"MESOPOTAMIA, 1918"

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"ST. JULIEN."

1st Life Guards.* 2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5th R.I. Lancers.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 16th Q. Lancers.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"ST. QUENTIN."

2nd Dragoon Guards.* 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1st R. Dragoons.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8th K.R.I. Hussars.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15th K. Hussars.* 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"ST. QUENTIN CANAL."

2ND LIFE GUARDS. 2nd Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 7th P.R. Dragoon Guards.* R. Scots Greys.* 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8th K.R.I. Hussars.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 15th K. Hussars.* 17th D.C.O. Lancers.* 19th Q.A.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

"SAMBRE."

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"SCARPE, 1917."

2nd Life Guards.* Royal Horse Guards.* 2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4th R.I. Dragoon Guards.* 5th P.C.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* 1st R. Dragoons.* R. Scots Greys.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 4th Q.O. Hussars.* 5th R.I. Lancers.* 9th Q.R. Lancers.* 10th P.W.O.R. Hussars.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.* 12th P.W.R. Lancers.* 16th Q. Lancers.* 18th Q.M.O.R. Hussars.* 20th Hussars.*

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"SCARPE, 1917-'18."

1st Life Guards.*

"SELLE."

2nd Life Guards.* 6th Dragoon Guards.* 3rd K.O. Hussars.* 11th P.A.O. Hussars.*

"SOMME, 1916."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 1ST K. DRAGOON GUARDS.

"SOMME, 1916-'18."

2ND LIFE GUARDS. 2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 7TH P.R. DRAGOON GUARDS. 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. 8TH K.R.I. HUSSARS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 17TH D.C.O. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

"SOMME, 1918."

3rd P.W. Dragoon Guards.* 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5th R.I. Lancers.* 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"YPRES, 1914-'15."

2ND DRAGOON GUARDS. 3RD P.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 4TH R.I. DRAGOON GUARDS. 5TH P.C.W. DRAGOON GUARDS. 1ST R. DRAGOONS. R. SCOTS GREYS. 3RD K.O. HUSSARS. 4TH Q.O. HUSSARS. 5TH R.I. LANCERS. 9TH Q.R. LANCERS. 10TH P.W.O.R. HUSSARS. 11TH P.A.O. HUSSARS. 12TH P.W.R. LANCERS. 15TH K. HUSSARS. 16TH Q. LANCERS. 18TH Q.M.O.R. HUSSARS. 20TH HUSSARS.

"YPRES, 1914-'15-'17."

1ST LIFE GUARDS. 2ND LIFE GUARDS. ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

"YPRES, 1915."

6TH DRAGOON GUARDS. 19TH Q.A.O.R. HUSSARS.

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INDIA, MESOPOTAMIA AND PERSIA.

"INDIA, N.W. FRONTIER, 1915-'16."
21st E.I. Lancers.

"BAGHDAD."
13th Hussars. 14th K. Hussars.

"KHAN BAGHDADI."
7th Q.O. Hussars.

"KUT AL AMARA, 1917."
13th Hussars. 14th K. Hussars.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1915-'18."
14th K. Hussars.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1916-'18."
13th Hussars.

"MESOPOTAMIA, 1917-'18."
7th Q.O. Hussars.

"SHARQAT."
7th Q.O. Hussars. 13th Hussars.

"TIGRIS, 1916."
14th K. Hussars.

"PERSIA, 1918."
14th K. Hussars.

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HORSE BREEDING IN AUSTRALIA

By Major L. C. Whitfeld, D.S.O., A.A.V.C.

The Australian horse has been proclaimed as being the toughest domesticated equine in the world.

Australia is an ideal horse breeding country, for the climate is generally so genial as to make the winter stabling of stock unnecessary. At varying periods, however, severe droughts are experienced. Gradually water supplies diminish until, in the parts affected by the dry spell, the dams, creeks and other sources of water supply are completely dried up. At such times, the thirsty animals have been known to dig holes several feet deep in beds of creeks searching for water.

The grass has disappeared in most cases before the water gives out. Hundreds of horses succumb if relief country is not available, and ere the rain comes, the surviving stock are merely moving shapes of bone and hide. Their toughness is amazing, and it is wonderful how they manage to keep a grip on life where there is seemingly nothing edible and no apparent moisture to sustain them.

Bred from the survivors of these calamitous conditions, the Australian horse inherits a measure of toughness that is not possessed by the horse of any other country. His powers of recuperation are great, for the rapidity with which he regains robust condition when the rain comes is more than surprising.

Drought is regarded as the one drawback in this great pastoral country, but its compensating influences are recognized in so far that it serves to sweeten the earth and to enhance the richness of the nourishing grasses and herbage.

Following an exceptionally severe drought, it has been frequently noticed that different valuable grasses, after having

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been mourned as lost for several years, reappear in luxuriant regeneration.

The Australians are a horse-loving people, and the man who raises only one or two foals a year is as much interested in his little side show as the man who could count his horse stock by hundreds. Even before the big horse breeder made a hobby of his business when Australia's population consisted only of the adventurous spirits who faced many months of monotonous voyaging in sailing ships to reach here, the raising of good horse stock was all important. The crude methods of that time made it so. Private enterprise and early Government importations laid a very fine foundation for the horse breeding industry of Australia, for when the colonization of New South Wales was in its infancy, some of the stoutest thoroughbreds of the mother country were brought overseas to the new land.

It was not long before big accomplishments in the saddle were recorded, and soon a hundred miles in a day was not an unbeaten performance. The opening up of the interior by the pioneer squatters was primarily accomplished without the use of vehicles.

A pack horse or two carried all that the searcher after pastoral land needed to sustain him on his way into and from the unknown country. The undertaking was sometimes extremely hazardous since water supplies were ten days' travel apart. When in some instances, several days elapsed ere water was located men and horses endured great suffering. Nor were the men regardless of the necessity of conserving the small supplies of water carried, which had to be shared with the horse if a long dry stretch was encountered. If the horses succumbed certain death faced the travellers.

The bleached bones of men and horses not infrequently reminded later travellers of the utmost sacrifices made by the early pioneers of Australian settlement.

At that time the blacks were numerous and sometimes warlike and treacherous. Many an inlander was called upon to fight for his life, which was forfeited in most cases if he went beyond reach of his horse.

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Bush fires were to be feared in the hot weather, and on many occasions the fleetness and stamina of the settler's horse saved him from the racing flames that consumed all that came in their way.

Requirement is the father and mother of the equine types. The wide spaces and dangers of the bush necessitated the production of the speediest and toughest horses possible for saddle work. There was no haphazard method of breeding them. Every horse produced was the result of intense calculation. The corn fed horse did not exist; the strong nourishment of the indigenous grasses was all sufficient. Rugging and stabling were not necessary. There was no pampering. The settlers' horses in all seasons were naturally sustained. It was this that laid the foundation of toughness which the hardships inseparable from the climatic eccentricities of Australia have kept on maturing through successive years.

Horsemanship was a most valued accomplishment in the Australian inlander, nor was the squatter himself unfit to compete with the best man in his employ. Every day life on the big pastoral areas was competitive. A bush tradition demanded that the college-reared squatter should be able to do on his station anything that his men could do, and do it as well.

It was this spirit that made settlement possible in the far out back. It had another result, it gave to the British Empire thousands of sons, bush-reared and tough, experienced in fighting bush fires and floods and possessed of a careless courage that never magnifies danger.

To take his horse was to rob the early stockman of his heart and practically of his spine. In the life of bush settlement the saddle horse was the one thing indispensable.

In the bushranging days the first thought of the outlaw was to secure a good horse. So, also, the horsing of the mounted police was of prime concern.

The stock-horse was the most valued possession. Nothing gave a squatter or a stockman greater pride than the ownership of an equine capable of holding his own with the best of the cattle camp, in the kangaroo hunt, and on the hundred miles ride.

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The mustering of wild cattle, wild because they roamed over vast areas and had a glimpse of man only at rare intervals, tried the stamina and the speed of the stock horse. But work on the "Cutting Out" camp was the supreme test. The swirling mob had to be kept from spreading while the beasts required for branding, for market and for other purposes were "cut out" one by one.

It demanded speed, activity, education, and, above all, natural ability. It demanded almost reasoning power in the camp horse. Lightning-like movement in twisting, complete turning and in "shouldering" in such a way as to protect man and horse from the horns of a maddened beast were all essential.

The stock horse of the old days still survives, but only on the cattle runs of the far out-back.

The bullock-dray was the pioneer vehicle of early settlement, and it may be imagined that its slow-moving wheels made few tracks in far out parts for many years. Colonisation practically had out-grown its infancy ere light vehicles were taken any distance into the roadless bush.

The earliest draught horse in Australia was the Clydesdale—not the present day example of the breed that is scarcely dissimilar from the shire horse when the extremes of both families are compared, but the type known as the Clydesdale more than a century ago. The Clydesdale and the thoroughbred were crossed to provide harness horses, and so came into existence a half draught that possessed an appreciable share of the vitality of the thoroughbred and an enlistment of Clydesdale weight as well.

About 1880 some of the best procurable examples of the Norman Percheron breed were imported to Australia. Breeders condemned this breed as being "bullock-boned," fleshy, and too soft in tissue generally to sustain the established hardiness of the colonial breed of horses.

Australia until recent years had the peculiar advantage of having missed, to a great extent, the craze of following various show ring fashions that have come periodically in Britain to assist in demolishing desirable points of the old-type Clydesdale.

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In the colder parts of Australia the following of the English changes of type have been less marked than in the hotter places. This is evident to the observant traveller who finds that the further northward he goes in Australia the draughts have less weight and more of the original Clydesdale features. For instance, in Queensland anything in the shape of a heavy draught horse is rarely seen. In Victoria really heavy horses exhibiting pronounced shire characteristics are numerous, while New South Wales, sandwiched between the Southern and Northern States, has practically a draught horse of between weights.

One thing that those interested in the breeding of artillery and transport horses view with alarm is the tendency of Clydesdale studmasters to favour the horses possessing extravagantly long and springy pasterns, a weakness that is wholly the outcome of show ring fashion and which is totally opposed to utility value, more especially as the calf knee is frequently associated with the pastern referred to.

As was to have been expected in a country offering few of civilization's pastimes, it was not long before horse racing claimed some attention. Many of the early settlers came of good old English hunting stock, and the spirit of sport came with them overseas.

Hyde Park, in the heart of the city of Sydney marks the site of the first race course laid out in New South Wales. In the early part of the nineteenth century race meetings were held there, but these gatherings were few and far between, the convening ground of one metropolis being too far away from the horse breeding centres. Match races were numerous, the spirit of rivalry being keenly exhibited by owners of horses. In the out-back, race meetings were organized by the proprietor of every bush hotel or "shanty." The best stock horses, wiry, high-lineaged thoroughbreds from far and near competed. There was little wagering and no crookedness. Squatters, stockmen and shearers were the jockeys. There was no minimum weight and no maximum. Heavy stock saddles were used by some; others rode bare backed. The horses were grass fed, unshod

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and untrained. It was true sport and everybody had a good time.

From the beginning at Hyde Park, turf sport gradually grew until every country town had formed a racing club. At first only grass-fed horses competed, the prizes being a bridle, saddle and bridle, or something of that sort. To-day racing is systematically carried on throughout Australia even in the smallest towns of the far out-back.

Before railway communication brought the metropolitan courses closer, the prizes offered by racing clubs in the big country centres were gradually increased in value, as much as £400 being allotted for a steeplechase, one event of the two days' programme. But the increase of population in the cities, coupled with the spreading of the railways, shore country racing of a great deal of its importance. Yet the bush meetings are more numerous than ever. The small prizes discover the horses good enough to compete in metropolitan company, and serve as well to keep alive in the bush the old time popularity of the thoroughbred.

With the exception of the magnificent properties of the parent clubs in each state of the Commonwealth, the numerous city and suburban race courses belong to proprietary clubs. Australians have been referred to as a "Racing-mad people." This is a trifle sweeping; yet it must be admitted that a very big percentage of the residents of city and suburban areas are regular racegoers.

The programmes in recent years have become most attractive from the horse owners point of view, including as they do many events each carrying thousands of pounds of added money. The "Melbourne Cup" has within recent years itself reached the worth of ten thousand pounds to the winner.

For some time previous to the "seventies" heat racing was popular on the principal courses in Sydney and these tests reflected the desire of breeders to cater only for horses possessing the maximum of stamina.

What the Australian saddle horse owes to early breeders cannot be over-estimated. To get an idea of the stoutness

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demanded by them we have but to scan the list of early thoroughbreds whose blood exists in nearly every Australian light horse of to-day.

These sires included Panic (Alarm—Queen of Beauty), Snowden, King Alfred and New Warrior, all by Pyrrhus 1st and the mighty Fisherman (Heron—Mainbrace) for whom the late Mr. C. B. Fisher paid at auction in England no less a sum than 3,600 guineas, a figure if based on present thoroughbred values that would equal 40,000 guineas.

Kelpie, an important son of Weather-bit and Child of the Mist, sired Fireworks, who in turn sired Goldsborough. The Goldsborough mares have become famous on account of their brilliant stud successes when mated with Musket and other stallions. But it is not unlikely that the real credit is due to the Fisherman blood which now permeates through the maternal line, the make up of practically every front rank Australian bred racehorse. Before he left England Fisherman won sixty-one races. Throughout his turf career the son of Heron exhibited the staying power so greatly valued by Australian breeders. It was this feature which determined Mr. C. B. Fisher to out-bid all comers for this great thoroughbred.

Many horses less illustrious on the turf, but not less stout of pedigree than those already named, live to-day in the saddle horse of Australia.

Not all the earliest importations are mentioned in the Australian Stud Book. Therefore some of the best race horses of the Southern Hemisphere are labelled "short pedigree." Doubtless they came from thoroughbred stock on both sides, but as many breeders gave no thought to turf sport, they did not take the trouble to preserve records of the pedigrees of their stock.

Although a few Australian bred horses have performed very creditably in long distance races in England, it is generally recognized that the English horses are possessed of greater speed than the Australian gallopers. However, an English writer a few years ago expressed the opinion that Australian horses were the greater stayers.

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English bred horses have succeeded in winning some of the biggest long distance races in Australia during recent years. Their great speed probably enables them to get to the end of a journey on the racecourse, but nobody would suggest that they could equal Australian horses in a utility test throughout a day's travelling.

Horse racing is positively necessary in any country where the breeding of saddle horses is an important industry, but no amount of racing could create a foundation such as the pioneer breeders of Australia laid down. Neither could the keenest pursuit of turf sport give to horses a toughness such as the climatic advantages and hardships have created in the horses in Australia.

Nevertheless, horse racing in Australia has played, and is still playing, an important part in sustaining the measure of thoroughbred blood necessary to the production of the utility saddle horse.

Those who are in touch with export statistics will notice that for the past half century, comparatively few mares have been shipped from Great Britain to Australia, although many females of thoroughbred breeding were sent here before that time. It is noticeable that most Australian breeders import only stallions to keep up their thoroughbred studs, the Colonial bred mares of the old type being all sufficient, for while the lack of up-to-date racing strains in the mares may detract from the sprinting ability, compensation is presented in the supply of stamina.

In breeding horses suitable for military purposes, it is necessary to produce cavalry horses possessing greater weight of body and bone than is usually found in the thoroughbred.

To provide this supplementary bulk and at the same time preserve the possible maximum of quality, the following method of mating is deemed by many experienced breeders most advisable:

A Clydesdale stallion possessed of a neat, intelligent head, small ears, good prominent eyes, broad forehead. The withers should be long and the shoulders have plenty of slope. The

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back short with strong muscular loin. The rump must have length and be well cushioned without drooping.

Of course, good feet and legs are of paramount importance. The knees and hocks must be flat and free from any suggestion of fleshiness. Leg hair is not necessary, so the less there is the better. The horse all over must show good firm tissue and close texture in bone and tendons. He must move squarely, have good action, without any extravagance in the flexing of hock and knees. Above all he must have the movement and alertness that suggest plenty of "go."

Mated with blood mares or mares nearly thoroughbred, a horse of the foregoing description is calculated to produce stock of the most active spring cart or vanner class. Of course, uniform weight may not be expected and varieties will probably cover the weights needed in artillery work from wheeler to leader.

Put on mares resulting from the cross, the wiry high-class thoroughbred, possessing a maximum of quality and strength combined, will have an excellent chance of begetting first-class cavalry horses and artillery leaders. It cannot be expected that there will be actual uniformity in the progeny, but so long as the sire and dams are of good conformation a big percentage of highly marketable stock for military or ordinary utility purposes is assured.

It is worthy of mention that the different types required for military work are identical with the utility sorts most valuable in the market for ordinary commercial purposes, so that in aiming to produce military horses the breeder is really catering for users of the best utility classes.

In crossing the Clydesdale and the thoroughbred the best individual results and greater uniformity are obtained by employing the heavy stallion and the light mare. This method also is more economical, as well as producing a greater percentage of foals than results from the mating of the thoroughbred stallion with the heavy mare. The quality in the progeny of the light mare is unquestionably greater.

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It has been found that the thoroughbred stallion used in the second cross needs great class to heighten the quality of the stock of the half-bred mare. A stallion, which might ordinarily be selected because of his big bone, irrespective of his possession of a certain degree of coarseness would fail to transmit the quality necessary to bring the progeny of the half-bred mare up to the cavalry class.

The future of our horse-breeding industry is in the hands of the farmer. Big horse runs have faded away before the march of closer settlement. Naturally the multiplicity of controlling influences, where a hundred farmers are breeding horses in the place of one big run holder means the production of a great variety of types.

The motor car has replaced the horse as a means of transport between stations in the back country, and has caused the care and attention that was given to the breeding of horses to become very slack and haphazard, and although we still have enormous numbers of horses in the Commonwealth, the class and type is very much below the standard of pre-war days.

The standard has fallen to such a degree that the utility horse industry of Australia to-day has reached a very serious condition, and little is being done to stay the drift, whereas in almost every other country strong efforts are being made to improve the breed of the light horse as it is recognized that the day is still far distant when such useful animals can be done without.

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HORSE RACING IN AUSTRALIA.

By Major H. C. H. Robertson, D.S.O.

From the days of the earliest settlers horse racing has been a popular sport in Australia. A Stud Book is maintained by the Australian Jockey Club (the premier Club of New South Wales) jointly with the Victorian Racing Club (the leading Club in Victoria). Each of the remaining four States has racing clubs, but the A.J.C. and V.R.C. control most of the important racing in Australia. The Victorian Amateur Turf Club, although second to the V.R.C., also plays a prominent part in Victoria. The standard of racing in New South Wales and Victoria is generally considered to be higher than in the other States, and, although South Australia, Queensland, and even Western Australia have at times provided the winners of rich handicaps and weight-for-age races in N.S.W. and Victoria, generally the horses of the two latter States have been supreme.

The racing year starts on 1st August, and that is the date from which ages of horses are reckoned. The first event of importance is the Spring Meeting at Randwick, the A.J.C. Course. This is in the beginning of October. The principal handicaps are the Epsom of one mile and the Metropolitan of one mile five furlongs. These two events provide the main wagering of the Meeting, both individually and as a double—a form of betting much in favour in Australia.

Classics are the A.J.C. Derby, one-and-a-half miles for three-year-olds, and the Champagne Stakes for two-year-olds. There are a number of other handicaps, including hurdle races and steeplechases, and several middle distance weight-for-age races. Racing extends over four days. Hurdle races are a means of making use of a horse not quite good enough to win on the flat. They are conducted over light hurdles about 3 ft. 6 ins. high

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with padded tops, and are run at a fairly fast pace. Steeplechases are over straight fences with no ditches or drops. The material may be logs, stone walls or heavy split timber, and it will not break—if a horse hits hard he turns over. On some courses a brush fence is grown to conceal the real fence and avoid light and shade from the timber. Fences are generally about 4 feet high.

After the A.J.C. Meeting the scene moves 500 miles to Victoria where in the middle of October is held the V.A.T.C. Meeting at Caulfield. There the chief event is the Caulfield Cup, a handicap of 1½ miles, the stake being £6,000. There are a number of other handicaps and weight-for-age races during the two days of the Meeting.

The V.R.C. Spring Meeting is perhaps the largest of all the meetings. It is held at Flemington. The first Tuesday in November is the invariable day for the Melbourne Cup, a handicap sweepstake with £10,000 added money. It is run over a distance of 2 miles, and is the richest race in Australia. It is preceded by the V.R.C. Derby and followed by the Oaks. The fourth day's racing has a steeplechase as its chief event.

There are a number of less important meetings through the summer, but at the conclusion of the V.R.C. Spring Meeting the leading horses are rested before commencing their preparation for the Autumn fixtures.

The Autumn season opens in Victoria with a meeting of the V.A.T.C. at Caulfield in February. This is followed in March by the Autumn Meeting of the V.R.C. at Flemington, the chief Classic being the St. Leger of 1¾ miles for three-year-olds.

Easter finds the scene removed once again to Sydney where the A.J.C. St. Leger and the Sydney Cup (2 miles) are the most important events. Racing at this meeting lasts four days, and its conclusion marks the end of the year's important racing. Although there are minor meetings right on through the winter most of the best horses are turned out for a spell during this period.

There is one other event of considerable importance in the racing calendar of Australia, that is the King's Cup, run for a

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Cup presented by His Majesty the King. The event is held annually, each State having in turn the right to include the race in its programme. It is a handicap of 1½ miles, and the added money varies in accordance with the State arranging the race. It has only been in existence for a few years, but its popularity appears to be steadily increasing, and most owners of really good horses seem anxious to win this race.

The records for the year ending 31st July, 1929, show that imported sires occupy the first eleven places as stake winners. Magpie (Dark Ronald—Popinjay) heads the list with 42 progeny, winners of 85 races of a value of nearly £39,000. This sire was purchased comparatively cheaply in England during the War period, and many good judges consider him to be one of the highest class horses ever brought to Australia. He has been very high on the list of stake-winning sires ever since his progeny commenced racing. Windbag, the winner of the Melbourne Cup in 1925, and Amounis, still at seven years of age one of the greatest weight-for-age horses in Australia, are typical examples of his sons.

Second on the list is Rossendale (St. Frusquin—Menda) 27 of his progeny won 49 races of a total value of over £28,000. His most notable son is Winalot, winner of the Sydney Cup. Seremond (Desmond—Serenata) is third with 31 winners of 66 races of a value exceeding £26,000. Much of the money was won by Mollison, one of the most outstanding two-year-olds ever seen in Australia. As a three-year-old he has not, however, lived up to the promise of his early career. Fourth on the list comes the now defunct Valais (Cicero—Lily of the Valley) with 26 winners of 36 races of a total value of nearly £22,000. Valais was probably the most successful sire ever seen in Australia. For the previous five years in succession he headed the list of stake winners. Much of this was due to the colts Heroic and Manfred and the filly Valicare, but he sired many other very successful horses. Heroic was unfortunate as a three-year-old in meeting Windbag as a four-year-old, as this robbed him of a victory in the Melbourne Cup, but these two practically dominated the chief weight-for-age races for a couple of years.

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Manfred was very unruly at the barrier and in a number of races failed to leave at all. His most notable feat was when he refused to start in the V.R.C. Derby till the field had traversed over half a furlong. That he succeeded in winning under such circumstances shows what a high-class horse he was. He also has a Caulfield Cup to his credit. Valicare was one of the speediest fillies over any distance up to a mile, but she lacked staying power.

Saltash (Sunstar—Hamoaze) claims fifth position chiefly owing to the feats of Strephon who is at present in England and whose performances are given in the October, 1929, number. Saltash was represented by 8 winners of 20 races valued at £19,000. Another St. Frusquin horse in St. Anton (St. Frusquin—Grig) claims sixth place. He was represented by 54 winners of 93 races valued at nearly £18,000. St. Anton's winners were largely in South Australia, where he is located, and this possibly accounts for the large number of winners, as most of them did not compete in Victoria and New South Wales. Their chief characteristic is a good finishing effort up to a mile which enables them to excel when opposed to the usual type of six furlong sprinter.

Demosthenes (Desmond—Carlin), now dead, occupied seventh place. He was represented by 10 winners of 22 races valued at nearly £18,000. Statesman, winner of the Melbourne Cup in 1928, was responsible for a considerable amount of this money.

Highfield (William the Third—Meadow Rue) comes eighth. This horse is located in Queensland where two sons, Highland and High Syce, achieved considerable distinction, which they have since upheld in Victoria. 27 of his progeny won 73½ races valued at over £15,000.

Ninth place is occupied by an English bred sire located in New Zealand. He is Limond (Desmond—Lindal) and is thus a half brother to Seremond. Six of his progeny won in Australia 13½ races valued at about £13,000. His most notable representative was Limerick, a weight-for-age performer of great merit for any distance from one to two miles.

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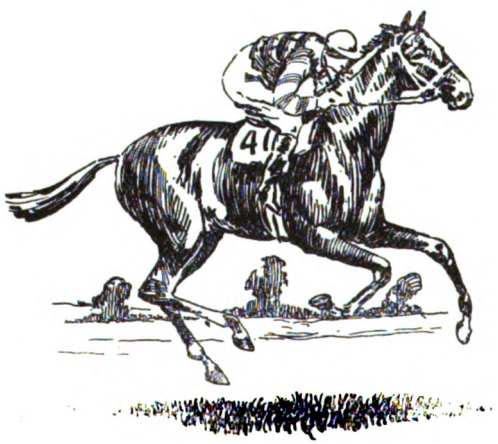
Kenilworth (Childwich—Kirzil Thourgan), now dead, achieved tenth place with 26 winners of 51½ races valued at over £12,000.

The only other sire to pass the £12,000 mark is another English-bred horse located in New Zealand. He is Paper Money (Greenback—Epping Rose) and was represented in Australia by 25 winners of 41½ races. Most of these have been two-year olds. He headed the New Zealand list of stake winning sires for the same year.

It is interesting to note that Magpie, Saltash and the defunct Demosthenes were all owned by Mr. Percy Miller of the Kia Ora Stud, New South Wales.



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ANTOINE CHARLES LOUIS DE LASSALLE

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THE NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS

By Capt. E. W. Sheppard, Royal Tank Corps.

Part II.

The Great Light Cavalry Leaders.

In the first article of this series we observed the distinction drawn by Napoleon between the three categories of cavalry, which he went as far as to regard as three distinct arms—we should rather term them branches of the arm—and the stress laid by him on the necessity for arming and equipping, training and staffing each in the manner most appropriate to its peculiar rôle in the field. But as regards the officers, and especially the more senior officers, of the Imperial cavalry, it was not always found practicable to ensure strict specialization of service in one of the three branches, though this ideal was aimed at and constantly held in view. Most of the seniors had already seen considerable and varied service when their turn came to be considered for high command, and had shown general rather than particular aptitude for any one branch; others again, after having specialized for the greater part of their career in one branch, had to be given charge of large formations—divisions and corps—comprising units of different branches—light and line, or line and heavy cavalry. But the greater figures, with few exceptions, made their careers and reputations in one particular branch of the arm; the names of Lassalle and Montbrun, of Kellermann and Nansouty, are as indissolubly linked respectively with the light and heavy cavalry of the Grand Army as are those of Davout and Lannes with its infantry, or of Drouet and Senarmont with its artillery.

Most famous of all Napoleonic light cavalry generals was undoubtedly Antoine Charles Louis de Lassalle. His courage, recklessness, bonhomie and light-heartedness—not to say irresponsibility—were throughout his life and long after his death

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legendary in the French army and throughout France. Numerous stories—some *e vero*, some merely *ben trovato*—were current of his epic deeds of arms, of his prowess at board and at gaming table, of his conquests as famous, as Gilbert put it, "in the courts of Venus as on the field of Mars." With his curling hair and military whiskers and moustache, his eternal pipe between his teeth, his lace-covered jacket and pelisse, his wide breeches and boots, his curved sabre and dangling sabretache, he looked, and was, the typical hussar of boys' dreams and maidens' adoration. He was reputed to fear none—neither God nor the devil, nor the Emperor—to many eyes more dread than either; with nothing but his sword to help him he carved out for himself a career, honours and several fortunes spent as soon as acquired; he became and remained all his life one of Napoleon's favourite officers, in whom much was overlooked and to whom much was forgiven that in many another found no pardon; and he fell in battle in the moment of victory, in the full glory of manhood, as befitted one of those whom the gods love and who die young.

Born in May, 1775, at Metz, cadet of a noble family long established and famous in Lorraine, Lassalle took his first commission in an infantry regiment of the old Royal army three years before the outbreak of the Revolution, at the early age of eleven. Five years later he transferred to the cavalry; but the prejudice against officers of noble birth then rife throughout the army and France caused him to resign early in 1792, and it was as a trooper in the ranks of the 23rd Chasseurs that he saw service in that and the two succeeding years on the northern frontier.

By 1795, when the fall of Robespierre had put an end to the Terror and the extremist regime, Lassalle had once more climbed to commissioned rank—which a year previously he had been offered as a reward for gallantry in the field and had refused—and was appointed aide-de-camp to Marshal Kellermann, then in command of the Army of Italy. From this, his first chief, Lassalle declared he learned the elements of his profession, including the importance of economy—a lesson, to judge from the pupil's later career, singularly ill acquired; but it was not

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till Bonaparte came in 1796 to startle the world with the brilliance of his first campaign that the young officer, now a captain in the 23rd Chasseurs, was first offered and seized his opportunity to make his mark as a soldier. For his new chief he conceived a vehement and whole-hearted admiration; and when the fortunes of war placed him momentarily as a prisoner in Austrian hands, he replied to a question by the enemy commander-in-chief, Wurmser, as to the age of this Bonaparte, who in so short a time had attained so great a renown in arms, in a sentence at once proud and adroit, "As old as Scipio, when he conquered Hannibal."

It was in December of this year 1796, while the French army was besieging Mantua, that Lassalle distinguished himself by a characteristic exploit. While stationed in Vicenza, some weeks previously, he had become engaged in an affair with a certain lovely lady, the Marchesa di Sali, and now determined, despite the presence of the whole Austrian army in the vicinity of the city, to visit her once more. He took twenty-five men as escort, slipped through the enemy lines by night, and spent a few blissful hours in the embraces of beauty. With the dawn he set off home, found the road blocked, cut his way through four times his own numbers, was unhorsed, remounted himself and captured an Austrian charger, swam a brimming river, reached his own army, and rode, just as he was, on to the parade ground where Bonaparte was holding a review. He brought back with him information as to the enemy's positions and numbers so valuable that the escapade brought him, not a reprimand, but promotion to a majority in the 7th Hussars.

The battle of Rivoli brought him a fresh access of fame; at the head of his squadron he hurled himself on an Austrian battalion climbing the steep slope to the plateau, and forced it to lay down its arms. When late that evening he stood, pale and almost fainting with exhaustion, before his commander, "Lie down on those, Lassalle," said Bonaparte, pointing to a piled heap of captured enemy standards beside him, "you deserve it."

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A few more months, a few more victories, and Austria made peace at Camp Formio, and Lassalle was put under orders to leave Italy. He went for the last time to Vicenza, to take farewell of his marchesa. She besought him not to abandon her, offered him all her fortune to remain, threatened to take her own life if he remained obstinate; he refused and tore himself from her arms. His departure was unexpectedly delayed a few days; he came again for a final adieu, and found her husband weeping over her dead body; she had indeed killed herself as she had promised. The frenzied man snatched up two pistols and offered one to Lassalle for a duel to the death; but he refused to take it.

"I have wronged you," he said, "shoot me if you will."

The marchese hesitated, then flung the weapon away.

"If I were to kill you," he cried, "she would not come back to me," and went out, leaving his rival alone with the dead.

The Egyptian campaign brought Lassalle fresh laurels. He was now in command of the 22nd Chasseurs, forming part of a cavalry brigade under Davout, and in the actions at Solahieh, Soucki, Rademeh, Thebes and Gehemmi he displayed brilliant valour and powers of leadership in combat with the formidable Mameluks. He remained in the country till after Marengo, and the general signature of peace in 1801 found him at the head of a new regiment, the 10th Hussars, and at the height of his fame as a *beau sabreur* in every sense of the word. The short period of peace was for him one succession of daredevil escapades and glorious, riotous living. He turned out the whole of his regimental band one day, at the height of noon, to serenade a lady who had found favour in his eyes. Passing through a town where one of his former regiments was quartered, he visited the theatre, where a number of the men were acting as supers in the play; at his call they left the stage to crowd round him, and left the theatre with him, and the piece remained unfinished. The prefect of Agen having omitted to invite him and his officers to a public dinner, he led them to the town hall to protest, and ended by throwing the dinner out of the windows. The prefect complained to the Emperor, who merely

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remarked: "My signature can make a prefect, but it takes twenty years to make a Lassalle," dismissed the official, and inflicted a formal punishment only on the young colonel. A few months later he conferred an even more signal mark of his favour by offering to appoint Lassalle his first equerry; but the latter rejected it scornfully; "Make me a general for fighting for France," he replied, "but I won't be one of your flunkeys!" and the office, which many men would have coveted and intrigued for, was bestowed on another.

Even in his marriage Lassalle showed courage and originality, for in 1803 he took to wife a *divorcée*, the former Mme. Leopold Berthier, sister-in-law of Napoleon's former chief of staff, and, as so often with men who have enjoyed a hectic past, made her a most devoted and faithful husband. Their love was mutual; she accompanied him on all his subsequent campaigns until at the battle of Medina del Rio Seco in Spain, in 1808, she came under heavy fire and in peril of her life, and he refused to allow her again to expose herself to such dangers.

The campaign of 1805 and the first part of that of 1806 afforded our hero no opportunities for distinction. His next mention in despatches was in fact an unfavourable one, Napoleon reprimanding him—unjustly it would seem—in an order of the day for having permitted the escape of Blucher's column, the retreat of which had been cut off, on the false declaration of its commander that an armistice had been concluded. For a moment Lassalle contemplated blowing his brains out, but he succeeded in reinstating himself in his sovereign's good graces by his daring and energy in the pursuit of Hohenlohe's beaten army, and then by his brilliant capture of the strong fortress of Stettin, which, though held by 6,000 men and 160 guns, capitulated at the first summons to his two regiments of Hussars. "If my cavalry," said the Emperor, "can capture fortresses I may as well disband my engineers and dispose of my siege train." This exploit brought Lassalle his promotion to general of division at the age of thirty-one, and during the campaign in Poland he proved himself worthy of it. At Golymin one of those sudden attacks of panic, to which not even the best troops

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are invulnerable, seized his brigade, and it broke in disorder; he rallied it, drew it up in face, and under the fire, of the enemy, carried out a meticulous inspection, pipe in mouth, followed by a series of evolutions, and kept it there till nightfall. It lost heavily, and he himself had two horses killed under him, but *morale* and discipline were restored. Early in 1807 he was given command of the three reserve light cavalry brigades of the Grand Army, and charging recklessly at their head at Heilsberg had the chance of rescuing Murat from the midst of a horde of enemies. A few seconds later he was himself surrounded, and it was his chief's turn to come to his succour. "Now we are quits, general," cried Murat, as they shook hands at the end of the day.

The next year, 1808, saw Lassalle in Spain, attached with his division to Bessières' corps. He remained there just over a year, performing a further series of splendid exploits, particularly at Torquemada, at Medine del Rio Seco, and at Medellin, where his cavalry reaped the lion's share of credit for the victory. From the endless and thankless war in Spain he was summoned to Germany to take command of the 1st Light Cavalry Division in the campaign now about to open against Austria, but joined the army only in time to take part in the battle of Essling. Here, in the critical hours which saw the French army precariously established on the enemy's side of an impassable river, fighting not for victory but for life, his horsemen, charging again and again to the help of the hard-pressed infantry, lost close on half of their numbers before night came to put an end to the two days' battle, and to permit the Grand Army to effect an unmolested withdrawal to its refuge in the island of Lobau. While it was there preparing to renew the offensive, Lassalle was sent eastwards to cover its right flank along the Danube and stretch out a hand to Prince Eugene's army approaching from Italy. This task he fulfilled to perfection, and returned to the main force in time for Wagram; and here, at the very end of the battle, when victory had been achieved, and he was passing on in pursuit of the retreating enemy, he was killed instantly by a bullet between the eyes.

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He left a reputation second to none as the light cavalryman *par excellence* of the Grand Army. A giant in stature and strength, a magnificent fighter and man of his hands, he fought in countless hand-to-hand combats, and though more than once disarmed and dismounted, never received a wound. As a fighting commander he was unsurpassed, never hesitating to lead his men headlong into the thick of the enemy ranks, and imparting to his charges an irresistible *elan* and vigour. But he was more than a mere battlefield leader; a study of the reports, clear, concise and comprehensive—though with occasional peculiarities of diction and spelling—sent in by him during the period between Essling and Wagram prove him to have been a pastmaster in the strategical and protective duties of his arm, and afford irrefutable evidence of his vigilance, enterprise and clear vision in the performance of these often thankless but always vital roles. Succeeding generations of cavalrymen found a favourite model in this reckless, wild-spirited, yet always honourable and loyal hussar, with his youth and vigour, clear sight, thunderous voice, athlete's skill and centaur's agility, though, as a stern but not unfriendly poet has said, it is his better qualities that one should strive to imitate. But in his character, with all its extravagance and excesses, there is something fine and splendid. Not three months before his death, he thus expressed to one of his closest friends his philosophy: "Why should I seek to preserve my life? I have lived and lived well, what more can I want? At thirty-three I command a division; the Emperor gives me an income of 50,000 francs; my wife and children, whatever happens to me, will want for nothing. I have enjoyed gaining all this; I have enjoyed making war, the noise, the smoke, the movement, and have made my name and taken pleasure in making it. It is enough for me. I am ready to die to-morrow." Such words could never have been spoken by one at heart vicious or ignoble.

(*To be continued.*)

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CORRESPONDENCE

"The Madras Horse."

To the Editor, Cavalry Journal.

Dear Sir,—In June, 1863, the following song was contributed to *Notes and Queries* by a correspondent who wrote from the Oriental Club and subscribed himself "P. A." :—

"The Cor'nel cries, Boys, are you ready?
Every man both firm and steady,
Every man with his musket on his shouldher,
Every man with his flask of powder.

Drums is bating, colour (*sic*) flying!
March, brave boys, for there's no denying.
Colours flying, drums is bating!
March, brave boys, for there's no retrating.

The mother cries 'Och! fye on ye!
Do not take my daughter from me!
If you do I will torment ye,
After death my ghost shall haunt ye!'"

"P. A." says that these are the only three verses which he could remember, and that when he entered the Service forty years before, the song "was a favourite among the troopers of the Madras Horse."

The whole contribution is very mysterious. The song is obviously an infantry and not a cavalry one; and there was no European cavalry in the Madras Army in the 1820's, regular or volunteer. Nor, it seems, can the Madras Horse *Artillery* be referred to, since "troopers" are mentioned. I should be grateful for any light on this matter: can it be a "leg-pull"?

Hyderabad.

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Indian Cavalry Standards.

Errata.

Second article (January, 1930).
Page 67.
For "Mookdee" read "Moodkee."

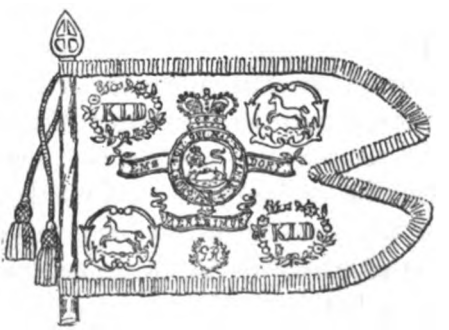
Third article (April, 1930).
Page 275, last two lines, and page 276.
For the existing entries read :—

"*3rd Cavalry*—
(descended from the 7th and 17th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, raised in 1841 and 1846 respectively).

19th King George's Own Lancers—
(descended from the 2nd Mahratta Horse, raised in 1858; and Fane's Horse, raised two years later, largely from the 3rd Hodson's Horse, then disbanded).

20th Lancers—
(descended from Murray's Jat Horse raised in 1857, and Cureton's Multani Cavalry raised in 1858).

Central India Horse—
(The origin of the C.I.H. is given in General Watson's history of the regiment; review in the Cavalry Journal for July, 1930)."



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NOTES

Military Alliances.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of The Royal Canadian Army Veterinary Corps, Permanent Active Militia of Canada, and the Canadian Army Veterinary Corps, Non-Permanent Active Militia of Canada, being allied to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps.

The Auckland Mounted Rifles, New Zealand Military Forces, to the 3rd The King's Own Hussars.

Territorial Army Rifle Association.

Field-Marshal Sir Claud W. Jacob, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., has consented to become President of the Territorial Army Rifle Association in succession to the late General Sir Charles C. Monro, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.

Work for Discharged Soldiers.

During January, 173 soldiers completed courses of instruction at the Army Vocational Training Centres, and 123 obtained immediate employment on leaving the Colours. These courses, at which selected warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men about to leave the Army receive training in civil trades, include more than twenty different occupations, among which are training for oversea settlement, the various building trades (including carpentry, bricklaying, plastering, etc.), and also positions of trust and private service.

The training is carried out at three centres, at Chisledon, Hounslow and Aldershot.

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Notes on Civil Employment.

By Lieut.-Colonel F. K. Hardy, D.S.O.

In the summer months employment is usually more easily found than in the winter. There is, however, little indication of any improvement at the time of writing (May). Trade generally is undoubtedly bad, and the only form of employment giving reasonable chances now and for some time to come is in the building trade.

Competition for unskilled jobs is extremely fierce, and cases have been brought to my notice where applicants have had to be formed into a queue.

With the employment situation as it is men are extremely lucky to get a start in civil life at all. Soldiers do not seem to realize that, and I notice a tendency, particularly on the part of senior ranks, to try to make their own conditions with employers. This is a mistake. Employers before calling for applicants have decided the work, the hours and the wages. An applicant who tries to persuade the employer to alter his decision is merely wasting his time and energy. The important thing to-day is to get work and to earn a civilian reference. The work may not be congenial but a recent civilian reference carries much weight, and the possessor is in a better position to move into a good job than he was when he first left the service.

Married soldiers on leaving the colours are faced with the housing problem. Not having had to trouble about these matters during their service they may not be aware of some of the pitfalls. All over the country houses are being sold on the hire-purchase system. Twenty-five pounds down and the rest in rent at eighteen shillings a week sounds a reasonable proposition. So it is if that is the sum total of the outgoings. Often, however, there are other expenses to be paid, and the prospective buyer should always ascertain if there are any other charges for which he will be liable. I refer to such things as legal charges in connection with the purchase; charges for making or maintaining the roads; the amount of the rates and taxes in the locality; the price of gas and electricity. If these charges are

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high and have to be added to the hire-purchase rent the weekly outgoings may easily swamp a man's wage.

Everyone to-day is conversant with the National Health Insurance Scheme; many seem, however, to be unaware of the many additional benefits which the big insurance companies provide for a slightly higher weekly payment. Some of these benefits only become available after a definite number of contributions have been paid, so that the soldier wishing to become entitled to them immediately he leaves the army should commence his payments whilst still serving. The advantages to be gained by such insurance appears so valuable that soldiers would be well advised to obtain particulars from the big insurance companies and compare their schemes.

The opportunities for employment offered by the "Married Couple" scheme at Hounslow should be better known. One couple have gone through the training and were able to pick and choose their place. It was not a case of finding work but deciding which of the many offers to accept.

The reduction of fees for junior ranks should be helpful to many. Soldiers should, however, remember that they must buy tools if they are to follow the trade they learn. To pay for both fees and tools whilst at an A.V.T.C. makes a large hole in weekly pay, so that the wise soldier starts saving long before he starts his vocational training.

Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo.
July 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th, 1930, The Stadium, Woolwich Common.

The programme will include an Artillery Pageant (Marlborough, Waterloo, Crimea and present day periods), a musical drive in Waterloo period uniform, drill, gymnastic and physical training displays. The popular toy soldier drill from last year will be produced with some innovations. The 2nd Battn. The Gloucestershire Regiment have again accepted our invitation to take part. A new feature will be Highland dancing and piping, by the Black Watch.

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Additional seating accommodation is being provided, and the committee hope you will be able to attend one of the performances. Owing to rather limited accommodation and the heavy booking last year, the committee strongly advise you to book early and thereby avoid disappointment.

Box Office opens June 30th, but orders for seats will be accepted forthwith.

Covered reserved seats: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Reserved seats: 2s. 6d.

Tattoo starts about 9 p.m. Community singing at 8.30 p.m.

Boston Horse Show.

The Editor regrets that in the April number, page 314, mention was not made of the fact that all four members of the Canadian Team competing in the Boston Horse Show were officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

"Cavalry Journal."

The undermentioned have become subscribers for 1930 :—

Major-General Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., A.V.S.
Major C. A. Lyndon, 2nd Alberta Mounted Rifles.
Major M. A. Murphey, R.A.V.C.
Major Donald Armstrong, U.S.A.
Captain Sir Richard A. Pease, Bt., Northumberland Yeomanry.
R. A. Wyrley Birch, Esq.,
The Officers' Club, Fort Clark, Texas, U.S.A.

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POLO NOTES—AUSTRALIA.

Victoria.

The Polo Season in Victoria has been very short this summer. The first tournament was held early in January, and the third and last finished on 7th March.

The Somers Junior Cup Tournament was the first to be held. It was played at Moonee Valley Racecourse, Melbourne. These matches were introduced in 1928 by H.E. The Governor of Victoria, Lord Somers, with the idea of encouraging the weaker teams by making a handicap limit per team of 16 goals, and thus eliminating the strongest teams. It has been very successful, and has been the means of providing close and enjoyable matches. This year six teams entered, Seven Creeks "A" coming out on top. H.E. The Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, and Lord Somers played, one in each of the two Moonee Valley teams. They are both very keen, and have helped the game considerably here. An Officer of the 11th Hussars, Capt. J. M. Blakiston Houston, also played for Moonee Valley.

The next Tournament was held at Caramut, in the Western District of Victoria. The home team, Caramut, was successful in this. Six teams played. It was a most enjoyable country tournament, all visitors being put up and entertained by various families of the district. Lord Stonehaven's team won the Beaten Teams trophy.

In Melbourne, on 1st March, a match for the Australasian Gold Cup was played between Harden (N.S.W.), the holders, and Caramut (Vic.). These were the only competing teams this year. The result was a win for Harden by 7 goals to 6 after a most thrilling struggle. Excellent polo was witnessed, the pace throughout being terrific. It was the best match seen here for many years. Harden, as usual, scored quickly at the outset, and at the end of the second chukker was leading 4—0. The third

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chukker saw a wonderful recovery by Caramut, who, by brilliant play, scored 5 goals to nil in the chukker, thus leading by 1 goal. Every man was right at his top, and goals were hit from all angles. Harden missed the wonderfully sound defence of T. F. Ross, their usual back who was not playing on this occasion, and could not stem the tide. The next chukker saw them rally, however, and from then onwards there was nothing in it either way. Caramut scored more behinds than their opponents, and had perhaps slightly the better of the game. Greater accuracy at critical moments gave Harden the victory An extra period was necessary after the last chukker to decide the winner. The play see-sawed from one goal-mouth back to the other, until amid intense excitement, Harden scored.

The teams were :—

	Harden:	*Caramut:*
1.	J. K. Ross,	C. C. Kelly,
2.	D. G. Munro,	J. DeLittle,
3.	C. E. Skene,	J. Mann,
Back	W. F. Ross.	K. Urquhart.

The Stradbroke Cup.

Following on the Gold Cup match came the Stradbroke Cup Tournament. This trophy was presented by The Earl of Stradbroke, formerly Governor of Victoria, to be competed for annually at a handicap tournament open to all clubs of Australia and New Zealand, to be played at Melbourne. Six teams entered, Harden and Caramut meeting once again in the final. Their match this time was not so close, Harden eventually winning by 2 goals after conceding a goal handicap. C. E. Skene was playing on a handicap of 8, as had been awarded him in U.S.A. during his tour there last year.

Inter-Regimental Polo.

An endeavour is being made to encourage this among Light Horse Regiments in Australia. The Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, has generously donated trophies for competition, and it is hoped that something might be done. The chief difficulties are the long journeys to be made by teams and the consequent expense.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"Journal of the United Services Institution of India." April, 1930.

Apart from an article containing some well thought out and useful suggestions for "Collective Training in a Battalion," and two rather brief papers on "Training and Staff Duties in the Territorial Army" (rather a curious subject for an Indian Military Journal, this!), and on "Mechanization," the contents of this number are entirely of historical interest. Within this limited field there is a varied assortment of matter, the episodes dealt with being, in order of time: Alexander's passage of the Tigris and Hydaspes; the British raid on the French coast and its defeat at St. Cast in 1758; the capture of the Imperial Palace at Delhi in 1857; the Palestine campaign and the battle of the Piave in the Great War; and the Waziristan operations in 1919-20 from the Mahsud side. They are all, especially perhaps, the third, fifth, and last, admirably done and of great interest and value. Military notes and book reviews complete the number, but the usual editorial feature is regrettably missing.

"The Royal Air Force Quarterly." April, 1930. 5s.

It is gratifying to note that the success of the first number of this youngest of the Service periodicals has been so great as to make it possible to reduce the price from 7s. 6d. to 5s., and that without any diminution of size or quality. The standard of production and the wealth and beauty of the illustrations remain as admirable as ever, and if the contents of the number seem to the lay reader to have become rather more technical, that is only right and to be expected in a journal the bulk of the *clientéle* of which must be members of the R.A.F. Brigadier Fuller's article on the Supremacy of Air Power furnishes us with one of his typically provocative glimpses into the future; Air Commodore Samson discusses the question of maritime blockade

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and commerce destruction from the air; Wing Commander Henderson's notes on preparation of an Air Force for war are of wide interest; and Wing Commander Graham's hints for preparing for the Staff College examination are of more than domestic application. The history and travel and the light verse and short story sections also will repay perusal. The value of the more technical articles we are not in a position to appraise; we have no doubt it is fully up to the standard of the rest of the contents. The Royal Air Force is indeed fortunate in its Service journal.

"The Fighting Forces." April, 1930.

This number as usual contains a varied assortment of good things. The various inquiry bureaux are now in working order, and the regular articles on matters of feminine interest, motoring, investments and post service problems, are up to the normal high standard. A vivid account by Major Ross, R.E., of the experiences of the 39th Division in March, 1918, heads the list of contents; and another officer of the Corps in a somewhat caustic little paper advocates that the R.E. should take over from R.A.O.C. and R.A.S.C. their twin shares in mechanization. Lieut. Jones finds a solution to the problem of keeping up the supply of infantry officers in a reduction in establishments and a frank acceptance of the N.C.O. as a platoon commander. Major Edwards continues his account of commemoration badges and mottoes on regimental colours. The articles on naval and air subjects form a rather unusually small proportion of the whole, but are, if possible, of enhanced interest, while the short stories and the always delightfully pungent editorial notes and book reviews complete an excellent issue.

"Canadian Defence Quarterly." April, 1930.

This always interesting periodical usually contains a number of articles of value to other than Canadian readers. In this issue, for instance, there are two articles on mechanization and cavalry, and the employment of tanks; reproductions

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of two lectures on Empire interests in the Near and Middle East, and on the Chinese situation; an excellent account of police work carried out by the Navy, with special reference to recent events since the War; a translation of the French General Debeney's plea for a national as against a professional army; some notes on leadership and morale; and a bright and breezy narrative of some episodes in the life of a prisoner of war. All these are to be recommended for general reading. There is also at least an equivalent number of features on more domestic topics, the usual editorial notes, book and periodical reviews, and notes on military and air matters. It is observed that the Quarterly is now following the example of many of its contemporaries in instituting a prize essay competition.

E. W. S.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following:—

The Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps	March, April, May, 1930.
The Royal Engineers Journal ...	March, 1930.
**The Fighting Forces*	April, 1930.
The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps	May, 1930.
**The Canadian Defence Quarterly* ...	April, 1930.
**The Journal of the United Services of India*	April, 1930.
The Society for Army Historical Research	April, 1930.
**The Royal Air Force Quarterly* ...	April, 1930.
The Journal of the Royal Artillery ...	April, 1930.
Xth Royal Hussars Magazine ...	April, 1930.
The White Lancer and Vedette ...	April, 1930.
The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly	May, 1930.
The United States Cavalry Journal ...	April, 1930.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal ...	March, April, May, 1930.
The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps	March, April, May, 1930.
The United Service Journal of Australia	Nos. 1, 2, 3, 1930.
The Strathconian	April, 1930.

*Reviewed in this number.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

In continuing in the March-April number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" his tactical studies of *La Cavalerie Moderne*, Chef d'Escadron Keime offers a very interesting purview of the operations of the 2nd French Cavalry Corps in the months of September and October, 1914, and considers how they might have been modified, and made more profitable generally, had the divisions composing the Corps been provided with "les éléments automobiles" and accompanied by aeroplanes. The management of this "Revue" is doing the French cavalry good service in rescuing from the back numbers of the War History, accounts of gallant actions performed by mounted bodies large and small, for the most part of course during the opening days of the war, while it was yet a war of movement. Such an action is herein recounted—the charge of a troop of the 2nd Hussars under command of a Lieutenant Roman at Vance on the 7th August, 1914. The troop met, charged and drove back a complete squadron of German cavalry, inflicting losses in killed and wounded three times greater than those incurred by Lieutenant Roman's troop. It makes a very gallant story, and it is greatly to be regretted that the long period of static warfare which so soon after set in, prevented the occurrence of similar deeds by the mounted forces of the Allies.

The "Militär Wochenblatt" of pre-war days did not specially champion the cause of the Cavalry, but at the present time it seems to contain more articles than do other foreign military magazines dealing specially with matters affecting the mounted arm. In the number of the 4th March General Kabisch pleads that the German military authorities should not be in so great a hurry as are those of Great Britain, France and America to cut down horse transport to a minimum replacing it everywhere by mechanically propelled vehicles of all kinds. Such ideas may, says the writer, be well enough for the armies

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of the Powers above-named, whose possible theatres of war are all provided with roads in every way suited for motor traffic. Germany's possible—or probable—theatres of war on the other hand lie in the countries of eastern Europe, where modern roads are non-existent, and where not only is horse-transport alone possible, but where horses of all kinds and in any numbers are easily procurable.

Another writer in the number of the 11th March of the same journal presses the point, so often disregarded by some of our cranks, that the machine cannot do without the horse any more than the horse can do without the machine, that each is an adjunct of the other.

In the issue for 25th March of the paper known as *der Schweizer Kavallerist* we are given, approximately, the total wastage in horses which occurred during the Great War. It is admitted that the figures from all the countries concerned are not even yet available, but the totals given are sufficiently impressive and such that no lover of horses can read unmoved. On the Western Front alone the British suffered during the war a loss of 260,000 horses; the French losses in horse-flesh totalled 1,440,000, or 66 per cent. of their available strength in horses; in the autumn of the year 1914 alone the Austro-Hungarian army lost 75 per cent. of its mounts and transport animals, the total loss during the four years of war amounting to 250,000. From 1914 to 1918 the Germans had seven million horses at their disposal and of these 900,000 died or had to be destroyed. All these losses, heavy as they were, fade into, proportionate, insignificance beside those experienced by the Serbian Army: during the first year of the war the Serbians had something like 150,000 animals at their disposal—horses and transport mules and oxen; but during the retreat through Albania the majority of the oxen had to be slaughtered to provide food, while it is stated that not more than 7,000-8,000 horses survived the retreat, and even of these some 2,000 had later to be destroyed as incapable of further service. By April, 1916, however, the Serbian Army had once more nearly 12,000 horses and mules at its command, but half of these were again destroyed on the Macedonian front.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

PART I.—MILITARY.

"King George's Own Central India Horse: The Story of a Local Corps." By Major-General W. A. Watson, C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Ltd., Edinburgh and London, 1930.) 21s. net.

No better Indian Cavalry History has yet appeared. This book, by the Colonel of the regiment, takes rank with the recent history of Hodson's Horse (also published by Messrs. Blackwood), Major V. C. P. Hodson's *History of the Governor-General's Bodyguard*, and the privately printed and apparently unprocurable *Star and Crescent*, by an Indian Cavalry officer who is now assistant editor of the *Spectator*.

General Watson forestalls possible criticism by saying in his preface that his "effort, now at last accomplished, has resulted in a somewhat informal 'family record' rather than a Regimental History of the official sort." It is not permissible for one who is not a member of the "family" to say more of the book considered from this familiar aspect than that the record is one which any regiment must be proud of, as regards both manner and matter. Since, however, a copy of the book—which, moreover, has been placed on sale to the public—has been sent to the CAVALRY JOURNAL for review, I may be permitted to offer the following from the point of view of the general reader interested in military matters, with special reference to H.M. Indian Forces.

The Central India Horse descends from Mayne's Horse, raised in December, 1857, for the suppression of the Mutiny, and expanded to a Brigade of three regiments in 1859. In September, 1860, the title, on the transfer of Mayne the original

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commandant, was changed to "Central India Horse"; and the 3rd regiment was disbanded in 1861. The two remaining regiments were in 1922 amalgamated to form the present King George's Own Central India Horse.

Mayne's Horse was raised in the first place from a nucleus of one and a-half troops of the 2nd Cavalry Gwalior Contingent, all that had remained loyal out of a force of several thousand of all arms; 35 loyal Sikhs of the Bhopal Contingent Cavalry, which had also revolted; and a small loyal remnant of the Cavalry of the United Malwa Contingent. The C.I.H. has thus a direct descent from the old Contingent forces of John Company's days, troops which though subsidiary to the regular Bengal Army were crack irregular regiments of their time.

During the post-Mutiny re-organization Mayne's Horse absorbed four other mounted units which had also been raised for the suppression of the Mutiny: Meade's Horse, the 1st and 2nd regiments of Beatson's Horse, and the Mainpuri Levy. Of the first three of these General Watson gives most interesting details; regarding the Mainpuri Levy's antecedents we are not told anything. (It seems to have been quite distinct from the [infantry] Mainpuri Levy, which later became the 35th Bengal Native Infantry and was disbanded in 1882.)

So much for the birth of the Central India Horse, summarized above. General Watson's early chapters recount the raising of the various regiments and their services during the Mutiny period, and are based—or so it appears, for the detailed sources are seldom stated—on official records in England and India. Much new material has been used here, and the result is of great interest. It was not till late in 1860 that the last embers of revolt were stamped out in Central India. After an illuminating chapter on the silladar system—commonly but (as General Watson's account proves) erroneously supposed to be incapable of lucid explanation—there follows a succession of chapters containing a very readable narrative of service and sport in the Malwa and Gwalior jungles. Accounts of shooting expeditions based on the old game-books make one long for the old days: on a hot-weather two-month's shoot "the usual bag

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was about five-and-twenty tigers, five or six lions, and a few panthers and bears." The chapter on the Second Afghan War is contributed by Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain. The C.I.H. composite regiment took part in Roberts' famous march to Kandahar.

It would take a dozen pages of this Journal to give an adequate summary of the C.I.H.'s services: it must suffice to say that they are admirably set forth in these pages. I found the chapter on the regiment's experiences in Persia in 1911-13 especially interesting. The only criticism I have to offer is that an appendix containing a biographical list of officers might have been added. Much information of this nature is given in the text; but an officer's career is not always followed up, and a more complete record would, I think, have been of both general and regimental value for the purposes of reference. For example, it may be noted that during its relatively short existence the C.I.H. has supplied a Chief Commissioner to the Metropolitan Police and an Inspector-General to the Royal Irish Constabulary: in fact the number of distinguished soldiers and their sons who have served in the regiment is astonishingly large and out of all proportion to the age of the corps or to its establishment.

The book is well printed and is neatly bound in the regimental maroon and drab. It has nearly 500 pages, five portraits, and four fairly good sketch-maps; and is not dear at a guinea. H. B.

"War Letters to a Wife." By Colonel Fielding. (The Medici Society.) 15s.

"War Letters to a Wife," by Colonel Fielding, is a new and most necessary piece of the jig-saw puzzle picture of the war which those who never saw the reality are compelled to piece together for themselves out of the many war books and plays of recent years.

There have been the psychological war books, and the books written by those who fought, though they believed neither in the necessity nor the justice of the war—these written in a

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spirit of bitterness which distorts the picture; books again written primarily to clear the minds of the writers and to expel the horror from them, that they may say "Goodbye to all that"; and books produced by a savage desire to make others suffer some measure of what the authors themselves have been through.

Colonel Fielding's book is not among any of these. First he is no egoist; his primary interest is in the event, and not in his own psychological reaction to it. When giving an account of his first aeroplane flight he actually apologizes for describing his own feelings.

Secondly, the letters are of special interest to those who themselves fought in France, because they are records written at the time, and give a true picture of life at the front, and a true gauge of the emotions of the moment.

Thirdly, they probably express the feelings of a far larger number of people than the types of books mentioned above. This does not imply that Colonel Fielding is less imaginative or less alive to the waste and suffering than the young war poets and prose writers, but that the normal well-balanced mind adjusts itself to circumstances. These letters abound with saneness and sincerity.

So many writers seem to wish to belittle the good qualities which war brings out, feeling no doubt that to tear away every shred of beauty and romance from the grisly reality will help to avoid a repetition. But Colonel Fielding gives many instances of heroism and endurance, and in so doing gives an account as "realistic" as any yet written. There is a modern misuse of the word "realistic"; a picture of the countryside which shows nothing but the manure heaps and the flies is not a more faithful representation than the one which shows nothing but the apple-blossom. Colonel Fielding shows both the beauty and the horror, and his pieces of descriptive writing are extremely vivid.

Though this book should certainly be read by those who were not eye-witnesses, it will appeal most especially to those who shared the same experiences as the author.

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"Marlborough: the Portrait of a Conqueror." By D. B. Chidsey. (Murray.) 15s.

Mr. Chidsey is an American journalist; he is twenty-eight years old; and he is an adherent of the new style of biography termed the "movie" or "flicker" school. Personally, though trained in the most orthodox school of history in the world, we confess to a frank leaning towards the new methods, if only because they have the merit of making a book readable and inducing people to read it—and it appears to us, though the doctrine is unfashionable, that a book which is unreadable or unread has failed to justify its existence, whatever its other qualities. That is not to say of course that it is sufficient for a book, particularly a historical or biographical work, to be read; accuracy is as important as vividness, truth as literary style. Now Mr. Chidsey's book is so readable that it is not likely that any one who picks it up will be able to help finishing it; his style, Transatlantic always, transpontine at times, is vivacious, vivid and picturesque; he tells his story as a story, and tells it admirably, as a story should be told. But is the story he tells a true one, or just a fairy tale? Has he pictured his people and events to us as they were, or is he, as the children say, just making them up as he goes along? If the former, we have to thank him for a first class piece of work; if the latter, only for nothing; we are in no need of pseudo-history or fiction disguised as biography.

Now as regards details, Mr. Chidsey is not always accurate. He tends to telescope his dates. He sometimes fails to follow the dull truth when to do so would mean sacrifice of an epigram. He has the bad habit of mis-spelling some of his place names. And, as is the modern fashion, there are very few of his people he really likes or admires; and too many for whom he has not a good word to say. Also, as it seems to us, he has got his battles somewhat out of perspective. These are faults, perhaps, of youth, perhaps of America, perhaps of the present fashion of history—probably of all three combined.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt in our mind that the book is, in essentials, remarkably true to facts and to the life of the

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times. These were, one feels, the men and women of the day, as they lived and worked, loved and thought. Marlborough's Duchess, his lovely virago of a Sarah, and Charles, James, William, Anne and Louis, the five crowned heads—all these, the major figures of the book are not only alive but true to life; one comes to know them and to know them as they were. The minor characters are less fully but not less successfully portrayed. The general course of the Spanish-Succession War—a complicated and difficult one—and of Marlborough's own campaigns is clearly delineated, though a map would have made it even clearer. And of his hero himself Mr. Chidsey gives a fine, a memorable, and, we are convinced, a true picture; he admires him more than he is prepared to admit; he is not blind to his faults—indeed, he somewhat exaggerates them; but he gives full due to his virtues and achievements, and shows that he was indeed a great man, only to be considered and portrayed as great. In a few months from now all officers in the British Army will be studying Marlborough and his campaigns; they cannot do better than begin by a perusal of Mr. Chidsey's life as an introduction to him.

"Kitchener." By Brig.-General C. R. Ballard. (Faber and Faber.) 18s.

The official life of Lord Kitchener by Sir G. Arthur, has for many years now been available; a brilliant but critical study by Lord Esher has aroused considerable controversy, and now General Ballard, who has "drawn upon the Officers' Mess and the club smoking room" for the opinions on his hero of those who served under him, has given us his life from a new angle —that of a soldier writing for soldiers. The general is an admirer, but not a blind one. He denies to his hero those great powers of organization which in the popular legend form his chief title to fame; in Egypt, he declares, Kitchener succeeded by his close personal attention to details; in the Great War, the title of the "Great Disorganizer," applied to him by a caustic critic, was not inappropriate. His strong points, driving power, patience and foresight, are stressed and appreciated;

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so, too, are emphasized the less pleasant aspects of his character —his dislike of discussion and consultation, and his Oriental ruthlessness and secrecy. That at the time of his death Kitchener was a spent force General Ballard utterly denies; he was beginning to learn from experience; he had already rendered inestimable services to his country, and had it in him to render even greater ones; and his death was not merely a national, but a world calamity, for he almost alone, as his handling of the negotiations at the end of the Boer War had shown, realised that the true end of war is a more perfect peace. In this brief but clear and vivid sketch of a great soldier and a great personality, General Ballard has done the memory of his hero a good service, and has also placed to his own credit the best book he has yet given us. E. W. S.

"The Congreves, Father and Son." By Lieut.-Colonel L. H. Thornton, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Pamela Fraser. With a foreword by Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G., etc. (London: John Murray. 1930.) 15s. net.

This book contains biographical sketches of General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., K.C.B., M.V.O., and his eldest son, Captain (Brevet-Major) W. L. T. Congreve, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., The Rifle Brigade. There is a foreword by Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, and an introduction by Celia Lady Congreve, Sir Walter's widow. The life of the father has been compiled by Colonel Thornton, and of the son by his widow (now the Hon. Mrs. William Fraser).

There were at least two previous instances of the award of the Victoria Cross to both father and son: General Sir Charles John Stanley Gough, V.C., G.C.B., etc., and his son, Brigadier-General John Edmond Gough, V.C. (posthumously K.C.B.); and Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., etc., and his son, Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, V.C. (posthumous). It is to be noted, as an additional link between these and the Congreves, that it was at Colenso, when Lieutenant Frederick Roberts was awarded the V.C., and where he received the

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wounds from which he died, that Walter Congreve also won his V.C.

In the book under review the careers of the two Congreves are adequately traced. Colonel Thornton's sketch is rather discursive; and personally I found the most interest in the absorbing extracts from the letters and diaries written in France by Major "Billy" Congreve. The book is one which forms a very remarkable appendix to the history of the Army in general and the Rifle Brigade in particular. It should find a place in every Mess library. H. B.

"Historical Illustrations to Field Service Regulations, Operations, 1929." By Major H. G. Eady, M.C., R.E. (Sifton Praed & Co., Ltd.) 10s. 6d.

Major Eady was responsible for the preparation of a book of a similar character to the present one, based on the Field Service Regulations issued in 1924, and the value of such a work will be recognized by all soldiers who are seriously engaged in the study of their profession. The post-war officer is probably even less inclined than was his pre-war, and therefore almost pre-historic, prototype, to accept as gospel all the principles of the art of war which are offered for his unquestioned acceptance; and to have such principles accompanied by illustrations from the warfare of the past, where such principles have been ignored or broken, followed or modified, makes the study of his profession infinitely more interesting and valuable to the earnest soldier.

Major Eady has not drawn his illustrations solely from the past war, to which so many modern military writers almost exclusively devote their attention; he has taken them from all ages and from practically every campaign, and the student will be able to trace without difficulty the occasions where a neglect of, or too blind an adherence to, the strict letter of the principles laid down, has led to disaster, and again where the principles have successfully been broken when special circumstances dictated such action.

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At the risk of appearing captious one may perhaps venture to regret that considerations of space have obliged Major Eady to refrain from dealing with "warfare in undeveloped and semi-civilized countries," a subject which occupies practically one-third of "Field Service Regulations," Vol. II; for after all it is warfare of this kind in which our army for many years to come is likely to be chiefly engaged, warfare, moreover, where what may be called "alternative principles" must come more frequently and more largely into play.

"Changing Conditions of Imperial Defence." By Captain D. H. Cole, M.B.E. (Sifton Praed & Co., Ltd.) 6s. 6d.

This book contains, within a comparatively small compass, a very great deal of valuable information on a subject to which all Englishmen, and especially our Army officers, should give their very serious attention. The author, discusses the more important of the changes which have lately taken place, and which are every day occurring, in the conditions which affect and influence Imperial defence, setting out with the very opportune reminder that man-power, in association with material resources and power of movement, is the basis of National Defence, and going on to show that this may be so utilized as to secure its fullest efficiency. The chapters deal with the material resources of our Empire, the United States and sea-power, France and Italy and sea-power in the Mediterranean, Great Britain and the Indian Ocean, Japan and the Pacific; and the whole is so treated as not only to provide a fascinating object of study, but also so as to bring home to those who read the book a possibly novel idea of the supreme importance of the subject, and of the way in which the general conditions of Imperial Defence have not only greatly altered during very recent times, but in many ways seriously to our disadvantage.

The ordinary man is probably satisfied in his own mind that he possesses a fair average knowledge of the matters dealt with by Captain Cole, but he will find in these pages much that he has forgotten or overlooked, while he will discover how many new factors have arisen during quite recent times, and that there

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is almost an infinity of possible, and it may even be probable, causes of disagreement among the Powers. At the end of the book will be found the terms of the Kellogg Treaty and a comparison of the Natural Resources of the Great Powers, while in a pocket at the end is a very useful map showing all the different Naval Bases. Altogether a very valuable book.

H. W.

"The Real War." By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (Faber and Faber.) 12s. 6d.

Captain Liddell Hart has made a most ambitious and praiseworthy attempt to tell—within twelve years of the termination of the Great War—its real history. He has made of it a fascinating and life-like story enough; no one can read it and not be attracted by the vigour and clarity of the narrative, based as it is on a mass of material, published and unpublished, and illuminated by the author's own straight-forward and pungent judgments, always provocative of thought, if not always of acceptance. Captain Liddell Hart is an iconoclast—if the recent trend of thought about the Great War and its one time heroes can be said to have left any idols to be broken, the general opinion now apparently being that it was won and lost by armies of gulls led by a combination of fools and knaves. Captain Liddell Hart, himself once one of the aforesaid gulls, denies the knavery but is not too sure about the folly; some of his principal figures are shown up in attitudes none too favourable and in a light none too kind. The basis for most of these strictures appear to be the generic "Private evidence" referred to in the bibliography. In his introduction the author vigorously defends his attitude on this point; "in the testing by personal evidence of the flood of documents, diaries, and memoirs lies," he says, "the only chance that history may approximate to truth." As regards this one may be permitted two remarks: first, that the flood of documents, vast as it is, is as yet by no means complete, and secondly, that a really contemporary document, is, as evidence, worth far more than a personal and

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private statement made long after the event, and often tendencious or partisan. On the whole, the perusal of this brilliant and lively work has only confirmed the reviewer in his belief in the truth of the old maxim that those who have played a part, however small, in the making of history should confine themselves to contributing what the French used to call "memoires pour servir," and that the final version of the story must be left to be written by a disinterested—and possibly uninterested—posterity. E. W. S.

Part II. Sporting Horse Management.

"The Fellowship of the Horse." By Lt.-Col. S. G. Goldschmidt. (Country Life, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.

In this book, Lt.-Col. Goldschmidt emphasises the necessity for understanding the means of communication between mount and man, and he analyses the fundamental factors, which make for fellowship between the two—the attitude of mind, the call for patience, methods of schooling, and the use of the correct aids. Fellowship means perfect confidence and the avoidance of misunderstandings. His view is that horses should not be dealt with on stereotyped lines, but that the character of each must be taken into consideration.

The author handles the problems of the psychology of the horse and horseman, of heredity and of training, and he gives some useful words of advice on children and their ponies, whilst he does not miss the opportunity of giving his opinions on the question of riding side-saddle or astride for ladies.

He ends by quoting several amusing examples of excessive "Fellowship" from the authors of fiction—stories which err ever beyond "poetic license."

This volume is really a sequel to "Bridle Wise" and "Stable Wise." What truer words could be said than those of the author: "A great leveller the horse, and amongst his devotees social barriers are as nought and conversation can never flag."

Some excellent sketches by Charles Simpson illustrate the book.

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"Broncho." By Richard Ball. (Country Life, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

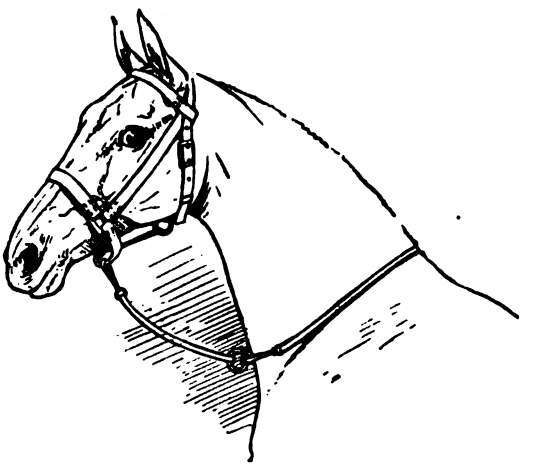
The life history of a famous horse should always be interesting to animal lovers and that of "Broncho" is no exception to this rule. The tale, told so ably in this book, does not concern the real "Broncho," but the author has been inspired by the latter's successes and he has dedicated the book to him and to horses of "all ranks" who served in the Great War.

Mr. Ball's "Broncho" appeared to some, who came into contact with him, a wild and vicious horse, but in reality he was only suffering from a state of terror. When rescued by Roger Arbuthnot from the vile treatment of a dealer he became docile, and that true "Fellowship" about which Lt.-Col. Goldschmidt writes in his book (also reviewed in this number), was effected.

"Broncho" achieved fame in peace and in war, but suffered from the physical and mental agonies of both. On demobilization he was cast and sold for a "tenner," but being eventually re-united with his master attained success in the Olympia showring.

The author has given us a tale of undying affection and confidence between mount and man, and the reader will appreciate this stirring and poignant book.

O.J.F.F.



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REGIMENTAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

3RD HUSSARS (LUCKNOW)

POLO.

BAREILLY HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

Played February, 1930.

3rd Hussars Team.—(1) Mr. W. U. Ritson; (2) Mr. M. W. Barnett; (3) Capt. W. A. J. Lockhart; (back) Mr. P. Labouchere.

The side beat the Royal Scots Fusiliers by 3 goals to 1 in the first round, but were beaten in the second round by Skinners Horse, 7 goals to 5.

DELHI LOW HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

Played February, 1930.

3rd Hussars Team.—(1) Capt. H. M. P. Salmon; (2) Sir Douglas Scott, Bart. (3) Major R. R. Grubb; (back) Capt. O. F. M. Tudor.

The side beat an Equitation School, Saugor, team in the first round, but were beaten in the second round by the R.H.A., Meerut.

DEHRA DUN SPRING TOURNAMENT.

3rd Hussars Team.—(1) Mr. W. U. Ritson; (2) Mr. A. J. Crewdson; (3) Mr. M. W. Barnett; (back) Lt.-Col. W. R. Tylden-Wright.

The side won their first round but were beaten by 2nd Gurkhas in the second round. They won the subsidiary Tournament, beating the M.A.T.C. in the final.

The results of other Tournaments in which 3rd Hussar teams competed are given under Eastern Command Notes.

HORSE SHOWS.

IMPERIAL DELHI HORSE SHOW.

Best Trained Troop Horse.—1st, L/Cpl. Cole on Dick; 2nd, Cpl. Waymark on Joey.

Open Jumping.—1st, Cpl. Meadows on Flighty.

British Other Ranks Jumping.—3rd, R.S.M. H. Calton on Tommy.

LUCKNOW HORSE SHOW.

Country-bred Horses.—2nd, R.S.M. H. Calton's troop horse, Tommy.

Country-bred Ponies.—2nd, Major C. F. Clarke's Granite; 3rd, Capt. H. M. P. Salmon's Mischief.

English and Colonial Ponies.—1st, Lt.-Col. W. R. Tylden-Wright's Capok; 2nd, Sir Douglas Scott, Bart.'s Black Velvet.

Arab and Country-bred Polo Ponies.—3rd, Capt. H. M. P. Salmon's The Brat.

Ponies likely to make Polo Ponies.—2nd, Capt. H. M. P. Salmon's Mischief.

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Stable of 3 Ponies, ready to play.—3rd, Major C. F. Clarke's Chalk, Granite, and Emperor Jones.

Ladies' Hacks.—1st, Sir Douglas Scott's Gondolane.

Open Jumping (Horses).—1st, Mr. M. W. Barnett on "MG" Squadron Troop horse No. 39; 2nd, Mr. O. M. Bullivant on "B" Squadron Troop horse No. 45; 3rd, Capt. H. M. P. Salmon on Mr. P. H. Labouchere's charger.

Open Jumping (Ponies).—1st, Tpr. Harwood on "B" Squadron Troop horse No. 123; 2nd, Sergt. Risby on H.Q. Wing Troop horse No. 46.

Jumping (W.O's, N.C.O.'s and Men).—1st, Cpl. Meadows on H.Q. Wing Troop horse No. 44; 2nd, S.S.M. Stokes on H.Q. Wing Troop horse No. 26.

Best Troop Horse (Cavalry or Artillery).—1st, R.S.M. Calton's troop horse Tommy; 2nd, Cpl. Staines on troop horse M.G. 196; 3rd, Sergt. Risby on troop horse H.Q. 14.

RACING.

Lucknow Gymkhana Races.

Season ending 19th April, 1930.

Winning Owners.

	Wins	*2nd*	*3rd*
Lt.-Col. W. R. Tylden Wright	11	12	12
Major S. A. Sanford	6	5	2
Major R. R. de C. Grubb	2	1	2
Capt. W. A. J. Lockhart	1	0	2
Capt. E. Forestier-Walker	—	3	2
Mr. M. W. Barnett..	—	1	1
Mr. M. H. Wilson	—	—	1
	—	—	—
	20	22	22

Winning Riders.

	Wins	*2nd*	*3rd*
Capt. O. F. M. Tudor	10	10	6
Capt. H. M. P. Salmon	2	3	5
Mr. A. B. Dawes	1	2	1
Mr. M. H. Wilson	1	—	1
Mr. M. W. Barnett..	—	1	1
Capt. W. A. J. Lockhart	—	—	1
	—	—	—
	14	16	15

Regimental Sports (Mounted).

Winners of Challenge Cups.

Leney Cup (Officers).—Mr. O. M. Bullivant.

Hamilton Cup (W.O's and Sergts.).—S.S.M. Connolly.

Giles Cup (Corpls. and L/Cpls.).—Cpl. Staines.

Huggins Cup (Troopers).—Tpr. Harwood.

Laudale Cup (Best Jumping Squadron).—H.Q. Wing.

Inter-Squadron Shield.—H.Q. Wing.

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POINT TO POINT RACES.

(W.O's, N.C.O's and Tprs.).

1st Race (*L/Cpls. Race*).—A Cup presented by the Regimental Contractor and sweepstakes of Rs. 1 each. 1st, L/Cpl. Harland on Pinkie; 2nd, L/Cpl. Cole on Old Bill; 3rd, L/Cpl. Doolan on Bold Danby. (18 ran).

2nd Race (*Sergeants' Race*).—Sweepstakes of Rs. 3 each. 1st, Sergt. Lovell on Arctic Star; 2nd, R.S.M. Calton on Tommy; 3rd, S.S.M. Richardson on Joey. (14 ran).

3rd Race (*Troopers*).—A Cup presented by the Regimental Photographer, and sweepstakes of Rs. 1 each. 1st, Tpr. Harris on Bonzo; 2nd, Tpr. Lovelock on Globe Trotter; 3rd, Tpr. Carter on Peter. (22 ran).

4th Race (*Corporals' Race*).—Sweepstakes of Rs. 2 each. 1st, Cpl. Francis on Kruschen. (Only one finished, 5 ran).

5th Race (*Open Race*).—Sweepstakes of Rs. 3 each for horses nominated and ridden by W.O's, Sergeants and Lance-Sergeants or equivalent Indian ranks of any unit serving in India. 1st, Sergt. Fidler on Sweetmeat; 2nd, Sergt. Greenwood on Ormonde; 3rd, Sergt. Small on Rutland. (9 ran).

RIFLE SHOOTING.

LUCKNOW BRIGADE RIFLE MEETING.

Rifle.—5th, L/Cpl. E. North; 7th, Far./Cpl. F. Carter; 8th, Tpr. J. Oliver.

Revolver.—2nd, Sergt. T. Daley.

Platoon or Troop Competition.—1st, 3rd Troop, "B" Squadron.

Machine Gun Match.—2nd, "A" Team, "M.G." Squadron.

REGIMENTAL RIFLE MEETING.

Rifle.—1st, L/Cpl. North, "M.G." Squadron; 2nd, Tpr. Oliver, H.Q. Wing.

Inter-Squadron Match.—1st, "A" Squadron; 2nd, "M.G." Squadron.

Inter-Troop Match.—1st, 3rd Troop "B" Squadron; 2nd, 4th Troop "A" Squadron.

Machine Gun Match.—"D" Section.

Young Soldiers (*Rifle*).—1st, Tpr. Cooke, "B" Squadron; 2nd, Tpr. Brady, "H.Q." Wing.

Revolver (*Individual*).—1st, Sergt. Turkington, "H.Q." Wing; 2nd, Tpr. Trevithick, "M.G." Squadron.

Revolver Team Match.—1st, "M.G." Squadron; 2nd, "H.Q." Wing.

SHIKAR.

Some fair bags of Duck and Snipe were got at the end of the season. The bag of Tiger, since the Regiment came to Lucknow, was brought up to six.

BOXING.

EAST INDIAN RAILWAY OPEN BOXING TOURNAMENT, APRIL, 1930.

Team Event.—1st Round, 3rd Hussars team beat East Indian Railway team, 5 fights to 4. 2nd Round: 3rd Hussars team beat 1st Battn., 60th Rifles,

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5 fights to 4. Final: 3rd Hussars team beat 1st Battn., East Yorkshire Regiment, 5 fights to 2.

Team.—Fly Weight, Tpr. Harwood; Bantam Weight, Tpr. O'Malley; Feather Weight, Tpr. English; Welter Weight, Tpr. Ryan; Middle Weight, L/Cpl. Walters; Light Heavy Weight, Cpl. Hinchliffe; Heavy Weight, Tpr. Fitzgerald; Reserve Welter Weight, Tpr. Cohen.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. O'Malley runner-up to Pte. Mills of the Buffs.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Drysdale beat Pte. Denham of the Buffs.

Welter Weight.—L/Cpl. Walters runner-up to L/Cpl. Groves of the H.L.I.

Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Fitzgerald beat Pte. Garner of the H.L.I.

LUCKNOW BRIGADE BOXING.

3rd Hussar team beaten 14 points to 13 by 1st Battn., 60th Rifles, after the Reserve weight had to be fought off.

Detailed Result:

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. O'Malley lost to Rifleman Stroud on points.

Feather Weight.—Cpl. Pearce (3rd Hussars) knocked out Cpl. Green.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Drysdale beat Rifleman Sly on points.

Welter Weight.—L/Cpl. Walters (3rd Hussars) lost to Cpl. Hearsey on points.

Middle Weight.—Farrier Capel lost to L/Cpl. Brookes on points.

Light Heavy Weight.—Cpl. Hinchliffe (3rd Hussars) beat L/Cpl. Stokes on points.

Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Newman beat Rifleman Phillips on points.

Score: 12 points all.

Reserve Weight (Light).—Sergt. Daley (3rd Hussars) lost to L/Cpl. Faulkner on points.

Final Score: 14 points to 13.

INTER-SQUADRON BOXING COMPETITION (THE KELLY CUP).

"M.G." Squadron beat "A" Squadron, 11 points to 10.
"B" Squadron beat "H.Q." Wing, 13 points to 7.

Final:

M.G." Squadron beat "B" Squadron, 11 points to 10.

REGIMENTAL NOVICE COMPETITIONS.

Feather Weight ..	Tpr. Beilby, "A" Squadron, winner. Tpr. Sullivan, "A" Squadron, runner-up.
Light Weight	Tpr. Jefferies, "B" Squadron, winner. Tpr. Jenkinson, "M.G." Squadron, runner-up.
Welter Weight	Tpr. Boswell, "A" Squadron, winner. Tpr. Thompson, "A" Squadron, runner-up.
Middle Weight	Tpr. Garrett, "B" Squadron, winner. Tpr. Bryant, "B" Squadron, runner-up.
Light Heavy Weight ..	Tpr. Davis, "A" Squadron, winner. Far. Chase, "M.G." Squadron, runner-up.

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THE FOLLOWING FOUGHT IN CONTESTS :—

Sergt. McCoy, 4 rounds against A. Johannes of the Armenian College, Calcutta. Lost on points.

L/Cpl. Sadler, 4 rounds against L/Cpl. Hemming, Royal Berkshire Regiment. Won on points.

Tpr. Newman, 4 rounds against Pte. Hands, East Yorkshire Regiment. Lost on points.

Tpr. Newman, 4 rounds against Pte. Hanks, East Yorkshire Regiment. Won on points.

Farrier Capel, 4 rounds against Pte. Thompson, East Yorkshire Regiment. Won on points.

FOOTBALL.

THE YOUNGER CUP.

(Open to Squadrons, Companies, Batteries, etc.).

Winners : " H.Q." Wing XI.

1st round : beat " A " Coy., 60th Rifles.
2nd round : beat " M.G." Coy., East Yorkshire Regt.
3rd round : beat " C " Coy., 60th Rifles.
Final : beat " B " Coy., 60th Rifles.

INTER-SQUADRON SHIELD.

" A " Squadron " B " Squadron	" B " Squadron, 1 goal to 0.	" H.Q." Wing, 6 goals to 0.
" H.Q." Wing " M.G." Squadron	" H.Q." Wing, 3 goals to 1.	

INTER-TROOP SHIELD.

Semi-Finals : Signal Troop beat " F " Section, " M.G." Squadron, 3—1 ; 1st Troop, " A " Squadron, beat The Band, 1—0.
Final : Signal Troop beat 1st Troop, " A " Squadron, 1—0.

HOCKEY.

INTER-SQUADRON HOCKEY CHALLENGE CUP.

" H.Q." Wing " A " Squadron	" H.Q." Wing, 7—1	" H.Q." Wing, 2—1
" B " Squadron " M.G." Squadron	" M.G." Squadron, *1—0	

* *After four draws.*

13TH D.C.O. LANCERS.

DELHI HORSE SHOW.

Events competed for :—

Jumping (open) all horses over 15 hands.
Troop horses riding.
Tent Pegging (Individual Open).
Jumping I.O. Ranks.
I.O's Chargers.

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Results :

Jumping (*Open*).—4th prize, Hari, ridden by Dfr. Hari Singh.

Troop Horses Riding.—2nd prize, Tegh, ridden by Dfr. Sundar Singh.

Tent Pegging (*Individual Open*).—2nd prize, Risaldar Hasham Khan, I.O.M.

Jumping I.O. Ranks.—1st prize, Hukam, ridden by Dfr. Hari Singh ; 2nd prize Harn, ridden by R. D. M. Wajid Ali Khan.

OTHER EVENTS.

The Regiment gave a torchlight tattoo display on 10th March, 1930.

Display consisted of : Fanfare by Mounted Trumpeters ; Khattack Dance ; Trick Ride ; Display of dismounted Lance Drill ; Vaulting ; Ride and Drive Display.

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SERGEANT-MAJOR G. F. HIGGS, M.M.,
4th Q.O. Hussars.

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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

THE ARMY RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING, INDIA

MEERUT, FEBRUARY 10TH-14TH

Regimental Sergeant Major G. F. Higgs, M.M., 4th (Q.O.) Hussars, won the following events :—

(1) The British Army Championship Jewel.
(2) The Medal for the Mounted Branches of the Service.
(3) The N.R.A. Silver Medal.
(4) The Silver Medal for W.O's and Sergeants of the British Service.

R.S.M. Higgs was second in the King's Medal, which was won for the second time in succession by Naik Barna Singh Thapa of the 2nd Battalion 2nd Gurkha Rifles.

Sir Philip Chetwode distributed the various cups, medals and jewels on the conclusion of the meeting.

There were 261 competitors.

THE INDIAN POLO ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nine teams entered for this, namely, Bhopal, Cavalry Club, Jodhpur, the 8th K.G.O. Cavalry, the 15th Lancers, the Ragtails, Skinner's Horse, the 3rd Hussars and the 13th Lancers.

Bhopal had to scratch owing to Captain B. Dalrymple Hay breaking his collar bone and one of the other players being down with influenza. This was most unfortunate, as they were aside with a handicap of 28, and must have taken a lot of beating.

The first round was only one game between the Ragtails and the 3rd Cavalry, and was easily won by the former, 9–4.

Ragtails		*3rd Cavalry*	
(1) Capt. St. J. Birnie	5	(1) Capt. H. W. Picken	2
(2) Mr. W. T. Hunter	1	(2) Capt. T. C. Crichton	3
(3) Capt. A. A. Filose	4	(3) Major H. L. Watkis	4
(back) Mr. J. Robinson	5	(back) Captain J. Pratt	1
	15		10

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Second Round

Jodhpur		*Skinner's Horse*	
(1) Thakur Dalpat Singh	6	(1) Major B. Randall	2
(2) Thakur Prithi Singh	7	(2) Capt. E. D. Holder	6
(3) Rao Raja Hanut Singh	8	(3) Capt. W. A. Broadfoot	4
(back) H.H. Maharaja Jodhpur	2	(back) Capt. E. J. Fulton	2
	23		14

This resulted in a very easy win for Jodhpur by 10 goals to 2.

8th Cavalry		*13th Lancers*	
(1) Major B. H. O'Donnell	3	(1) Lieut. P. L. A. Hill	0
(2) Capt. J. Wilson	5	(2) Capt. F. R. R. Bucher	4
(3) Capt. H. D. Tucker	6	(3) Major W. G. H. Vickers	5
(back) Capt. C. H. Law	5	(back) Capt. E. L. P. P. Gilpin	4
	19		13

This resulted in a win for the 8th Cavalry by 6–3. The 13th Lancers did very well in a very keenly contested game.

Cavalry Club		*Bhopal*	
(1) Col. T. P. Melville	5	(1) Capt. R. George	8
(2) Mr. G. E. Prior Palmer	5	(2) Lieut. Karamat Ali	3
(3) Mr. P. W. Dollar	6	(3) Capt. B. Dalrymple Hay	8
(back) Major R. Benson	4	(back) H.H. The Nawab of Bhopal	9
	20		28

Bhopal having scratched, the Cavalry Club walked over.

15th Lancers		*Ragtails*	
(1) Lieut. W. W. A. Loring	4	(1) Capt. St. J. Birnie	5
(2) Capt. C. E. Pert	7	(2) Mr. W. T. Hunter	1
(3) Major A. I. B. Anderson	7	(3) Capt. A. A. Filose	4
back) Major E. G. Atkinson	9	(back) Mr. J. Robinson	5
	27		15

The 15th Lancers won easily by 8 goals to 1.

Semi-Final

8th Cavalry *Jodhpur*

The 8th Cavalry played a very fine game, and had Jodhpur beaten all the time, and won 9–5. A notable feature about their play was their combination and team work.

15th Lancers *Cavalry Club*

This resulted in an easy win for the 15th Lancers by 12 goals to 5.

Final

15th Lancers *8th Cavalry*

The 8th Cavalry had extremely bad luck in the fact that Major O'Donnell got kicked in the head just before play was about to commence, and was unable to play; an Indian Officer had to be substituted for him.

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The 8th Cavalry again played a magnificient game, and the Indian officer accredited himself notably, but he was unable to mark Major Atkinson as he should have done. The 8th Cavalry led up to the last chukker, and it was only very shortly before time that the 15th Lancers equalised, 7 all.

At the beginning of the extra chukker the 15th Lancers took the ball quickly to their opponents' goal-mouth, but hit wide. A number of unsuccessful shots at the widened goal followed, the 8th Cavalry being hemmed into their own 60X area. After several minutes' bombardment, a good backhander by Major Anderson was put through by Loring.

The play of Captains Wilson, Tucker and Law should be noted, as it is certain that in future years they will all be first-class players.

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT

Meerut, 28th February to 7th March

Twelve Regiments entered, the winners—the C.I.H.—had a " walk-over " in both the first and second rounds, thus getting straight into the semi-final. Major Ian Campbell, Probyn's Horse, died of heart failure a few hours after playing in the first round : great sympathy was felt for his Regiment, who did not take any further part in the Tournament. The Viceroy and Lady Irwin flew over from Delhi to witness the second day's play.

Both the grounds played on were in very good condition. The following is a list of teams, and a short account of each game :—

Teams

Royal Deccan Horse		*Probyn's Horse*	
(1) Capt. G. H. B. Wood	1	(1) Major I. Campbell	6
(2) Capt. R. L. W. Herrick	4	(2) Capt. J. H. Taylor	6
(3) Capt. C. M. O. Sawers	2	(3) Lieut.-Col. H. Macdonald	7
(back) Capt. J. L. Wardle	5	(back) Capt. G. Nadin	5
	12		24
Central India Horse		*9th Lancers*	
(1) Capt. M. Cox	5	(1) Capt. Hon. D. Erskine	3
(2) Capt. R. George	8	(2) Capt. L. H. Harris	4
(3) Major A. H. Williams	8	(3) Lieut.-Col. G. Reynolds	4
(back) Capt. A. G. S. Alexander	6	(back) Mr. G. H. Vere-Laurie	1
	27		12
8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry		*4th Q.O. Hussars*	
(1) Major B. H. O'Donnell	3	(1) Mr. R. Knight	3
(2) Capt. J. Wilson	5	(2) Mr. J. P. Robinson	5
(3) Capt. H. D. Tucker	6	(3) Mr. P. W. Dollar	6
(back) Capt. C. H. Law	5	(back) Mr. J. E. Armstrong	3
	19		17

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2nd Lancers (G.H.)	
(1) Capt. J. H. Wilkinson	2
(2) Capt. H. B. Dalrymple-Hay	4
(3) Capt. R. A. de Salis	5
(back) Capt. A. D. Macnamara	4
	15

7th Light Cavalry	
(1) Capt. F. I. Muirhead	3
(2) Major H. de N. Lucas	6
(3) Lieut.-Col. J. A. Kreyer	7
(back) Capt. W. H. Gardiner	5
	21

15th Lancers	
(1) Mr. Loring	4
(2) Capt. C. E. Pert	7
(3) Major E. G. Atkinson	9
(back) Major A. Anderson	7
	27

19th K.G.O. Lancers	
(1) Mr. G. H. Critchley	2
(2) Capt. W. G. M. Thompson	5
(3) Major R. Dening	6
(back) Capt. M. Gulsher Khan	5
	18

P.A.V.O. Cavalry	
(1) Mr. R. G. Hanmer	1
(2) Capt. P. R. Tatham	6
(3) Capt. G. Carr-White	6
(back) Capt. P. B. Sanger	3
	16

15th/19th Hussars	
(1) Capt. T. J. Arnott	2
(2) Capt. W. R. N. Hinde	5
(3) Capt. C. Frith	2
(back) Col. J. Godman	4
	13

First Round

15th/19th Hussars beat the Royal Deccan Horse by 11 goals to 2.

4th Hussars beat the 2nd Lancers by 12 goals to 1.

The 4th Hussars found the 2nd Lancers completely off their game, and made the best of it. Dollar played a very fine game.

Probyn's Horse beat the 19th Lancers by 5 goals to 2.

A very fast game, the 19th Lancers undoubtedly felt the loss of Colonel Howell, who had broken his collar bone a few days previously, and was unable to play.

9th Lancers scratched to the C.I.H., their No. 3—Colonel Reynolds—was not able to play, as he was unwell.

Second Round

15th/19th Hussars beat 4th Hussars by 6 goals to 4.

The 4th Hussars did not show the form they displayed in the first round. A very sticky game.

8th Light Cavalry beat the 7th Light Cavalry by 7 goals to 3.

Major Lucas was knocked over in the 3rd chukker. Colonel Kreyer and Gardiner played well for the losers.

P.A.V.O. beat the 15th Lancers by 6 goals to 5.

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A good fast galloping game; although the difference in the total handicap of the two teams is 11 points, both sides appeared very evenly matched.

Probyn's Horse scratched to the C.I.H.

Semi-Finals

15th/19th Hussars beat the 8th Light Cavalry by 5 goals to 3.

A slow game, the Hussars were the better mounted of the two teams. Law was very safe at back for the losers.

C.I.H. beat the P.A.V.O. by 8 goals to 2.

The score hardly represents the game, which was very fast. Sanger played very well for the P.A.V.O.

Finals

C.I.H. beat 15th/19th Hussars, 10–3.

The C.I.H. played very well as a team, and were in the offensive throughout.

The 15th/19th Hussars, though handicapped by the loss of their No. 1, played a hard galloping game.

THE INDIAN CAVALRY CHASE

MEERUT, 4TH MARCH, 1930

The Indian Cavalry Chase in pre-war days always took place at Lahore. This is the first time it has been run at Meerut.

Mr. F. J. M. Nixon's Look Ahead won by a neck from Captain C. B. Birdwood's Half Note: Captain P. J. Hilliard's Just Cause was third.

Captain Benn's and Captain Tucker's horses fell.

A dust storm and high wind blew the whole afternoon, which made conditions very unpleasant.

INDIAN CAVALRY CHASE

Rs. 2,050.—A Challenge Cup (which cannot be won outright), presented by Colonel Broome, and a Cup value Rs. 250 presented by H.E. The Commander-in-Chief, and Rs. 1,000 (presented by the R.C.T.C.). The Cups and Rs. 1,200 to the winner, Rs. 400 to the second, and Rs. 200 to the third.

A Handicap Steeplechase for horses *bona-fide* the property of Regular officers of the Indian Cavalry on full pay and free from any contingency whatever to any one except those qualified to enter.

Horses bought from Government under the terms of Army Regulations India, Vol. II, 1923, para 490, and Appendix XIII and Army Instructions India, 1239 of 1924, are eligible for this race.

To be ridden by officers qualified to enter.

Lowest weight to be not less than 9 st. 7 lbs.

Distance—(About) two miles over the Chase Course.

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Look Ahead (Mr. F. J. M. Nixon), aged (14th Scinde Horse)	Lieut.-Col. Conder	1
Half-Note (Capt. C. B. Birdwood), aged (5th Probyn's Horse)	J. Thompson	2
Just Cause (Capt. P. J. Hilliard), aged (16th Cavalry)	Privately	3
Upon (late Uki) (Capt. H. D. Tucker), aged (8th Light Cavalry)	Privately	0
Little Willie (Mr. W. F. Lamb), aged (12th Cavalry)	Privately	0
Meteor (Capt. H. Wansbrough Jones), aged (21st C.I.H.)	Lieut.-Col. Conder	0
Dugald Dalgetty (Lieut.-Col. J. H. McCudden), aged (11th Cavalry)	Lieut.-Col. Conder	0 [*Scratched*]
Galtee Princess (Capt. L. M. H. Benn), aged (5th Probyn's Horse)	J. Thompson	0
Pathfinder (Capt. W. H. Gardiner), aged (7th Light Cavalry)	J. Thompson	0
Llyn Eigiau (Mr. H. N. MacLaurin), aged (1st Skinner's Horse)	Privately	0
Sabura (Mr. J. M. Barlow), aged (18th Cavalry)	Privately	0

THE SUBALTERNS' TOURNAMENT

MEERUT, 5TH MARCH AND 7TH

Three teams entered. The result was a foregone conclusion, as the 4th Hussars were very much the strongest side.

TEAMS

9th Lancers		*Royal Deccan Horse*	
(1) Mr. F. Flower	1	(1) Mr. R. M. King	0
(2) Mr. R. S. G. Perry	1	(2) Mr. R. M. Wright	1
(3) Mr. M. H. Aird	1	(3) Mr. G. H. Carr	0
(back) Mr. G. H. Vere-Laurie	1	(back) Mr. R. A. Wakefield	0
	4		1

4th Q.O. Hussars

(1) Mr. R. Knight	3
(2) Mr. J. P. Robinson	5
(3) Mr. P. W. Dollar	6
(back) Mr. J. E. Armstrong	3
	17

First Round

The 4th Hussars beat the Royal Deccan Horse by 12 goals to 2.

Finals

4th Hussars beat 9th Lancers 8–1.

A sticky, uninteresting game.

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THE DELHI POLO SEASON OF 1930

The Prince of Wales' Commemoration Polo Tournament held in Delhi during Horse Show Week is becoming more popular each year, and the entries in 1930 would more than justify this Tournament in being regarded as the championship meeting of this country; for all India was represented, the final victory of the C.I.H. proving them the best team playing this year. Their success must have been doubly pleasing to their supporters, as not only did it provide a spectacular return to form, but it gave them the position of being the first Regiment to carry off the magnificent Challenge Cup, presented by H.H. The Maharajah of Rutlam.

With so many teams entered it would be impossible to give a detailed account of each game, but is is safe to say that the standard throughout was high, and that the runners-up, Jodhpur, provided the spectators with plenty of the delightful and usually successful stick work, for which they are renowned. They were unlucky to find themselves with both Prithi Singh and Abhay Singh " off colour " on the day of the Final, but it would not be fair to the winners if it was thought for one moment that the final result could ever have been different. The score, yes ! but on the play the C.I.H. would have beaten any combination in India.

H.H. The Maharajah of Kashmir's side was disappointing, in spite of magnificent ponies, but it was composed of good individual players who had not played together before as a team, and suffered—as all such combinations must—from lack of co-ordination.

The so-called Bhopal Wanderers made a poor showing, and did not survive their first game, the same fate coming to that disappointing team, the 15th Lancers. The latter side lack the excuse made for Kashmir, as they have played together for some time, which makes the apparent selfishness of the various players even more regrettable. It becomes more and more evident that the way to win at Polo is to merge together such reliable players as are at your disposal, and to exact from them unselfish, hard, and accurate team work, rather than brilliant shots which may or may not find the coveted goal.

The 15th Lancers were beaten by three goals by Jodhpur in the first round on the same day that the C.I.H. won comfortably from Kashmir; and in the Semi-Finals the Jodhpur side put out the 9th Lancers. For the 9th, Prior Palmer played very well indeed, but they were up against a superbly mounted team, and their defeat was largely a " pony " one. The other Semi-Final was interesting, as it brought together the C.I.H. and the 8th Cavalry, the latter a much favoured and, in their home parts, a highly-successful side. That they did not make the game a closer one was due more to the excellent performance of their opponents than to any lack of good play. The " International quality " was as formidable as it was surprising, after Lahore, and the final score of 8–3 is merely indicative of a return to power of George and more consistent excellence from Williams.

The Final should have extended the C.I.H. more than it actually did, and not even the most ardent Regimental supporters hoped for or expected the

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score to be so large. The half-time lead of 6–0 was amazing, as was the frequent missing before goal, which one does not expect from such good and accurate hitters as Hanut Singh and Prithi Singh. H.H. The Maharajah played a sound and effective part as back, but the forward game was futile, and the team as a whole were out-ridden and out-hit by the best Regimental side that has been seen in India for some years.

The Radha Mohan and Duke of Connaught's Handicap Tournaments.

Both these handicap tournaments went to Jodhpur, who twice beat Kashmir in the Final. The team played by the winners included Hanut Singh, Abhay Singh and H.H. The Maharajah, the only alteration from their Open Tournament side being Amar Singh for Prithi Singh. Obviously, this combination was very much under-handicapped, and the subsequent revision was only to be expected. Kashmir, on both occasions, failed to extend their opponents to any degree, but for the horse lover both Finals were a treat to watch, the mounts on both sides being picked and perfect polo ponies, such as one dreams of.

PIGSTICKING

The Kadir Cup

The 1930 meeting took place on 20th, 21st and 22nd March.

Captain H. McA. Richards, R.A., won on his horse Manifest, against Mr. C. H. Parr's Generous in the Final.

The supply of pig this year was most satisfactory, and with the exception of a slight hiatus on the first morning, all the heats were quickly run off.

A larger tract than usual of outlying grass was burnt during the preliminary week, and to this may be attributed the increased supply of pig. The condition of the country was good.

We were very glad to welcome General Sir William Peyton at the meeting. General Shea was also present, and on the last day the Commander-in-Chief came out and rode with the heats.

The following gentlemen officiated on the Committee :—

President ..	..	Mr. P. W. Marsh, C.I.E., I.C.S.
Members ..	..	Captain J. Scott Cockburn, M.C., 4th Hussars. Captain H. McA. Richards, M.C., R.A. Mr. E. R. Benson, R.A. The Hon. Secretary (Mr. C. L. M. Clements, 4th Hussars).
Field Master	..	Mr. P. W. Marsh, C.I.E., I.C.S.
A.D.C's ..	..	Captain C. H. B. Wood, Royal Deccan Horse. Mr. W. G. McM. Graham, R.A. The Honourable A. Grenfell, 9th Lancers.

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The attached is a list of heats.

FIRST ROUND. FIRST NOMINATION

* Signifies first spear.

Heat 1		
Mr. C. D. K. Burnaby	R.A.	Kitty
Mr. E. L. Fanshawe	R.A.	No. 41
Hon. A. Grenfell	9th Lancers	Australian Star
Mr. C. H. Parr		Generous*
Heat 2		
Mr. J. De Moraville	4th Hussars	Tom Pinch
Mr. F. R. Wetherfield	R.A.	Mona
Major H. M. Cursetjee	I.M.S.	Priceless
Mr. W. D. Neilson	R.A.	Bailliff*
Heat 3		
Mr. E. R. Benson	R.A.	Solomon
Captain G. E. Portrl	2nd Lancers	Aiyal
Captain J. H. Wilkinson	2nd Lancers	Harphul
Captain J. Scott Cockburn	4th Hussars	Carclew*
Heat 4		
Major D. R. Hanlon	R.A.	Sorob
Mr. J. M. Kirkman	R.A.	Monmouth
Mr. A. W. Woodrooffe	R.A.	Cormorant
Captain H. McA. Richards	R.A.	Manifest*
Heat 5		
Mr. W. D. McN. Graham	R.A.	Baccha
Mr. H. G. Cowdell	4th Hussars	Frankie
Brigadier H. C. Jackson	A.H.Q.	Rasputin
Lord Grenfell	60th Rifles	Tambourine*
Heat 6		
Captain G. W. Bomford	2nd Lancers	Beau Geste
Captain V. Warden	R.A.	Ladbrooke
Major J. S. Brunskill	K.S.L.I.	Starlight
Captain W. W. Benyon	4th Hussars	Charles*
Heat 7		
Mr. G. A. Peyton	15th/19th Hussars	Cahirciveen
Captain T. Ward Jackson	Royal Horse Guards	Wellington
Mr. J. S. Symons	R.A.	Chaka
Mr. J. E. Armstrong	4th Hussars	First Chance*
Heat 8		
Mr. E. S. Lindsay	R.A.	Roman Punch
Mr. F. S. Pendarves Lory	I.E.S.	Hotstuff
Mr. P. H. J. Tuck	R.A.	John Brown
Mr. T. ff. M. Darling	R.A.	Cutty Sark*
Heat 9		
Major R. T. Smith	R.A.V.C.	Brown Jack
Mr. H. Grattan	R.E.	Kitty
Captain C. H. B. Wood	Royal Deccan Horse	Benjamin
Mr. R. H. M. Hill	R.A.	Washaway*

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Heat 10		
Major S. W. Marriot	R.A.V.C.	Rufus
Mr. W. A. C. H. Morgan	R.A.	Hottentot
Mr. C. L. M. Clements	4th Hussars	Mary Ryan*
Heat 11		
Captain A. J. E. Paterson	C.I.H.	Gazelle
Lieut-Colonel V. A. Batchelor	R.A.	Kismet
Mr. J. M. Roberts		Nick*

FIRST ROUND. SECOND NOMINATION

Heat 12		
Captain J. H. Wilkinson	2nd Lancers	Sky Pilot
Mr. J. E. Armstrong	4th Hussars	Near Wheeler
Mr. E. L. Fanshawe	R.H.A.	No Name
Captain C. H. B. Wood	Royal Deccan Horse	Trumpeter*
Heat 13		
Mr. J. de Moraville	4th Hussars	Ar tic Star
Mr. F. R. Weatherfield	R.A.	Cha lie's Aunt
Ma)or R. T. Smith	R.A.V.C.	Snapper
Mr. C. L. M. Clements	4th Hussars	La Pecheuse*
Heat 14		
Mr. E. R. Benson	R.A.	Segrave
Major S. W. Marriott	R.A.	Harlequin
Captain V. J. E. Paterson	C.I.H.	Fatima
Mr. C. H. Parr		Golden Syrup*
Heat 15		
Major H. M. Cursetjee	I.M.S.	Army Order
Mr. R. H. M. Hill	R.A.	March Brown
Mr. J. S. Symons	R.A.	Peter
Mr. W. D. McN. Graham	R.A.	Ironside*
Heat 16		
Mr. G. A. Peyton	15th/19th Hussars	Shooting Star
Captain G. W. Bomford	2nd Lancers	Crispin
Major J. S. Brunskill	K.S.L.I.	Spotlight
Mr. D. W. Neilson	R.A.	Julius*
Heat 17		
Mr. T. ff. M. Darling	R.A.	Maud
The Hon. A. Grenfell	9th Lancers	Nimrod
Capeain W. W. Benyon	4th Hussars	Kerry*
Heat 18		
Mr. J. M. Kirkman	R.A.	Craig an Eran
Captain H. McA. Richards	R.A.	Centour
Captain J. Scott Cockburn	4th Hussars	Bullet Head*
Heat 19		
Mr. E. S. Lindsay	R.A.	Sand Grouse
Captain J. Ward Jackson	Royal Horse Guards	Bicycle
Captain V. Warden	R.A.	Prince Charles*

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SECOND ROUND. FIRST AND SECOND NOMINATIONS

Heat 1		
Mr. W. D. Neilson	R.A.	Baillif
Captain W. W. Benyon	4th Hussars	Charles
Lord Grenfell	60th Rifles	Tambourine*
Heat 2		
Captain J. Scott Cockburn	4th Hussars	Carclew
Mr. J. E. Armstrong	4th Hussars	First Chance
Mr. C. L. M. Clements	4th Hussars	Mary Ryan*
Heat 3		
Mr. R. H. M. Hill	R.A.	Washaway
Captain V. Warden	R.A.	Prince Charles
Mr. C. H. Parr		Generous*
Heat 4		
Mr. T. ff. M. Darling	R.A.	Cutty Sark
Mr. J. M. Roberts		Nick
Captain H. McA. Richards	R.A.	Manifest*
Heat 5		
Mr. W. D. McN. Graham	R.A.	Ironside*
Mr. C. H. Parr		Golden Syrup
Mr. D. W. Neilson	R.A.	Julius
Captain J. Scott Cockburn	4th Hussars	Bullet Head
Heat 6		
Captain C. H. B. Wood	Royal Deccan Horse	Trumpeter
Captain W. W. Benyon	4th Hussars	Kerry
Mr. C. L. M. Clements	4th Hussars	La Pecheuse*

SEMI-FINALS

Heat 1		
Captain W. D. Graham	R.A.	Ironside
Captain J. Scott Cockburn	4th Hussars	Carclew
Captain H. McA. Richards	R.A.	Manifest*
Heat 2		
Lord Grenfell	60th Rifles	Tambourine
Mr. C. L. M. Clements	4th Hussars	La Pecheuse
Mr. C. H. Parr		Generous*

FINAL

Mr. C. H. Parr		Generous
Captain H. McA. Richards	R.A.	Manifest*

Note.—In the final heat, after being on the line for some time, the heat was slipped on a small, fast boar; a long hunt ensued, Captain Richards speared after the boar had crossed a fairly deep nullah.

Captain Richards had previously won the Kadir in 1928, on his horse Centaur.

THE HOG HUNTERS' CUP

The course was over three miles of fair pigsticking country. There was a certain amount of grief in both races, but luckily no serious casualties to either man or horse.

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Captain G. W. Bomford, 2nd Lancers, won the heavyweight on his horse Beau Geste (last year's winner).

Mr. E. S. Lindsay, R.A., won the lightweight race on his horse Roman Punch, ridden by Mr. J. M. Roberts.

ENTRIES

Heavy Weight

(1)	Captain C. H. B. Wood	R.D.H.	C.B.	Benjamin	
(2)	Mr. E. R. Benson	R.A.	Waler	Solomon	
(3)	Mr. P. H. J. Tuck	R.A.	,,	John Brown	
(4)	Mr. A. W. Woodrooffe	R.A.	,,	Cormorant	(2nd)
(5)	Mr. G. A. Peyton	15th/19th Hussars	,,	Cahirciveen	
(6)	Hon. A. Grenfell	9th Lancers	,,	Australian Star	
(7)	Mr. H. Grattan	R.E.	,,	Kitty	
(8)	Lt.-Col. K. A. Batchelor	R.A.	,,	Kismet	
(9)	Captain G. W. Bomford	2nd Lancers	,,	Beau Geste	(1st)
(10)	Mr. J. S. Symons	R.A.	,,	Peter	(3rd)
(11)	Mr. R. H. M. Hill	R.A.	C.B.	Washaway	
(12)	Mr. C. H. Parr	I.A.S.	Waler	Flipperty	

Light Weight

English or Waler 11 stone.
C.Bs. 10 ,,

(1)	Mr. J. E. Armstrong	4th Hussars	Waler	First Chance	
(2)	Mr. E. S. Lindsay	R.A.	,,	Roman Punch	(1st)
(3)	Major H. M. Cursetjee	I.M.S.	,,	Buchanan	
(4)	Captain V. Warden	R.A.	C.B.	Ladbrooke	
(5)	Major S. W. Marriott	R.A.V.C.	,,	Harlequin	
(6)	Mr. F. R. Wetherfield	R.A.	Waler	Mona	(2nd)
(7)	Mr. E. L. Fanshawe	R.H.A.	,,	No Name	
(8)	Mr. T. ff. M. Darling	R.A.	,,	Cutty Sark	(3rd)
(9)	Mr. F. S. Lory	I.E.S.	C.B.	Hotstuff	
(10)	Mr. R. H. M. Hill	R.A.	Waler	March Brown	
(11)	Mr. R. H. M. Hill	R.A.	,,	Rattler	
(12)	Lord Grenfell	60th Rifles	,,	Reynard	

EASTERN COMMAND.

CIVIL SERVICE WEEK, LUCKNOW.

3rd to 8th February, 1930.

A record number passed the gates of the Race Course, and it is a long time since Polo was so well attended by both Europeans and Indians as when H.E. The Viceroy and Lady Irwin visited Lucknow during Civil Service Week this year.

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The results of the three days' racing and the two Polo Tournaments were as follows :—

LUCKNOW SPRING MEETING, 1930.

Results of 1st day, Tuesday, 4th February, 1930.

1. *The Mariaon Plate.* 6 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 1,176). Highweight Handicap. Ponies.

	st.	lbs.			
Lady be Good	9	12		Riley	1
School Girl	7	0	(car. 7.6)	S. Wragg	2
Titmouse	9	0		Tymon	3
Balkan Princess	9	5		Roxburgh	4

2. *The Punchestown Chase.* About 2 miles. (Net Rs. 1,960). Handicap Steeplechase. Horses.

	st.	lbs.		
Passing Show	12	1	Hawkins	1
Ulu	9	2	E. Fownes	2
Lucifer	11	0	Owner	3
Half Note	11	0	Capt. Atherton	4

3. *The Fownes Cup.* 1½ Miles. (Net Rs. 2,210). Handicap. Horses, Class IV.

	st.	lbs.		
Work of Art	8	5	Marland	1
Charles Allix	8	13	Sibbratt	2
Nobbler	7	4	Purtoo Singh	3
Granary	8	10	J. O'Neale	4

4. *The Governor's Cup.* 5 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 4,420). Handicap. Horses, Class III.

	st.	lbs.		
Ebony	7	7	Balfour	1
Winslow	7	7	Tymon	2
Arran Rose	7	7	Darcy	3
Lady Land	7	8	M. O'Neale	4

5. *The Jehangirabad Cup.* 7 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 2,460). Highweight Handicap. C.B's 3 years old and upwards.

	st.	lbs.			
Our Laddie	8	9		Dobie	1
Authority	10	7		Balfour	2
Political	8	12		Sibbratt	3
Juniper	7	7	(car. 7.8)	M. O'Neale	4

6. *The Assouan Plate.* 6 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 980). Highweight Handicap. Arabs.

	st.	lbs.		
Dana	9	12	Raymond	1
Imjamma	7	5	Tymon	2
Copper King	7	13	Meekings	3
Grey Master	9	0	Dobie	4

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Results of 2nd day, Thursday, 6th February, 1930.

1. *The Lucknow Hurdles.* 1½ miles over 6 flights. (Net Rs. 1,470). Handicap Hurdle Race. Horses.

	st.	lbs.			
Nobbler	10	8		Mr. Demoraville	1
Calva	9	3		E. Fownes	2
Perivale	10	11		Capt. Atherton	3
Chinese White	12	0		Owner	4

2. *The Sirur Plate.* 5 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 1,176). Highweight Handicap. C.B. Ponies.

	st.	lbs.			
Balkan Princess	9	12		Roxburgh	1
Micailsa	8	7		Sibbratt	2
Santa Claus	8	6		M. O'Neale	3

3. *The Visitor's Plate.* 1 Mile. (Net Rs. 1,960). Handicap. Horses, Class IV.

Work of Art	8	12		Marland	1
Granary	8	10		J. O'Neale	2
Brown Ash	8	11		Sibbratt	3
Diamond Cross	8	2		Cooper	4

4. *The Civil Service Cup.* 7 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 7,860). Handicap. Horses, Class III.

	st.	lbs.			
He Might	9	5		S. Wragg	1
Bray Honour	8	11		Marland	2
Fillet	7	0	(car. 7.2)	J. O'Neale	3
Gainstown	7	9	(car. 7.10)	Dobie	4

5. *The Harcourt Butler Cup.* 5 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 2,460). Highweight Handicap. C.B's 3 years old and upwards.

	st.	lbs.			
Our Laddie	9	0		Dobie	1
Old Soldier	7	1		Tymon	2
Authority	10	7		Balfour	3
Middle Watch	7	0	(car. 7.6)	S. Wragg	4

6. *The Euphrates Plate.* 1 Mile, 1 Furlong. (Net Rs. 980). Highweight Handicap. Arabs.

	st.	lbs.			
Hudson	7	0	(car. 7.3)	J. O'Neale	1
Imjamma	7	7		Tymon	2
Grey Cotton	7	0	(car. 7.5)	Balfour	3
Sicab	8	10		Meekings	4

Results of 3rd day, Saturday, 8th February, 1930.

1. *The Renala Plate.* 7 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 1,800). Highweight Handicap. Ponies, other than Class III or above.

	st.	lbs.			
Windermere	10	5		J. O'Neale	1
School Girl	7	9		Cooper	2
Benvenuta	7	0		Ram Chandora	3
Hushabye	8	12		Capt. Bernard	4

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2. *The Lucknow Grand National.* About 2½ Miles over the Steeplechase Course. (Net Rs. 3,000). Handicap Steeplechase. Horses.

	st.	lbs.		
Passing Show	12	9	Hawkins	1
Ulu	9	4	E. Fownes	2
Lucifer	10	12	Owner	3
Dugald Dalgetty ..	12	2	Capt. Tudor	4

3. *The Stockton Plate.* 6 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 3,000). Handicap. Horses.

	st.	lbs.		
Authority	7	0	Balfour	1
Hagar	8	5	Tymon	2
Apparently	9	3	M. O'Neale	3
Menthe	9	3	Cooper	4

4. *The Lingfield Plate.* 1 Mile. (Net Rs. 6,000). Handicap. Horses, Class III.

	st.	lbs.		
Winslow	7	5	Ram Chandra	1
Ebony	7	6	Balfour	2
Fillet	7	5	J. O'Neale	3
Last House	8	4	Hawkins	4

5. *The Oudh Arab Handicap.* 7 Furlongs. (Net Rs. 2,250). Highweight Handicap. Arabs.

	st.	lbs.		
Hudson	7	11	J. O'Neale	1
Andolia	7	5	Purtro Singh	2
Burra Slam	7	11	Balfour	3
Mukden	7	10	Tymon	4

6. *The Jhelum Plate.* 1 Mile, 1 Furlong. (Net Rs. 3,000). Highweight Handicap. C.B's, 4 years old and upwards.

	st.	lbs.		
Hampton Boy	8	2	Balfour	1
Old Blue	9	3	J. O'Neale	2
Rathowen	9	1	Ringstead	3
Juniper	9	3	M. O'Neale	4

POLO.

XVth Hussars Challenge Cup.

Result :

Kashmir 3rd Hussars	Kashmir 8—7	Kashmir 7½—6	Jodhpur 12—7½
Bye Bye	4th Hussars Jodhpur	Jodhpur W.O.	
Bye	Viceroy's Staff		

Teams

4th Q.O. Hussars.		*3rd Hussars.*	
(1) Mr. J. E. Armstrong	3	(1) Capt. H. M. P. Salmon ..	1
(2) Mr. O. E. Wijk	2	(2) Sir D. W. Scott, Bart. ..	1
(3) Mr. P. W. Dollar	6	(3) Lt.-Col. W. R. Tylden-Wright	3
(back) Mr. J. Robinson	5	(back) Capt. O. F. M. Tudor ..	0
	16		5

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Viceroy's Staff.

(1) Capt. J. A. Lloyd	0
(2) Major M. D. Vigors	5
(3) Capt. J. W. Davidson ..	4
(back) Capt. J. L. Wardlo ..	5
	14

Jodhpur.

(1) Rao Raja Abhay Singh ..	2
(2) Major Thakur Prithi Singh ..	7
(3) Capt. Rao Raja Hanut Singh	8
(back) H.H. The Maharajah of Jodhpur	2
	19

Kashmir.

(1) Jamadar Gandharibsingh ..	2
(2) Capt. Motid Yasin Khan ..	3
(3) Col. Nawab Khusrujung ..	4
(back) H.H. The Maharaja of Kashmir	4
	13

THE LOW HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

Result :

Pessimists	Pessimists				
60th Rifles "B"	6—3	Tombs R.A.			
Tombs Troop R.A.	Tombs R.A.	4—3			
3rd Hussars "C"	4—3				
R. Berkshire Regt.	60th Rifles "A"		3rd Hussars "A"		
60th Rifles "A"	5—3	3rd Hussars "A"	5—½		3rd
3rd Hussars "A"	Bye	3½—1			Hssrs.
Skinners Horse	Bye				"A"
Fascisti	Bye	Fascisti W.O.	3rd Hussars "B"		3—2½
60th Rifles "C"	Bye	3rd Hussars "B"	3—1		
3rd Hussars "B"	Bye	9—1			

TEAMS.

Skinners.

(1) Major A. D. Magnay	0
(2) Capt. Cradock Watson ..	1
(3) Lt.-Col. G. Wetherall ..	3
(back) Capt. A. E. Dean	3
	7

3rd Hussars "A."

(1) Capt. H. M. P. Salmon ..	1
(2) Sir D. W. Scott, Bart. ..	1
(3) Major R. R. Grubb	1
(back) Capt. O. F. M. Tudor ..	0
	3

3rd Hussars 'B."

(1) Mr. W. U. Ritson	0
(2) Mr. M. W. Barnett	0
(3) Capt. W. A. J. Lockhart ..	2
(back) Mr. P. H. Labouchere ..	0
	2

3rd Hussars 'C."

(1) Mr. A. C. Dawes	0
(2) Mr. A. J. Crewdson	0
(3) Major C. F. Clarke	2
(back) Capt. W. G. Petherick ..	0
	2

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Fascisti.

(1) Col. J. C. Hotham	1
(2) Mr. W. H. Ferguson	0
(3) Major D. E. Whitworth ..	1
(back) Major J. Le C. Fowle ..	2
	4

Tombs R.A.

(1) Mr. W. G. H. Pike	0
(2) Mr. H. R. Saunders	0
(3) Mr. H. W. L. Cowan ..	2
(back) Mr. L. C. Aitken	0
	2

60th Rifles A."

(1) Lord Grenfell	1
(2) Capt. G. E. R. C. Osborne ..	2
(3) Capt. E. F. Campbell ..	2
(back) Lt.-Col. Knox Gore ..	1
	6

60th Rifles " B."

(1) Mr. R. B. Littledale	0
(2) Capt. C. A. White	0
(3) Mr. W. H. Amory	0
(back) Mr. H. Scott-Makdougal..	0
	0

60th Rifles C."

(1) Mr. S. Whitbread	0
(2) Mr. A. Armstrong	0
(3) Hon. A. Grenfell	0
(back) Mr. A. P. Sykes	0
	0

The Berkshire Regt.

(1) Mr. L. A. B. Robinson ..	0
(2) Mr. G. C. Drake-Brockman ..	0
(3) Mr. H. Du Pre Finch ..	0
(back) Capt. K. P. Smith ..	0
	0

The Pessimists.

(1) Mr. O. M. Bullivant	0
(2) Mr. G. M. Clarke	0
(3) Capt. J. G. Bruce	0
(back) Mr. R. W. Peters	0
	0

LUCKNOW.

The Gymkhana Racing concluded a successful season on 19th April, having held thirteen two-day Meetings during the winter.

The Polo Season concluded on 31st May. Seventy-five players played during the winter, and there were up to 26 chukkers on a single day. The Mohamed Bagh Grounds stood the strain well, but two grounds are too few for the amount of Polo played, and new grounds are being made on the Sarda Canal, which has now reached the outskirts of Cantonments.

CAWNPORE.

Gymkhana Racing took a new lease of life under new management, and a most successful season was concluded in the middle of April.

Very little Polo was possible during the winter owing to the paucity of players. It was difficult to get sufficient players for four-a-side chukkers, and no Tournament was held.

The Tent Club has started the season well. Two camps were held at Easter and hunting was good.

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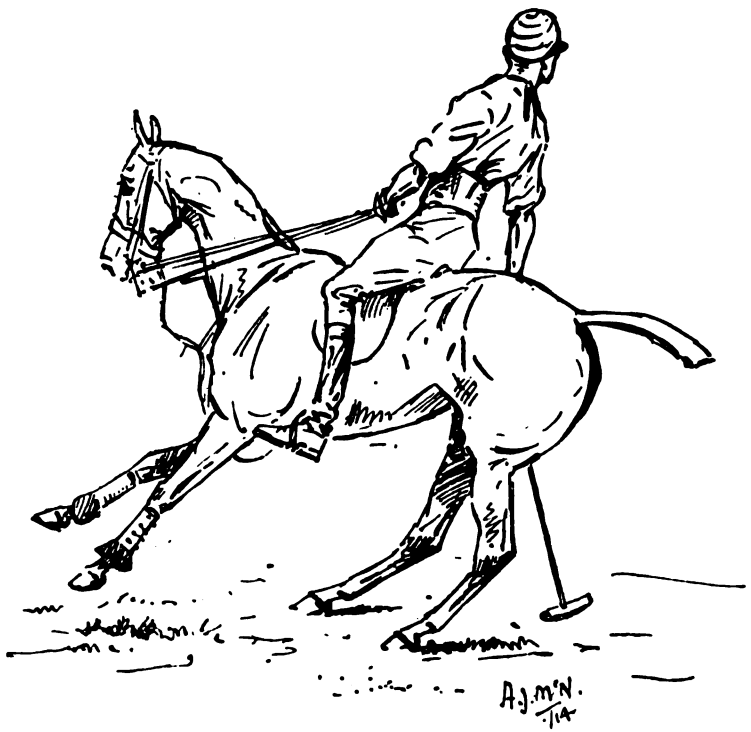
FYZABAD.

Polo was played throughout the winter, the officers of the Royal Berkshire Regiment being the mainstay. A Handicap Tournament was held at the end of January, the competing teams being 3rd Hussars, Skinners Horse and the Royal Artillery from Lucknow, and the Royal Berkshire Regiment. In the first round 3rd Hussars beat Skinners Horse, and the Royal Artillery beat the Royal Berkshire Regiment. In the final the 3rd Hussars beat the Royal Artillery by 7 goals to ½ goal.



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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TROOPER OF THE UXBRIDGE YEOMANRY CAVALRY ON UXBRIDGE COMMON
(A. H. Bartley, Esq.)

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The Uxbridge Troop of Cavalry.

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TROOPER OF THE UXBRIDGE YEOMANRY CAVALRY (N.U XBRIDGE COMPANY).
A. H. Bartley, Esqr.

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1930

THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY

(Extracted from the recently published "Historical Records of the Middlesex Yeomanry.")

The Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry.

For the veriest beginnings of the Middlesex Yeomanry it is necessary to go back to a meeting of citizens of the small Middlesex town of Uxbridge, held in March of 1797, when several resolutions were passed for the formation of a military association. This force was to consist of both cavalry and infantry. Many of these armed associations were formed in various parts of the country in this year for Napoleon was daily expected on the English coast. The Marquis of Titchfield, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, wrote to the Secretary of State, offering the services of the "Military Association," as it was called, but for some unknown reason, only the cavalry portion of the force was raised. At this time, the Earl of Berkeley still hunted his enormous country from London to Bristol, and Uxbridge was happily situated in the Harrow Vale—a vale of large pastures and few coverts. Although so near London, it was a splendid bit of country, and full of wealthy and well-mounted farmers, so there was no difficulty in raising a hundred well-mounted yeomen.

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Sir Christopher Baynes, Bt., of Harefield Place, near Uxbridge, was the commandant of the "Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry," and Uxbridge and Elthorne and the surrounding country were the recruiting grounds for the corps. The two troops were exercised and had their field days on Uxbridge Moor. In 1801, the corps "was disbanded when the fear of invasion was dissipated." It is hard to say what uniform was worn, but they were armed with swords and pistols.

In 1830, after the Napoleonic wars, trade was bad all over the country, and riotous bands of unemployed marched through the country districts, destroying machinery and burning ricks. In December of that year, Charles Newdigate Newdegate and Hubert de Burgh, Esquires, received permission to raise a squadron of Yeomanry Cavalry to hold these bands in check and preserve the public peace. Forty-seven gentlemen of the neighbourhood were enlisted, and the Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry was once more in being. The services of the Regiment were accepted by King George IV on December 10th, 1830, in a letter from the Home Secretary. The date of this letter is of interest, as it is the true birthday of the present Regiment; the careless gentlemen who bungled out the table of precedence of Yeomanry regiments at the War Office took January 8th, 1831, as the official birthday.

The conditions of service could not call the yeoman beyond the boundaries of the neighbouring counties, and their duties were to assist the civil power; to-day, the Yeomanry may be sent abroad, but must not be used to aid the civil power. The uniform consisted of a double-breasted Light Dragoon coatee of dark green, with the collars, cuffs and tails turned up with black facings. The men wore heavy brass shoulder-scales, very dark blue overalls with a red stripe, and a broad topped Light Dragoon shako of dark green cloth, with a brass Maltese cross, in the centre of which were shown the three seaxes of Middlesex. The motto was appropriate: "Pro Aris et Focis." The establishment was two troops of forty men each, one commanded by Captain Commandant Charles Newdigate Newdegate, the other by Captain Hubert de Burgh, their lieutenants being

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Thomas Clerk and Thomas Hemming, Esquires; they were armed with swords and flint-and-steel pistols. The first training of the new corps was held during the spring of 1831 at Uxbridge, the drills taking place on the common, seven days' training being performed; occasionally a drill was done at Newdegate Park or Hillingdon Park.

On December 7th, 1831, "an alarm was given, and the bugler sounded for all to assemble. In less than twenty minutes they were on the march, the Cavalry at full gallop." The occasion for this prompt turn out was a fire near Stoke Poges, but the assistance of the U.Y.C. was not required. In 1832, "the Uxbridge Yeomanry were on more than one occasion employed to aid the magistrates in the preservation of the public peace," but unfortunately no details can be found of these services. In 1834 Captain de Burgh assumed command, and the corps was reduced to one troop of forty-four men, as the countryside was now in a more settled condition. The corps was often called upon during the first twenty years of its existance to perform escort duty, Uxbridge lying in the route of several Royal progresses. The first time that the corps was thus honoured was in 1834, when King William IV passed through the town on a visit to the Marquis of Westminster. The noble marquis entertained the yeomen as liberally as their Royal master, and when the time came for the return journey, they were a little uncertain as to the way. Finally, the Royal cortege found itself in the middle of a ploughed field! The men of the escort would often boast that no other corps in the Empire could reverse the front of a Royal cortege in a ploughed field without overturning at least one of the carriages.

After providing an escort for Queen Victoria in 1837, the Queen personally thanked Captain de Burgh, and complimented him on the speed at which they had travelled—8½ miles in 35 minutes—and the smart appearance of the men, and ordered him to give a dinner to the corps at her expense.

A report in the "Times" of June 1st, 1843, reads: "The two troops were inspected by Lieut-Colonel Brunton, of the 13th Light Dragoons, who said that he was highly pleased

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with the appearance and condition of the corps; the field movements surpassed his utmost expectation; the cleanliness of the accoutrements was highly gratifying to him; and that too great an encomium could not be passed. A new brass band of thirteen performers renders this a very attractive corps of Yeomanry Cavalry."

During 1844 the corps was called out on riot service, and performed "efficient and gallant service." Here again, further details are not available. About this time, Mr. Newdegate laid out an excellent race-course on his Harefield Park estate, for the Uxbridge Yeomanry races, and the first meeting collected an enormous crowd—over 10,000 people. These races encouraged the better type of horse in the corps, and it was soon one of the best mounted Yeomanry regiments in the country.

Carbines replaced the old pistols in 1848; the Chartist Riots caused the Regiment to be assembled in that year, but they were not required.

In 1855, "this somewhat fashionable troop of Yeomanry Cavalry" was recruiting about half its strength in London, and the next year, tunics were worn instead of coatees, and a black helmet of the Prussian style replaced the shako. Ten years later the corps had increased to three troops, of about fifty men each, two of which were recruited in London. The remarks of the officers inspecting the corps during the latter half of the 19th century were almost always very complimentary.

The Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry.

In 1871 a fourth troop was raised, and the title changed to the "Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry," and the next year Colonel de Burgh resigned and became the Regiment's first Honorary Colonel. He had commanded for 38 years. Hussar uniform was introduced this year. Up till now the Regiment had always trained at Uxbridge, but in 1878 training took place in Richmond Park, and the Headquarters were moved from the "Chequers" at Uxbridge to the Edgware Road. In 1880 the Regiment trained under canvas, the first Yeomanry Regiment so to do.

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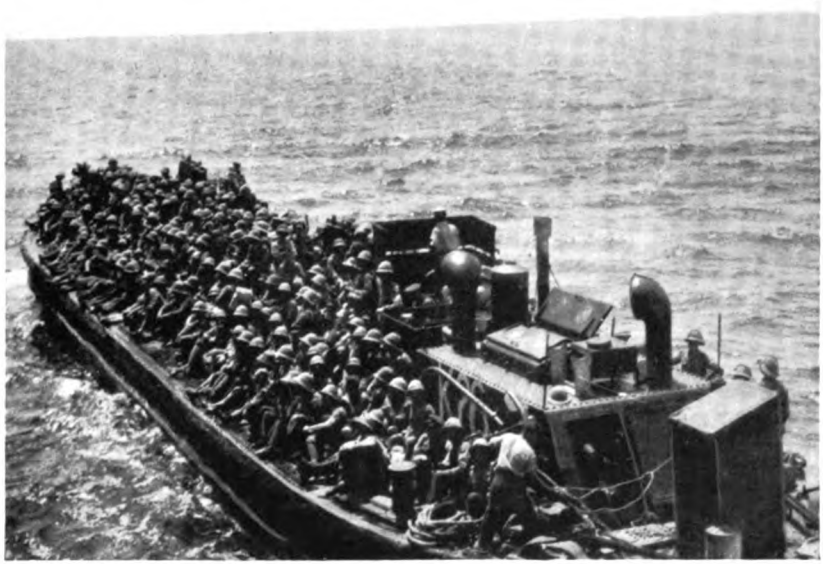

Landing at Suvla, August 18th, 1915

Mena Camp, Christmas, 1915

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During the next few years, by sheer hard work, the Middlesex Hussars forced its way to the first place amongst the Yeomanry regiments. For years the Middlesex's only rival to the premier place was Colonel Edwards' 2nd West York Regiment, and some years afterwards Colonel Crighton's Hampshire Carabiniers. In 1884 the Queen granted the additional title of the "Duke of Cambridge's Hussars," His Royal Highness being at that time Commander-in-Chief. In 1893 the Regiment was billeted in Brighton. Old members' accounts of this training are amusing, but unfortunately unprintable.

South Africa.

In January, 1900, the Imperial Yeomanry companies for South Africa were formed, and the 34th (Middlesex) company consisted of about one-third old Middlesex yeomen, and two-thirds men with horses who joined for the war. Major Henry Dalbiac was in command, and Lord Denman, the present Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, was a troop leader, or section leader, as they were called. Sergt.-Major George Roller was also in the company. He is one of the outstanding figures in the history of the Regiment; he had been a yeoman for twenty years, he was a well-known G.R., an extremely gifted artist, and a very gallant and efficient soldier; he still hunts. A second company, the 35th, was shortly after formed from the Middlesex Hussars, Captain Firmin being in command, and these two companies, with two from Kent, were commanded by the Middlesex's colonel, Colonel Kenyon Mitford. The battalion sailed in February, and the next month the 62nd company was raised, and in 1901 the 112th, both from the "Duke's Own." The work of the Imperial Yeomanry is too well-known to warrant a detailed account here; plenty of hard work and much sickness were their lot. On May 25th, 1900, Major Dalbiac, in advance of General Rundle, was ordered to occupy Senekal, which was accomplished without resistance. Shortly afterwards, a heavy fire was opened on the Middlesex company from the kopje above the town. Dalbiac and his party (thirty strong) charged from the south-west corner, but were compelled by a withering fire to dismount 100 yards from the

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enemy. Dalbiac was killed, and only six men escaped. Sergt.-Major Roller galloped up from the led horses, and rescued a wounded man, carrying him off on the front of his saddle under a heavy fire. He was recommended for the V.C., but declined to give evidence, and he was awarded the D.C.M. and given a commission.

The years in South Africa were spent in trekking and fighting; and the only other engagement of the Middlesex Yeomanry which warrants a fuller notice, was the famous Tweefontein disaster on Christmas morning, 1901. Their lines were at the top of the cliff, and they were the first regiment to meet the Boers' charge. The Middlesex and Kent regiments stood their ground and fought desperately; they were surprised and outnumbered three to one, and many were shot down as they came out of their tents. The Middlesex suffered three officers and eighteen other ranks killed, and ten wounded. De Wet took 202 yeomen prisoners.

Mention should be made of Clementi-Smith, a sergeant-instructor of musketry in the old "Duke's Own." He was commissioned, awarded the D.S.O. for "extreme gallantry" as a lieutenant, and on October 4th, 1901, when his right arm and shoulder had been shattered, shot from the left shoulder until he was killed. In all, seven companies were sent to South Africa from the Middlesex Yeomanry headquarters, and the casualties were eleven officers and eighty-nine men killed and died of sickness.

Colonel Mitford received the C.M.G., and there were also awarded in the Regiment three D.S.O.s and two D.C.M.s.

1900-1914.

The History of the Middlesex Yeomanry from 1902 up to the Great War is that of the yeomanry force in general. The Regiment no longer stood out above the other Yeomanry regiments, not on account of decreased efficiency on their part, but on account of the increased efficiency of the other regiments. In 1908 the Territorial force was formed, and the title of the Regiment was changed from the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry (Duke of Cambridge's Hussars) to the 1st County of London

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Yeomanry (Middlesex, Duke of Cambridge's Hussars). The change of title was unpopular, and members of the Regiment continued to call themselves the Middlesex Yeomanry. The old uniform, including full-dress (or "lion-tamers"), was restored in 1910, on Colonel Duncan taking command; khaki and "blue" had been worn since the South African war.

The Great War.

On the outbreak of war the Regiment was in camp at Moulsford, Berks. After returning to headquarters to mobilize, they moved to Hounslow and then to Streatley, where training continued in ideal weather. The Regiment now consisted of three squadrons, and every man had volunteered for service abroad. Colonel Duncan was taken fatally ill, and Colonel Sir Mathew Wilson, late of the Xth, took command. Colonel Lord Denman raised the second line Regiment, which was ready for service nearly as soon as the first line, and Major Cherry commanded the third line. In November the first line Regiment moved to Norfolk, and on April 14th, 1915, they embarked for Egypt, and camped at Moascar until August. On the 14th, 16 officers and 320 other ranks sailed for Suvla Bay, where they landed on the 18th. On the 21st the attack on Ismail Oglu Hill took place, and the Yeomanry Division (in reserve) accomplished their famous march across the Salt Lake plain to Chocolate Hill. The Middlesex Hussars were the leading regiment of the leading brigade, and they escaped comparatively lightly from the Turkish guns. The Turk probably ranged on the leading regiment and those following suffered most severely from the effect of their fire.

An attempt to push forward from Chocolate Hill was repulsed with loss, and that night the Regiment was withdrawn; so ended their first fight of the war, and the last at Gallipoli. 56 casualties were suffered from a strength of 250.

Until November 2nd the Division suffered from snipers, heat, flies and dysentery, and the "Duke's Own" left Gallipoli under 50 strong. They rested at Lemnos for a fortnight until training started again, and Christmas found the 2nd Mounted Division at Mena Camp, near Cairo. The adjutant, Captain

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Neilson, took command of the 7th (Midland) Brigade of the 2nd Mounted Division, and remained in command of them at Salonica for the rest of the war. In March the Regiment moved to Shallufa, in defence of the canal. Various expeditions went out from here and from Geneffre to harass the Turk, with varying success. On November 6th the Regiment left the canal for Salonica. They were posted about five miles north of Lake Doiran, at the villages of Galleni, Gola, and Richmond Camp. It was a bitter winter, and everyone got into a dugout of some sort. In February of 1917 the Yeomanry stood by for a break through during the infantry's attack on the Grand Couronne, but the long lines of stretchers coming back told of failure. The Regiment went back to Irikli in March, and in June they left Salonica for Alexandria, and thence to El Ferdan on the canal. In July they trekked up Palestine, and on reaching Abasan, relieved an Australian brigade in reserve; on August 18th the Middlesex Hussars moved into the line at Shellal. A month later the brigade was relieved by Australians, but they returned to the line on October 26. Lord Allenby was completing his preparations for the third battle of Gaza, and the night of the 26th found the Middlesex Hussars holding an outpost line El Buggar—point 720—point 630. An excellent and detailed account of the action fought next day by two weak squadrons of the Middlesex Yeomanry against 3,000 enemy infantry and 1,200 cavalry, with guns, appeared in the CAVALRY JOURNAL of October, 1921, so there is no need to repeat it here. The post at 630 held out all day against repeated attacks; the Turk could register his guns on 720, and after a stubborn defence lasting seven hours, during which infantry attacks and cavalry charges were repulsed with heavy loss, the post was overwhelmed, and only four men escaped. Captain McDougall at 630 was awarded the D.S.O. Major Lafone and Lieut. Van Den Bergh, the officers at 720, were killed, after fighting with the utmost gallantry. The enemy's last infantry attack was repulsed by one man with a Hotchkiss and two rifles, after the officers were dead. 300 enemy dead lay round the position, and Lafone was awarded the V.C. after death.

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Men for I.C.C. learning to ride, May, 1916

Watering at Wadi Esani, before Beersheba, August, 1917

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This was the most important action ever fought by the Middlesex Yeomanry, and Lord Allenby in person congratulated the Regiment next day—the day before his great offensive.

On November 5th the Brigade moved out to take part. On the 8th the Division was a part of "Barrow's Detachment," and the Roughriders and Middlesex Hussars attacked Tel Mejadil, but after an action lasting all day, the enemy could not be dislodged, and the Division rejoined Desert Corps in the main pursuit. By the 12th the Turk had established a line of resistance El Kubeibe—Beit Jibrin, and the next day the Bucks Hussars made their famous charge. The Middlesex Yeomanry captured Zernuka and Jebna, and the next day were involved in a holding fight outside Ramleh. By the 16th the great pursuit was over, and there was time to rest. On the 18th the march into the mountains commenced, the Regiment being in action on each of the four following days. On the 24th Yeodiv bore the brunt of the enemy counter attacks, and on the 27th and 28th the Regiment was heavily engaged, being relieved on the 29th.

During these operations there were awarded in the Regiment one V.C., one D.S.O., five M.C.s, four M.M.s, and three D.C.M.s.

Askalon was reached by Christmas, and the Regiment rested until the Es Salt raid on April 24th, 1918. After this they remained in the Jordan Valley, in intense heat, until July. Colonel Lawson, M.C., of the Bucks Hussars, took over the command of the regiment in June, Sir Mathew Wilson returning home to perform his Parliamentary duties. July was spent in Philistia, August back again by the Jordan, and by September 18th the Division was concentrated at Selmeh.

Battle of Megiddo, and final Destruction of the Turkish Armies.

The infantry attack on the coast was successful, and the 4th Cavalry Division poured through the gap, to cut off the Turk at Damascus. On September 20th, near Afule, the Regiment captured 33 officers and 451 other ranks and material. The next

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two days were spent at Beisan in the Jordan Valley, and on the 23rd the IIth Brigade, with the Middlesex Hussars as advance guard, moved south along Jordan to cut off the VIIth Turkish Army. A large force of enemy was encountered at Makt Abu Naj. The 29th Lancers charged and captured 800 prisoners; Jacob's Horse and the Hants Battery were subjected to a heavy fire from a concealed enemy battery. "C" Squadron, Middlesex Hussars, forded the river at Makt Fatahallah, and charged the guns, capturing four. The next day the Middlesex Yeomanry encountered an enemy advance guard of an estimated strength of 1,200, which attempted the passage of Jordan in two places. "A" Squadron attacked at Masudi, killing many and pursuing the column to the foot-hills. Captain Bullivant, M.C., the squadron leader of "B" Squadron was killed. "B" Squadron encountered 5,000 Turks in the hills, two miles south of Masudi. Pushing on with great dash, they charged repeatedly, killing many, and capturing 1,600 prisoners and several guns.

On the 26th the Regiment turned north, in excellent spirits. Four days later they joined up with Colonel Lawrence. On October 1st Damascus fell, and the fighting, so far as the Middlesex Yeomanry were concerned, was over. During October, the Regiment lost 25 men of sickness. On the 6th the Division moved on, following the 5th Cavalry Division in their march north. By November the Regiment was back in billets in Damascus, and it was not until April of 1920 that the cadre of the Regiment returned home.

Colonel O. C. S. Watson, who joined the Regiment several years before the War, left in 1916 to return to his old regiment, the K.O.Y.L.I.s; he was killed in action and awarded the V.C. after his death. He and Lafone were the two Middlesex Yeomen V.C.s of the War. There were also awarded in the Regiment three D.S.O.s, seven M.C.s, six D.C.M.s, eight M.M.s, and four foreign decorations. Thirteen officers (including Earl Kitchener, the Honorary Colonel), and 104 other ranks were killed in action or died of sickness.

After the War.

On the re-organization of the Yeomanry after the War, it

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was obvious that the Middlesex Yeomanry would not be allowed to continue as Hussars, as they stood number 27 on the list. However, it was promised that they should remain mounted, and they became the signal Regiment for the Yeomanry Division. The old uniform and badges were allowed to be retained. With the true Yeomanry spirit to do whatever was asked of them as well as they could, the Middlesex Yeomanry threw themselves into learning signalling, and were thankful at being allowed to retain their horses. The establishment was cut down by half, and there are now only two squadrons. The Middlesex Yeoman of to-day is a busy man, for he trains as a cavalry soldier and also as a signaller.

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THE CAVALRYMAN OF ROMANCE

Brigadier Gerard in Real Life.

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, F.R.Hist.S.

PART 2.*

AFTER Austerlitz Marshal Augereau's Corps was encamped at Frankfort from which, in company with Lannes' Corps, it marched in October, 1806, against Prussia. On the 10th October Lannes came into touch with the Prussians at Saalfeld, under the command of Prince Lewis, with whom Marbot had associated a good deal when at Berlin a few months previously. Augereau's Corps was not required to be brought against the Prussians so the Marshal assembled his staff on a hill nearby to watch the combat. The Prince handled his troops very badly, and seeing his infantry being hopelessly broken up he put himself at the head of his cavalry and charged the French 9th and 10th Hussars. From his position Marbot saw his former associate of the Prussian Royal House suffer the indignity of being worsted and eventually killed in personal combat with a Sergeant Guindet of the 10th Hussars.

Marbot at Jena.

The next day Augereau's Corps moved towards Jena, and Marbot witnessed some touching scenes between his marshal and some of his former comrades in the Prussian service whom he had just captured. One of the Prussian regiments which was escaping from Saalfeld was that of Prince Henry, in which Augereau had served some years before as a sergeant and which now fell into his hands. The Captain and Sergeant-Major of the Company were the same as in Augereau's day and they were

*Part I of this article appeared in the CAVALRY JOURNAL for July, 1930.

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astounded to see their former comrade a Marshal of France. Augereau treated them with great kindness and gave a sum of money to each man of the Company who had served with him when he was a sergeant.

The same evening Augereau's Corps moved into Jena, a part of which was ablaze, and here Marbot was involved in a situation in keeping with his romantic character. He was passing through the streets when screams reached his ears from a house nearby. He dashed in and made his way to a handsome suite of rooms where he saw "two charming young ladies of eighteen to twenty years old, in night-dresses, struggling with four or five Hessian soldiers belonging to the regiments which the Landgrave had sent to join the troops of the French 7th Corps (Augereau's)." Needless to say he drove out the soldiers and "then returned to the young ladies' rooms; they hurriedly put on some clothes" and bestowed upon him their "warm expressions of gratitude." One of the girls said to him with much energy, "You are marching to battle at the moment when you have just saved our honour. God will requite you; be sure no harm will happen to you!" He then tore himself away but rather spoils the chivalrous effect by mentioning the fact that the girls' parents had just returned.

Nothing exceptional happened to Marbot at the battle of Jena except that he was very badly "done in the eye" by a very ungentlemanly hussar officer of Prince Albert of Saxony's Regiment. Here is his own account of the affair: "At the moment when Augereau's Corps was attacking the Saxons, the marshal sent me to General Durosnel, commanding a brigade of chasseurs, with orders to charge the enemy's cavalry. I was to guide the brigade by a road which I had already reconnoitred. I hastened to place myself at the head of our chasseurs, who were dashing on the Saxon squadrons. These latter resisted bravely, but after a short mêlée were compelled to retire with loss. Towards the end of the fight I found myself face to face with a hussar officer in the white uniform of Prince Albert of Saxony's Regiment. I summoned him at the sabre's point to surrender, which he did by handing me his weapon. The combat

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over, I was generous enough to give it back to him, as is the practice in such cases between officers, and I added that, although by the laws of war his horse belonged to me, I did not wish to deprive him of it. He thanked me warmly and followed me in the direction which I was taking to return to the marshal, to whom I looked forward to presenting my prisoner. But as soon as we were 500 paces from the French chasseurs, the confounded Saxon officer, who was on my left, drew his sabre, laid open my horse's* shoulder, and was on the point of striking me had I not thrown myself upon him, although I had not my sabre in my hand. But as our bodies were in contact he had not room to bring his blade to bear on me, seeing which he caught me by my epaulette—for I was in full uniform that day—and pulled hard enough to make me lose my balance. My saddle turned round, and there I was with one leg in the air and my head downwards, while the Saxon, going off at full gallop, returned to what remained of the enemy's army. I was furious both at the position in which I found myself and at the ingratitude with which the stranger repaid my kind treatment of him. So, as soon as the Saxon army was captured, I went to look for my hussar officer and give him a good lesson, but he had disappeared."

After Jena, Napoleon occupied Berlin and in December, 1806, moved against the Russians, then occupying Poland. It was in connection with these operations that Marbot had an illustration of the severe discipline then existing in the Russian Army. On 26th December the French scouts reported a body of the Russians near Golymin and Marshal Augereau sent Marbot, with twenty-five mounted chasseurs, to go and reconnoitre it. He set out in the early afternoon, but as sleet was falling the light was very bad and consequently he found himself within twenty-five yards of a large body of troops before he noticed them. Not being challenged he was under the impression that it might be a portion of another French corps, but on shouting "Who goes there?" and receiving no answer, he sent his best trooper forward to ascertain exactly who they were. The trooper advanced

*This was the famous Lisette, noted later.

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within ten yards of the body and on seeing that they were unmistakably Russian Cavalry, fired his carbine into them and retired. Then all of Marbot's troopers fired a volley into the mass and though they could see men falling as the result, not a word or cry escaped them. It was afterwards learnt that these Russians had become detached from the main body and were endeavouring to rejoin it under cover of darkness and silence, and strict orders had been given that if fired upon no man was to reply and if wounded he was to fall without a murmur. These orders they obeyed to the letter.

A general action followed later after which Marshals Murat and Augereau, accompanied by many generals and their staffs, sought shelter from the icy rain by establishing themselves in an immense stable near the town. There, each stretching himself on the dung-heap tried to get warm and to sleep, "for," says Marbot, "we had been on horseback more than twenty-four hours in this frightful weather—the marshals, the colonels, all the bigwigs in short, having, as was right, settled themselves towards the inner end of the stable, so as to be less cold. I, a poor lieutenant, having come in last, was compelled to lie down close to the doorway, having, at the best, my body sheltered from the rain, but exposed to the icy wind, for there were no doors. It was a disagreeable position when you add that I was dying of hunger having eaten nothing since the day before." But even this situation, hopeless and wretched as it appeared, had its compensations, as our hero admits—"But my lucky star came once more to my help. While the great men, well-sheltered, were sleeping in the warm part of the stable, and the cold was preventing the lieutenants near the door from doing the same, a servant of Prince Murat presented himself at the entry. I remarked in a low voice that his master was asleep. So he gave me a basket for the Prince, containing a roast goose, some bread and some wine, begging me let his master know that the provision mules would come up in an hour. Having said which he went off to meet them."

Consider the situation—the "big-wigs" all warm and asleep at one end of the stable, while four hungry, cold and tired

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lieutenants were at the other. Would it have been kind to waken up the big-wigs for the sake of feasting off a roast goose? Here is the answer as far as Marbot and his three companions were concerned: "In possession of these victuals, I took counsel in a low voice with Bro, Mainvielle and Stoch, who had just as bad places as I, and were just as shivering and hungry. The result of our deliberation was that as Prince Murat was asleep, and his canteen was bound to come up before long, he would find something for breakfast when he awoke, while we should be sent off in all directions without any questions as to what we had got to eat; and that, in consequence, we might, without over-burdening our consciences, devour the contents of the basket; and we did so straightway. I do not know whether I may be forgiven for this page's trick; I only know that I have seldom made a pleasanter meal."

Owing to the bad weather the French cantoned on the Vistula and Marshal Augereau put up at Christka. "At Christka we celebrated the New Year's Day of 1807," writes Marbot, "which was near being the last of my life. The year began, however, very pleasantly for me, for the Emperor, who had not granted any favour to Augereau's staff during the campaign of Austerlitz, repaired his neglect by heaping it with rewards . . . several aides-de-camp were decorated while Lieutenants Bro, Mainvielle and I became Captains. I was all the more pleased by this promotion that I did not expect it. I had done nothing to earn it, and I was only twenty-four years old. When handing our Captains' commissions to Mainvielle, Bro and myself, Marshal Augereau said, "We will see which of you three will be Colonel first." It was I, for six years afterwards I was in command of a regiment while my two comrades were still only captains. But it is true that in that space of time I had been six times wounded."

Marbot and Lisette at Eylau.

The battle of Eylau (8th February, 1807) was the scene of one of the most thrilling episodes in Marbot's very full military life and in which his famous horse, Lisette, was really the chief

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actor. In view of this a few words regarding this remarkable horse are necessary.

"Lisette belonged to M. Finguerlin, a rich banker; she was a lovely mare, easy in her paces, as light as a deer, and so well broken that a child could lead her. But this mare when she was ridden, had a terrible fault, and fortunately a rare one; she bit like a bulldog, and furiously attacked people whom she disliked, which decided M. Finguerlin to sell her. She was bought for Mme. de Lauriston, whose husband, one of the Emperor's aides-de camp, had written to her to get his campaigning kit ready. When selling the mare, M. Finguerlin had forgotten to mention her fault, and that very evening a groom was found disembowelled at her feet. Mme. de Lauriston, reasonably alarmed, brought an action to cancel the bargain; not only did she get her verdict, but, in order to prevent further disasters, the police ordered that a written statement should be placed in Lisette's stall to inform purchasers of her ferocity, and that any bargain with regard to her should be void unless the purchaser declared in writing that his attention had been called to the notice. You may suppose that with such a character as this, the mare was not easy to dispose of, and thus Herr von Aister* informed me that her owner had decided to let her go for what anyone would give. I offered 1,000 francs, and M. Finguerlin delivered Lisette to me, though she had cost him 5,000. The animal gave me a good deal of trouble for some months. It took four to five men to saddle her, and you could only bridle her by covering her eyes and fastening all four legs; but once you were on her back, you found her a really incomparable mount."

"However, since while in my possession she had already bitten several people, and had not spared me, I was thinking of parting with her. But I had meanwhile engaged in my service Francis Woirland, a man who was afraid of nothing, and he, before going near Lisette, whose bad character had been mentioned to him, armed himself with a good hot roast leg of mutton. When the animal flew at him to bite him, he held out

*A former German professor at Soreze when Marbot was there.

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the mutton; she seized it in her teeth, and burning her gums, palate and tongue, gave a scream, let the mutton drop, and from that moment was perfectly submissive to Woirland, and did not venture to attack him again. I employed the same method with a like result. Lisette became as docile as a dog, and allowed me and my servant to approach her freely. She even became a little more tractable towards the stablemen of the staff, whom she saw every day, but woe to the strangers who passed near her! I could quote twenty instances of her ferocity, but I will confine myself to one. While Marshal Augereau was staying at the chateau of Bellevue, near Berlin, the servants of the staff, having observed that when they went to dinner someone stole the sacks of corn that were left in the stable, got Woirland to unfasten Lisette and leave her near the door. The thief arrived, slipped into the stable, and was in the act of carrying off a sack, when the mare seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him into the middle of the yard and trampled on him till she broke two of his ribs. At the shrieks of the thief people ran up, but Lisette would not let him go till my servant and I compelled her, for in her fury she would have flown at anyone else. She had become still more vicious ever since the Saxon hussar officer, of whom I have told you, had treacherously laid open her shoulder with a sabre-cut on the battlefield of Jena."

"Such was the mare which I was riding at Eylau at the moment when fragments of Augereau's Corps, shattered by a hail of musketry and cannon-balls, were trying to rally near the great cemetery."

Marbot may be pardoned for giving such a detailed description of his wonderful mare as it was mainly due to her terrible ferocity that he accomplished what he did on this occasion.*

The scene in which Marbot had his thrilling experience was as follows:—The 14th Infantry Regiment had become isolated on a small hillock and was completely surrounded by overwhelming numbers of Russian infantry with numerous Cossacks

*"How the Brigadier Won his Medal" in "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, deals with a great ride by Gerard from Rheims to Paris. The horse he rode was "a little grey mare, Violette." In the story he speaks of seeing "Lisette in Paris," but there is no clue to whom the name applied.

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riding round on the outside. Above the fire and clash of arms the Eagle of the 14th can be seen. Napoleon, from an eminence a little way off, is a witness of this heroic struggle and determines to save them by ordering them to form square and retire from the hillock, while a brigade of cavalry would be ordered to assist their efforts. Now, someone had to take Napoleon's order to the commanding officer of the 14th at once—but whom?

Says Marbot: "It was impossible to carry out the Emperor's wishes because a swarm of Cossacks was between us and the 14th, and it was clear that any officer who was sent towards the unfortunate regiment would be killed or captured before he could get to it. But the order was positive and the marshal had to comply."

It was customary for the aides-de-camp to place themselves in a file a few paces from their general, and for the one who was in front to go on duty first, then when he had performed his mission, to return and place himself last, so that each might carry orders in his turn and dangers be shared equally. On this occasion a Captain Froissard of the Engineers was first for duty. He galloped off towards the 14th with the message and was lost to sight in the midst of the Cossacks and was never heard of again. The next was an officer named David; off he went and met the same fate as Froissard. "For the third time," writes Marbot, "the Marshal called, 'The officer for duty.' It was my turn. Seeing the son of his old friend, and I venture to say his favourite aide-de-camp, come up, the kind Marshal's face changed, and his eyes filled with tears, for he could not hide from himself that he was sending me to certain death. But the Emperor must be obeyed. I was a soldier; it was impossible to make one of my comrades go in my place, nor would I have allowed it; it would have been disgracing me. So I dashed off. But though ready to sacrifice my life I felt bound to take all necessary precautions to save it. I had observed that the two officers who went before me had gone with swords drawn, which led me to think that they had purposed to defend themselves against any Cossacks who might attack them on the way. Such defence, I thought, was ill-considered, since it must have

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compelled them to halt in order to fight a multitude of enemies, who would overwhelm them in the end. So I went otherwise to work, and leaving my sword in my scabbard, I regarded myself as a horseman who is trying to win a steeplechase, and goes as quickly as possible and by the shortest line towards the appointed goal, without troubling himself with what is to the right or left of his path. Now, as my goal was the hillock occupied by the 14th, I resolved to get there without taking any notice of the Cossacks, whom in thought I abolished. This plan answered perfectly."

"Lisette, lighter than a swallow, and flying rather than running, devoured the intervening space, leaping the piles of dead men and horses, the ditches, the broken gun carriages, the half-extinguished bivouac fires. Thousands of Cossacks swarmed over the plain. The first who saw me acted like sportsmen who, when beating, start a hare, and announce its presence to each other by shouts of 'Your side, your side,' but none of the Cossacks tried to stop me, first, on account of the extreme rapidity of my pace, and also probably because, their numbers being so great, each thought that I could not avoid his comrades further on; so that I escaped them all, and reached the 14th regiment without either myself or my excellent mare having received the slightest scratch."

The 14th had sustained several cavalry charges and were surrounded by a rampart of dead and dying Russian dragoons and horses. Marbot delivered his message to the major in command at which time a Russian column was close at hand bearing down upon the unfortunate but heroic Frenchmen. *"'I see no means of saving the regiment,' replied the major, writes Marbot; 'return to the Emperor, bid him farewell from the 14th of the Line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and bear to him the eagle which he gave us, and which we can defend no longer; it would add too much to the pain of death to see it fall into the hands of the enemy.' Then the major handed me his eagle. Saluted for the last time by the glorious

*As Marbot's account is so full of incidents, all closely packed together, it does not lend itself to being condensed, and so is given here verbatim from his memoirs.

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fragment of the intrepid regiment with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' they were going to die for him. It was the *Cæsar morituri te salutant* of Tacitus, * but in this case the cry was uttered by heroes."

"The infantry eagles were very heavy, and their weight was increased by a stout oak pole on the top of which they were fixed. The length of the pole embarrassed me much, and as the stick without the eagle could not constitute a trophy for the enemy, I resolved, with the major's consent, to break it and only carry off the eagle. But at the moment when I was leaning forward from my saddle in order to get a better purchase to separate the eagle from the pole, one of the numerous cannon-balls which the Russians were sending at us went through the hinder part of my hat, less than an inch from my head. The shock was all the more terrible since my hat, being fastened on by a strong leather strap under the chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I seemed to be blotted out of existence, but I did not fall from my horse; blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even my eyes; nevertheless I still could hear and see, and I preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my limbs were paralysed to such an extent that I could not move a single finger."

Meanwhile a force of Russian Grenadiers was bearing down on the unfortunate remnant of the 14th Regiment whose sole diet for several days had been potatoes and melted snow. "During this struggle," continues Marbot, "several of our men, in order not to be struck from behind, set their backs against my mare's flanks, she, contrary to her practice, remaining perfectly quiet. If I had been able to move I should have urged her forward to get away from this field of slaughter. But it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs so as to make the animal I rode understand my wish. My position was the more frightful since, as I have said, I retained the power of sight and thought. Not only were they fighting round me, which exposed me to bayonet thrusts, but a Russian officer with a hideous countenance kept making efforts to run me through. As the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he

* As a matter of fact, Suetonius.

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pointed me out to the soldiers around him, and they, taking me for the commander of the French, as I was the only mounted man, kept firing at me over their comrades' heads, so that bullets were constantly whistling past my ear. One of them would certainly have taken away the small amount of life that was still in me had not a terrible incident led to my escape from the mêlée.

"Among the Frenchmen who had got their flanks against my mare's near flank was a quartermaster-serjeant, whom I knew from having frequently seen him at the marshal's, making copies for him of the 'morning states.' This man, having been attacked and wounded by several of the enemy, fell under Lisette's belly, and was seizing my leg to pull himself up, when a Russian grenadier, too drunk to stand steady, wishing to finish him by a thrust in the breast, lost his balance and the point of his bayonet went astray into my cloak, which at that moment was puffed out by the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian left the sergeant and aimed a great number of blows at me. These were at first fruitless, but one at last reached me, piercing my left arm, and I felt with a kind of horrible pleasure my blood flowing hot. The Russian grenadier, with redoubled fury, made another thrust at me, but, stumbling with the force he put into it, drove the bayonet into my mare's thigh. Her ferocious instincts being restored by the pain, she sprang at the Russian, and at one mouthful tore off his nose, lips, eyebrows, and all the skin of his face, making him a living death's-head, dripping with blood. Then hurling herself with fury among the combatants, kicking and biting, Lisette upset everything that she met on her road. The officer who had made so many attempts to strike me tried to hold her by the bridle; she seized him by his belly, and carrying him off with ease, she bore him out of the crush to the foot of the hillock, where, having torn out his entrails and smashed his body under her feet, she left him dying in the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she made her way at a full gallop towards the cemetery of Eylau. Thanks to the hussar's saddle on which I was sitting I had kept my seat. But a new danger awaited me. The snow

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had begun to fall again, and great flakes obscured the daylight when, having arrived close to Eylau, I found myself in front of a battalion of the Old Guard, who, unable to see clearly at a distance, took me for an enemy's officer leading a charge of cavalry. The whole battalion at once opened fire on me; my cloak and saddle were riddled, but I was not wounded nor was my mare.* She continued her rapid course, and went through the three ranks of a battalion as easily as a snake through a hedge. But this last spurt had exhausted Lisette's strength; she had lost much blood, for one of the large veins in her thigh had been divided, and the poor animal collapsed suddenly and fell on one side, rolling me over on the other.

"Stretched on the snow among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any other way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I fainted quite away without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing close to me and perhaps over me. I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses, I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained, was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave me no doubt had restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood, that my face, shoulders, and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained red by the blood from my wound. My hat and my hair were full of bloodstained snow, and as I rolled my haggard eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way, and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, so utterly prostrate was I. But I had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned towards God and

*The Old Guards' musketry seems to have been a bit shaky.

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my mother. The setting sun cast some feeble rays through the clouds. I took what I believed to be a last farewell of it. 'If,' thought I, 'I had only not been stripped, some one of the numerous people who pass near me would notice the gold lace on my pelisse, and, recognizing that I am a marshal's aide-de-camp, would perhaps have carried me to the ambulance. But seeing me naked, they do not distinguish me from the corpses with which I am surrounded, and, indeed, there soon will be no difference between them and me. I cannot call help, and the approaching night will take away all hope of succour. The cold is increasing; shall I be able to bear it until to-morrow, seeing that I feel my naked limbs stiffening already? So I made up my mind to die, for I have been saved by a miracle in the midst of the terrible mêlée between the Russians and the 14th, could I expect that there would be a second miracle to extract me from my present horrible position? The second miracle did take place in the following manner. Marshal Augereau had a valet named Pierre Dannel, a very intelligent and very faithful fellow, but somewhat given to arguing. Now it happened during our stay at La Haussage that Dannel, having answered his master, got dismissed. In despair, he begged me to plead for him. This I did so zealously that I succeeded in getting him taken back into favour. From that time the valet had been devotedly attached to me. The outfit having been all left behind at Landsberg, he had started, all out of his own head, on the day of battle to bring provisions to his master. He had placed these in a very light wagon which could go everywhere, and contained the articles which the marshal most frequently required. This little wagon was driven by a soldier belonging to the same company of the transport corps as the man who had just stripped me. This latter, with my property in his hands, passed near the wagon, which was standing at the side of the cemetery, and, recognizing the driver, his old comrade hailed him and showed him the splendid booty which he had just taken from a dead man.

"Now you must know that when we were in cantonments on the Vistula the marshal happened to send Dannel to Warsaw

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for provisions, and I commissioned him to get the trimming of black astrakan taken from my pelisse, and have it replaced by grey, this having recently been adopted by Prince Berthier's aides-de-camp, who set the fashion in the army. Up to now I was the only one of Augereau's officers who had grey astrakan. Dannel, who was present when the transport man made his display, quickly recognized my pelisse, which made him look more closely at the other effects of the alleged dead man. Among these he found my watch, which had belonged to my father and was marked with his cypher. The valet had no longer any doubt that I had been killed, and while deploring my loss, he wished to see me for the last time. Guided by the transport man he reached me and found me living. Great was the joy of this worthy man, to whom I certainly owed my life. He made haste to fetch my servant and some orderlies, and had me carried to a barn, where he rubbed my body with rum. Meanwhile someone went to fetch Dr. Raymond, who came at length, dressed the wound in my arm, and declared that the release of blood due to it would be the saving of me."

The members of Augereau's staff, including Marbot's brother, Adolphe, were soon round him attending to his wants, the kind Marshal giving many of his own clothes and placed him in his own sledge for his conveyance to Landsberg and thence to Warsaw, where he received further treatment which led to his recovery.*

As regards Lisette. The cold had caused the blood from her wound to clot, and prevented the loss from being too great. Marbot's servant found her and gave her first aid which enabled her to reach Landsberg. She passed the winter in the stables of M. de Launay, the head of the forage department.

This article might suitably close with Marbot's comment on the whole business. He says "Nowadays, when promotions and decorations are bestowed so lavishly, some reward would certainly be given to an officer who had braved danger as I had done in reaching the 14th Regiment; but under the Empire a

*Marbot gives details of the treatment he underwent but being so harrowing that they are omitted here.

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devoted act of that kind was thought so natural that I did not receive a cross, nor did it ever occur to me to ask for it." But this is not strictly accurate because he did receive a cross for it twenty months later, and in a somewhat exceptional manner. It was on this wise—When Wellesley entered Portugal and had defeated the French at Vimiera, Napoleon collected some corps to oppose him. He intended to take Augereau to Spain with him if the Marshal had been found fit enough for a campaign. Napoleon therefore summoned Augereau to Saint Cloud and Marbot accompanied his Marshal. During the course of the conversation Augereau referred to Marbot's conduct at Eylau. "The Emperor replied: 'Marbot's conduct was admirable and I have given him the Cross for it! The Marshal having quite correctly declared that I had received no reward, Napoleon maintained his assertion and in order to prove it sent for Prince Berthier, the adjutant-general. He looked through the registers, the result of his search being the discovery that the Emperor, on hearing of my exploit at Eylau, had indeed entered the name of Marbot, aide-de-camp to Marshal Augereau, among the officers to be decorated. He had, however, not added my Christian name, not knowing that my brother was on the Marshal's staff as supernumerary; so that when the time came to deliver the patents, Prince Berthier, always very busy, had said, to save his secretary trouble, 'The Cross must be given to the elder.' So my brother got decorated, though it was his first action, and, since he was only on temporary leave from the Indies, and his regiment was at the Isle of France, he did not officially even belong to the Grand Army. Thus was fulfilled the prediction which Augereau had expressed to him when he said, 'If you come on the same staff as your brother you will do each other harm.' Anyhow, after scolding Berthier a little, the Emperor came towards me, spoke to me kindly, and, taking the Cross from one of his orderly officers, fastened it on my breast. October 29, 1808 (twenty months after the incident) was one of the happiest days of my life. At that time the Legion of Honour had not been lavishly given, and a value was attached to it, which since then it has unfortunately lost.

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Decorated at 26! I was beside myself with joy. The good Marshal's satisfaction was equal to mine, and in order to allow my mother to share in it he took me to her. No promotion that I ever got pleased her as much. To complete my satisfaction, Marshal Duroc sent for the hat which a cannon-ball had pierced on my head at the battle of Eylau, and which the Emperor wished to see."

(*To be continued.*)

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THE JAVA HUSSARS

By "HYDERABAD."

THIS corps seems to have been forgotten entirely, and a recent inquiry in "Notes and Queries"—probably the best medium for such research—has brought no information to light. None the less it deserves to be remembered, for it played an honourable part in Stamford Raffles' successful operations in Java; and was, in addition, probably the first regiment in our Eastern forces to be styled "Hussars."

Much of its history is obscure. It was raised in 1812—the month is not certain—and would seem to have been manned by volunteer sowars from the regular Bengal or Madras cavalry. Commanded by Captain L. H. O'Brien of the Madras Cavalry, in January, 1813, its establishment was two troops, and it had not then been absorbed into either the King's or the East India Company's armies. O'Brien received from his brother, then serving in the Madras cavalry at Hyderabad, a glowing account of the capabilities of the Deccani Horse, which he offered to procure between 13.3 and 14 hands and to deliver at Masulipatam, for shipment, at Rs. 320 each. As a result of this letter, Lieutenant John Campbell, remount purchasing officer in the Deccan, was ordered to furnish 120 horses for Java. Within two months he had dispatched 88 excellent remounts *vid* Masulipatam.

The Java Hussars saw some active service in the pacification of various native potentates during the British occupation, and were disbanded about 1816 on the rendition of the island to the Dutch. A troop of Indian horse artillery was also formed in 1811 for service in Java, but was broken up on its return to India after the conclusion of peace.

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By courtesy of the Parker Gallery, 28, Berkeley Square

JAVA VOLUNTEERS OR JAVA HUSSARS, 1815

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The uniform is shown in the print reproduced with this note by the courtesy of the Parker Gallery of Berkeley Square, published in 1815; the jacket is blue and the head-dress red. The sources for the foregoing account are: "Memoir of the Life and Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles," by his Widow, London, 1830; CAVALRY JOURNAL, October, 1929 (article by Major Hon. R. A. Addington on "The Remounting of the Madras Cavalry"); Services of the Bengal Native Army," Cardew, Calcutta, 1903.

It is possible that the celebrated cavalry leader Robert Rollo Gillespie had some hand in the raising of the Java Hussars. He had previously had much to do with the organization of the Madras Cavalry, and held the command of the troops engaged in the Java expedition. Further research into the services of this forgotten corps might show that it exemplified Gillespie's considered view of a model cavalry unit of the period. For the present, however, in the absence of full information, this must remain conjectural.

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OLD CAVALRY STATIONS—NORWICH

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

"Great noise was in the citty," declares the chronicler, and many woke up and looked out of window. It was a peculiar sight, unusual even in the Middle Ages, that met their eyes. Some people recognized the charger, an old stallion that had carried Sir Thomas Erpingham in the French wars and was supposed to be a pensioner. There he was in hot pursuit of a fat little mare over the cobbles and under the projecting eaves. A fat little friar was urging the mare on to desperate flight, while a gaunt figure, armed *cap-à-pie*, swayed and clattered, and seemed to be urging the old war horse into a fury of passion. All four met and mixed up violently in a dark corner of the street, and then it came out that the figure in rusty armour, the "launce" tied to its wrist, was that of a corpse,

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one friar John, of the same order to which belonged friar Richard, who bestrode the fat little mare. Blomefield gives the story as told with Rabelaisian gusto, by Thomas Heywood in 1624. It is said that the handsome Erpingham Gate is the price paid by Sir Thomas of that name, for the frolic which roused Norwich at such an early hour. Not but what Norwich was unused to the clatter of horses hoofs about the streets at all times of day and night. There must have been considerable noise and commotion in the place when the Danes "horsed" themselves hereabouts. They had come by invitation of their kinsfolk of the broads and marshes that stretch away to eastward, and had probably spent some time rounding up remounts from the country about Norwich. A likely country too, in those days, for the heaths and woodlands of West Norfolk surely produced the hardy little animal one associates with folk like the Iceni, and further south, a heavier animal forebear of the sorrel horse, was being brought up to bear the increasing weight of armour. By the 18th century this horse had developed its present day form, and pulling matches had been organized at Harlesdon which is in Norfolk. This horse is generally called the Suffolk Punch, the latter possibly on account of its undeniable sense of humour. No horse without that gift could have survived the leechcraft of former days. Every household had its store of "simples" as they were called, though the concoction of them can have been no simple matter, especially as certain rites had to be observed, the proper eve of a saint's day, or the state of the moon. Here is a "resait" for a sick horse; any kind of sickness would do. The first act is to blow a pipe of tobacco into his throat, the Suffolk horse as humourist, would consider this just master's fun. But master was serious, for half an hour afterwards he came with a drink compounded on following generous lines: "Boyle a quart of newe beere," it said, then you introduce two ounces of "Turptin" and six or eight gray "snailes." "Beat them with a spoonful of sope and a little chack (chalk) beaten all together with the white of an egg."

If after these attentions the horse trod on your foot here is the remedy: "Take a handful of Nettel crops and a handful of

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Salt and a quantity of snails and beat them together and apply them to ye tread and drain it well. Then take Turpetin and Tare and white pitch and apply it very hot to the place." Under such treatment horse and man usually decided to recover with what dispatch they could. Yet to this day there lingers a belief in home remedies, as illustrated by a conversation between two farmers overheard in a motor 'bus. First Farmer: "Didn't you tell me you gave your old harse tarpentine for the staggers?"

Second Farmer: "I did, that I did."

First Farmer: "Well, I gave my old harse tarpentine for the staggers, and he died, that he did."

Second Farmer: "So did mine, that he did."

They are good with their beasts, are the East Anglians, and the term "horse-gentler" for "horsebreaker" is characteristic. Old 17th century records show that measures were taken to prevent the overburdening of pack animals, according to regulations relating to post horses, "said horses are not to carry any cloak bags, etc., of above ten pounds weight." The postal service seems to have been maintained half by the sheriffs and half by a levy of inn keepers and "tiplers," whatever these latter were they were not necessarily the formers' habitual customers. The hire of hackney horses in the city was fixed at 12d. for the first day, 8d. for each succeeding day, till their re-delivery, for which all strangers were to give security for their return, "and if the horse held not out his journey, the owner was to pay all charges of such default."

Old Cavalry Stations have each a distinctive flavour which seems to express one or other special branch of that arm. Ipswich is inalienably associated with Hussars since the Light Cavalry brigade concentrated there to train for the Napoleonic wars. Canterbury Cathedral enshrines the Golden Book of the 16th Lancers, Norwich has still about it a savour of Dragoon. Though this designation was unknown at the time, there was already something sedate, serious, dragoon-like about the twenty horsemen who went out to help King Henry VII against Perkin Warbeck. The city of Norwich had raised and equipped them, provided £40 for their maintenance, and the mayor himself had

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seen them off with a suitable address: "Sirs, ye that be soldeours, I charge that ye kepe governauns amongst you by the weye." If any of them should "make frays, or stryves, or variaunces" with his fellows, then should he that "so mysdemened be taken out of his harneys and leyde in prison tyll the Kyng have said his will. And another hyred in his stede what so ever it cost." And with this warning the "soldeours" mounted their horses and rode away "ruled and governoured" by Captain Thomas Large assisted in their "Conduccion" by John Gowre. A brave sight they made, surely, in jackets of green and white over their brigandines plated and jointed like coats of mail.

The word Dragoon first occurs in the martial history of Norwich at the time of the Civil war. The city raised a couple of hundred dragoons for the Parliamentarians. This does not mean that Norwich was all for one side, but it seems that the Royalists being quite sure that all was well, or soon would be, took no heed to consolidate their position and were therefore suddenly upset by the revolutionary party. This is the way such things generally happen and will happen to the end of time. The Royalists, however, did not take their reverses quietly it seems, for we hear of Parliamentary volunteers bringing in by way of political argument, the great ordnance of the city, charged and all, pointed at the Guild Hall. It was unfortunate and caused unfavourable comment, that the cannonier when uncharging one of the pieces next morning accidentally let it off. By this manœuvre he sustained injuries as he deserved, but he killed and wounded some seventeen people, men, women and children, who were probably assisting as interested spectators.

Before the King came into his own again Norwich had become heartily sick of its soldiery; probably the Restoration was due to reaction from militarism as much as to any other cause. That was the only time this nation has ever experienced militarism and then in a comparatively mild form. But the dread of it lingers and shows itself on occasion in outbreaks by pathetic souls who can find nothing right in this world, especi-

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ally in their own country. This feeling prevailed strongly in Norwich when the barracks were being built. The city had nothing but good to record of the regular troops within its walls, and indeed had reason to be grateful to the 16th Light Dragoons for their gallant and effective aid at a serious conflagration. In contrast to a certain churlishness exhibited by the sort of citizens whose indignation bubbles over in the Press, the "Mercury," the Norwich weekly paper, took its dignified stand by the side of the armed forces of the Crown. For some seventy years the "Mercury" had been all a newspaper should be to the city of Norwich, faithfully recording its doings. It gives the several changes of date before the 16th Light Dragoons were inspected on Mousehold Heath prior to being relieved by 7th Light Dragoons in 1792, and that an officer of the former regiment had shot the largest bustard ever remembered in Norfolk, its height was near three feet and its wings when extended were two yards and a-half. There was indeed a good deal to chronicle in those days, wars and rumours of wars, and their reaction on quiet folk at home. Some people went on with their pet occupation of smuggling, to discourage which cavalry acted with the Preventive Service along the coast, while others took a sterner view and joined the Militia. Among the latter the Hon. Horatio Walpole was gazetted Colonel of the Western Regiment of Norfolk Militia. In some cases this sternness of purpose was modified by pleasant surroundings, as the King found on his visit to Militia quarters during the period of annual exercises. His Majesty found it necessary to give a hint that the attendance of the Field Officer or Captain on duty for the week, would be quite in keeping with the "Discipline of War," as Fluellen would say. About this time too, when there was fighting to be had for anyone who wanted it, a Colonel Money "having received pressing invitations from each of the belligerent powers on the Continent decided to accept a command in the French Army." A year later, the "Mercury" notes that General Money resigned his command in the French Army on hearing of the approaching rupture between his native country and France. It would be interesting to know whether

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any proper use was made of the experience gained by this officer during our country's struggle with Napoleon.

In October, 1792, the Norwich "Mercury" announced that "the very laudable and judicious plan adopted by Government of erecting barracks for the accommodation of the military and the ease of that useful class of men the innkeeper, we have the pleasure to say, is about to be carried into effect."

Upon this announcement those burghers affected with the militarism complex rushed into print only to provoke this dignified reproof: "How, in the name of common sense, can it be made to appear that the erection of barracks can, under such a government as ours promote the view of despotism, even if such an an absurd intent could be admitted. Are we bound to keep more soldiers on foot because forsooth, they are commodiously housed; or do these carpers imagine that, in consequence of their good accommodations, they will multiply like rabbits in a warren?" Some of the cavillers argued that the men would become ferocious having fewer opportunities of effeminating their minds and enervating their bodies, to which the "Mercury's" repartee was "the truly brave are always humane." At this point there was no doubt loud and prolonged applause from all good subscribers.

Norwich began its regular Cavalry garrison in barracks, at the right of the line, and all regiments of British Cavalry with exception of the Household Brigade, have enjoyed the hospitality of this ancient city. On June 2nd, 1792, the paper announced that the 1st Dragoon Guards commanded by Colonel Howard "are arrived," and a week later we hear how the regiment fired a *feu-de-joie* in honour of King George III's birthday, and that his Majesty was dressed in a plain cloth suit as usual on his birthday." In the spring of the following year the "King's" D.G's. assisted at a Cathedral service as part of a general Fast with which the nation was preparing to meet the troubles that were coming thick about it.

As usual, these troubles were met in the characteristic spirit of sporting patriotism. There was unlimited enthusiasm and corresponding expenditure of energy. Marquis Townsend, who

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had raised the Norfolk Rangers for the defence of the coast during the last war against the French, entertained his corps most elegantly at Rainham Hall. There was much military activity, Militia assembled from other counties, new corps were formed and enjoyed, some a brief, but all a joyful existence: Fencibles Horse and Foot, Norfolk and Suffolk Borderers, a very thrilling title, and other bodies of, in some cases, highly irregular troops. The Stage helped the good cause with a performance of "The Military Pantomime" on his Majesty's birthday; the critic considered the show a bit crude, but informs his readers that "the intent is to please."

During the protracted war with France a curious incident shed light upon methods which then were probably old, but which were revived in the Great War and held up as the latest thing in science as applied to war, they are summed up now in the word Propaganda. The French it appears tried it first on the Marines; perhaps they had been given this as a suitable address to which they might apply fiction. It appears that handbills were distributed to troops, and the Chatham Marines felt called upon to reply in dignified periods. "As we do not know who you are that have taken the liberty to address us as brethren, but from the tenor of whose Address we have every reason to disown as such," the answer begins: "You ask, Are we not men? We are men, we know it, and should the enemies of our king, our Country or Constitution ever oppose us, we will prove ourselves. You ask, are we anywhere respected as men? Yes, we are not only respected as men, but by many good men regarded as Protectors of our country. You say, wrong notions of Discipline have led us to be despised. We, as good soldiers, glory in proper discipline." This and more was signed by all the N.C.O.s of the Marines on behalf of themselves and all other ranks. Those who know the soldier will recognize this as the sort of language he uses when annoyed. Annoyance was also shown by the Enniskillen Dragoons at Norwich in less classic style, yet it carried conviction to the offender who appears to have been making inflammatory speeches. The lecturer heard that the Enniskillens were coming to have speech

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of him and hid himself. In course of their quest the "Skins" wrecked a pub' or two, after which their officers induced them to return to barracks. There is no record of the language used on this occasion. N.C.O.s and privates of two troops of Norfolk Fencible Cavalry then quartered at Carlisle, gave practical demonstration of their loyalty. In a letter to Colonel Harbord, their C.O., they offered three days' pay from each N.C.O. and man (on conviction before a magistrate) to any person or persons who shall give information of any wicked attempts, either distributing money, seditious writings or persuasive language tending to excite or cause any disturbance in the said troops. They worked hard did all those gallant Fencibles and others, and some got their reward: a word of praise, a medal, a dinner. One Norfolk troop after inspection, dismounted at the request of the General, which was very nice of them. They were then thanked individually for their steadiness and exertion. Then the sporting parson Thomas C. Munnings, as Sergeant of the 4th Troop of Norfolk Yeomanry, was presented by his immediate comrades with an emblematic medal. These warriors could relax on occasion, and there is mention of a most "convivial soldierlike" dinner in the field, following a General's inspection. "After dinner some respectable characters joined this loyal troop."

Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers succeeded each other in the barracks under the slope of Mousehold Heath, and performed their military evolutions on the top of it. There were occasional gaps; from 1810 to 1814 there was no cavalry in Norwich, and in 1915 the Brunswick Hussars of the King's German Legion were called out to quell a tumult which had broken out on Castle Hill. For some reason or other the 8th Hussars when giving place to the Bays in 1823, left their snuff jar behind: a lacquered jar standing about three feet high with a crown on top and the regimental crest and motto displayed about its comfortably bulging middle. You may see that jar occupying a place of honour and surrounded by other souvenirs of old Cavalry days, in Miller's tobacco shop. A Highlander stands at the door scrutinising the folk that pass up and down London Street; he

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seems to have done so since Miller's was established in 1802, when the 13th Light Dragoons were at Norwich. Again, during the Crimean War there was no cavalry regiment at Norwich, their place being taken by artillery. In this connection the "Gazette" of 1854 notifies that the command of the R.H.A. and Rockets for the campaign had been given to Lieut.-Colonel Fox Strangways, who had commanded the Rocket Brigade at the battle of Leipzig. For this he received the thanks of the allied Sovereigns on the field of battle. He was wounded severely at Waterloo, and must have reached the age of seventy by the time of the Crimean War. Promotion was evidently very slow in some branches, of this General Sir Robert J. Harvey was a striking instance. He was born at Thorpe, by Norwich, and died at his seat Mousehold House, in 1860, at the age of 75. There is a memorial tablet to him in the Cathedral, but in enumerating some of the decorations he won it only hints at the varied incidents of his career. Although he belonged to the 53rd Foot, he had passed some time in the 4th Dragoons, and it was the cavalry spirit that supported him on his ride in 1814 from Paris to Lisbon, 1,400 miles in fourteen days, carrying dispatches for Beresford when Wellington was Ambassador in Paris. A characteristic story is told of his arriving at Salamanca after the gates had been closed. He remembered the state of the defences when last he had seen them, rode to a gap in the wall of which he had a lively recollection, and there he found neither sentry nor anyone to prevent him from entering the city once more by the breach. During the occupation of Paris by the Allies after the 100 days' campaign, the Norwich "Mercury" was well furnished with items of news by correspondents. One told of how a short Captain of British Lancers had been rudely jostled by a tall Captain of French Lancers. The British Lancer according to national custom knocked the French Lancer down, as the latter had offered no apologies. The Frenchman wanted to fight it out with swords, the Englishman proposed pistols; as compromise they decided on settling matters with their "native" weapon the lance. So in knightly fashion they charged each other, and as the English officer

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though short, carried more weight, the Frenchman was pulled out of the fray irretrievably damaged.

The Napoleonic wars, like all others, left an aftermath of trouble, distress, and discontent, and at times the Cavalry at Norwich had to aid the civil power by dispersing riotous crowds. But on the whole the citizens and their cavalry garrison got along very well together, the latter were so useful in cases of fire. As thankoffering for timely assistance at an alarming fire in St. Giles' the corporation presented £5 to the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers. It had previously sent a barrel of beer to the Barracks that the men might drink to the King's Health. This does not sound any too much beer, but it must be remembered that the regiment was split up into garrisons for Ipswich as well as Norwich, finding outlying posts along the coast, as smugglers were still as busy as they could be. On another occasion the High Sheriff, Lord Stafford, the Mayor, City Sheriff, Corporation, and everyone who was anyone, attended the funeral of the O.C. Scots Greys, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas P. Hankin, who was buried in the Cathdral on 2nd November, 1825.

The watchful Norwich "Mercury," looking out for anything that should inform as well as entertain its readers, gives of the Crimean period an impression which contradicts some of the views we may hold on the affairs of those days. It seems to have felt that we had been jockeyed into the Crimean War by France, and with the deliberate purpose of holding us up to ridicule as a military nation. The British soldier, especially he of the cavalry, saved the reputation of our race, for no one was disposed to ridicule our army in view of the deeds done at Inkerman and Balaklava. A curious opinion is expressed in the "Mercury's" columns, as one generally held at the time, namely, that "until the Turkish infantry get a new musket and another set of officers, they will never appear to any advantage." And rather characteristic of Austria, it says that country was still making preparations for taking her part in the war late in 1854. The Crimean war, as indeed every other, served to bring out the best qualities of the British soldier not only at a

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professional valuation, but regarding him as a citizen of a wide, perhaps wicked, but undeniably pleasant world. It is only about ten years ago that I was conducted with some show of veneration to inspect a tombstone at Constanza on the Black Sea shore. The inscription told the tale of an Englishman, an army surgeon, who having had charge of a hospital at Constanza, stayed on after the Crimean War. The stone said nothing of the man's sacrifice in exiling himself from home because the people about him had learned to turn to him in their trouble, neither were there any written testimonials expressing the esteem of the public. But there lingered still on the hot and dusty air a fragrance as of grateful memory to one of that strange race that comes out from the distant Isles to serve others.

"Norfolk not a foxhunting country?" This was a question put to the world at large through the columns of the "Norwich Mercury," and answered at once by the same correspondent. "If anyone doubt the possibility of seeing stout foxes and good hunting runs let him throw his quota into the Hon. Secretary's treasury and then forthwith purchase a well-bred nag and get without loss of time to the covert side." This was in reference to the pack established in 1856 as Norfolk Foxhounds and hunted in 1860 when above letter was written, by Henry Villebois. The same Henry Villebois who gave a stag called Sir Walter Scott to the Stag Hunt. A beast of very uncertain and savage temper was Sir Walter; if he saw two or three horsemen together he went straight at them, so they had to scatter in haste. The stag probably knew what little groups of horsemen meant and wanted to "get one in first"; you cannot blame him. As for stout foxes, if all the tales that are told of them in Norfolk are true, then indeed is the correspondent quoted above justified in his statements. The chase was very much the concern of the church in early days, and Bishop Losinga, the builder of Norwich Cathedral, expressly ordered that the privilege of hunting game at Arminghall and Thorpe, was to be reserved for the needs of the Bishop and clergy. So hunting of all kinds started under the best auspices. It was as usual of a very varied character, anything that was likely to give a sporting run, met with

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appropriate attention. In Norfolk this mixed hunting seems to have lasted longer than elsewhere, at least it would be hard to find a parallel case to that of Charles Chaston. About 1873 this sportsman seems to have been Master of Harriers and of Staghounds at the same time. He hunted the country from the Waveney right up to Norwich, and Harvey describes the sort of variety entertainment Charles Chaston provided. The meet was at 10 in the morning, and the Master drove up to it with a large van containing two packs of hounds and the deer, all in separate compartments. The Master arrived wearing a green coat, while a red one was carried on the top of the van. He changed into this at midday when he would call off the harriers and treat his followers to a stag hunt. This hunt was indifferently called the Norfolk and Suffolk or the Waveney Staghounds and seems to have descended more or less directly from several old packs, Sir James Astley's who hunted the Melton Constable country, and the Westacre Staghounds who were busy about Swaffham, both in the first half of the 19th century.

The Cavalry seem to have started a pack of its own at about this time when Jack Anstruther Thomson of the 13th Light Dragoons in 1842 got his Cornet Gwynne Hughes to send for nine couples of the smooth Welsh sort, hounds with sharp noses and rather light of bone. "We wore red coats and blue bird's-eye neckcloths," says Colonel Anstruther Thomson in his Reminiscences. The Scots Greys took over the pack of the 13th Light Dragoons, but the kennels were, it appears, at Hadleigh in Suffolk, near which place Captain Lord William Hill of that regiment was killed by his horse bolting under a tree. From 1854 to 1856, Lord Suffield's Gunton Staghounds and his Foxhounds at Dereham hunted throughout the whole county. "I was my own huntsman," said Lord Suffield, "and I went with the hounds wherever I was asked." The West Norfolk Foxhounds, still going strong, seem to be the descendants of Lord Suffield's Dereham pack.

After the Crimean War, when Cavalry again came to Norwich, until 1883, the country within reach was being sufficiently well hunted by several packs, and the regiment in

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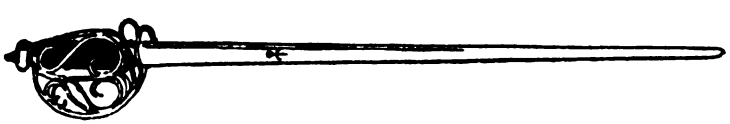
garrison had plenty of choice in this line of sport. In Charles Chaston's heyday the 7th Hussars were at Norwich and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was doing duty with them. A change came in 1883 when for some sufficient reason the 4th Hussars took over the Norfolk Staghounds, using them first as Drag-hounds. The Kennels were first at Denmark Farm, Sprowston, and then close to the barracks at Norwich itself. The 19th Hussars hunted this pack for two years and then followed a glorious period under the 8th Hussars from 1890 to 1893. A sporting parson, Rev. Alfred Fellowes of Shottesham, declared, "I think Peter Clowes (Major R. L. Clowes at the time) was quite the best man we had in any of the regiments that had the hounds. The only complaint I ever heard against him was from the 'old slow tops' all of whom got left behind." A remarkable run is recorded again in Colonel J. R. Harvey's "Deer hunting in Norfolk" from the time when the K.D.Gs. took over the pack. The meet was at Haddiscoe Station, the run from Readham Market towards Fritton Common, Caldecot Hall, and back again to Fritton. Here the stag swam the decoy, ran on to Herringfleet, through Somerleyton Park to Oulton, back again to Blundeston and on to Corton where it went over the cliff into the sea. Here the chase was taken up by longshore boats and finished at Lowestoft where the stag arrived as passenger. The 7th Dragoon Guards had a memorable run in 1895 when the stag ran the field to a standstill on Fritton Common. But the South African War began what the Great War ended, and Cavalry passed out of Norwich, never to return to Mousehold Heath, beautiful especially when the gorse and broom are in blossom, and the cathedral and castle rise out of the smoke of the city. There is now something pathetic in the loneliness of Mousehold Heath where many generations of men and horses have gone about their work and pleasure together. The internal combustion engine is not sufficient compensation for the extinction of the horse and his rider.



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FURTHER PRINCIPLES ON SKETCHING FOR THE TROOP OFFICER AND SECTION LEADER.

By Captain H. B. Ellis, M.M., 15th Lancers.

In the January number of the Cavalry Journal I gave a short article on Elementary sketching. Very elementary principles of perspective were discussed and the student of panorama drawing was shown how to produce useful simple sketches by acquiring a knowledge of the first steps in drawing. The article referred to, although answering the purpose for which it was written, did not cover the whole ground of military sketching, especially where perspective is concerned.

In the following pages I have attempted to show those who are interested in the subject of panorama drawing, how to get round further principles of perspective, and those who have mastered the previous article, and are prepared to study the following principles, should be able to cope with any subject which may present itself in the field.

The method of how to measure objects by the aid of a protractor was fully dealt with in the previous article. I will therefore now confine myself to further principles of perspective and the method of finishing off a sketch.

Unless a drawing is executed in true perspective, it may convey a false impression. For instance, many people with no idea of perspective when drawing a level road receding away from them, invariably neglect the use of a vanishing point, with the result that the road in their drawings appears to be running up hill. Such a drawing when read by the commander to whom it is sent, would suggest that the whole country in front of the observer's position was on high ground, and should it be a sketch of an enemy position, the commander would possibly

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come to the conclusion that the enemy's position was a strong one on high ground dominating his (the commander's) line of advance. It is therefore very essential that a sound knowledge of perspective should be acquired before anything else. A knowledge of perspective is not difficult to acquire, and I think the following principles cover all that is necessary as regards military sketching.

Parallel Perspective.

This has been dealt with in the January number, but it is necessary to briefly refer to it again, as it is invariably combined with other principles of perspective. When one side of the object to be drawn is square with the person producing the sketch, all parallel lines of the object receding away from him will appear to converge at the same point on the horizon known as the Point of Sight (P.S.). This point on the horizon in Parallel perspective is always to the immediate front of the sketcher. See illustration Number 1. Note that the gable end of the house is square to the front and that the lines of the roof, windows and wall on the side of the house all converge at the point of sight on the horizon line. All lines below the point of sight appear to rise up to it, and those above it appear to slope down to it. The same rule applies to all roads, railway tracks, telegraph wires, etc., which run directly to the front and on a level with the observer.

This is the most common form of perspective in use in military drawing, but there are however, two other kinds which constantly present themselves and which should be understood if good drawings are to be the order of the day.

These other two principles are Angular and Sloping perspective. In my previous article I said that the vanishing point is always on the horizon line or eye level. Generally speaking this is true in all perspective with the exception of sloping perspective which will be explained further on.

Angular Perspective.

This term is applied to the drawing of an object not standing square to the sketcher. In all angular perspective the lines

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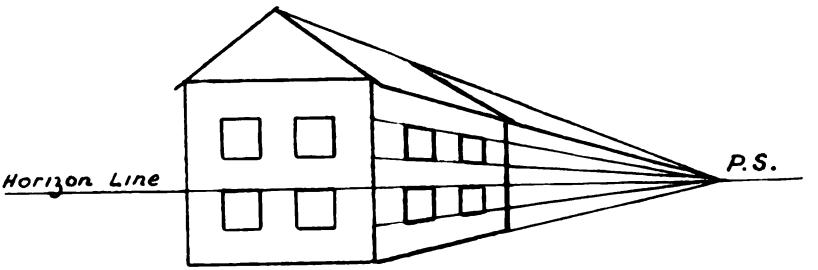
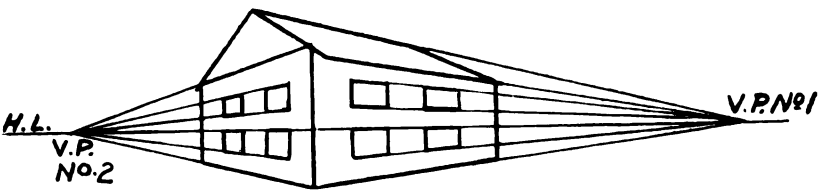


No. I parallel perspective



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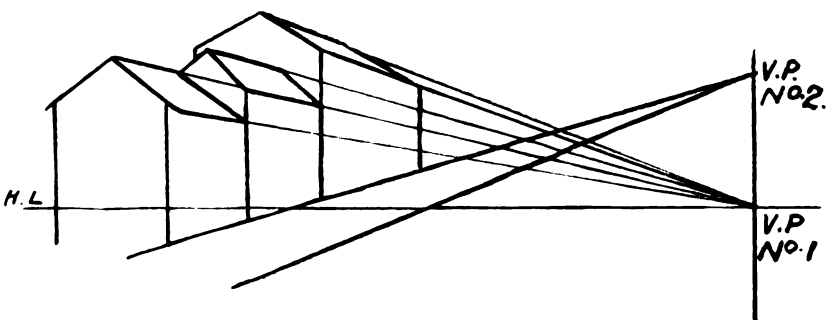

No 3. Sloping perspective.

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receding away from the observer will converge into two vanishing points both of which will be on each side of the object. In illustration Number 2 it will be seen that the house is not square to the observer. In all such cases there will be two vanishing points (V.P.). It might be asked at this point as to how one can define the points on the horizon line to which all parallel lines appear to converge. This is a very simple matter. Firstly if there is no visible horizon the observer must fix an imaginary one. This is done by holding your sketch book horizontally in front of you, moving it up or down until only the near edge of the book is visible, and not the sides. The sketch book in this position will give you the imaginary horizon which can then be sketched in lightly in its relative position on your paper. Vanishing points can now be defined by holding your protractor or piece of string, level to one of the receding parallel lines of the object to be sketched. You should then follow your eye along the string and note where it crosses the horizon line or imaginary horizon line. All lines parallel to the one measured will meet it at the vanishing point.

Sloping Perspective.

In parallel and angular perspective all lines receding away from the observer appear to meet at one of the vanishing points on the horizon line, but in sloping perspective parallel lines appear to converge at a point either above or below this line, and on a line drawn at right angles to the horizon line through the vanishing point of the object. Thus it will be seen in illustration Number 3 that the houses are standing on the side of a hill, the vanishing point of which is on the horizon line, and all the parallel lines of the houses appear to converge at this point. To give the effect of the hill, however, the sides of the road converge at a point directly above the vanishing point on the horizon line. To represent a hill running downwards the vanishing point of the road will be shown directly below that of the parallel lines of the houses which converge on the horizon line. Study illustrations Numbers 1, 2 and 3 very carefully and you will have very little difficulty in putting the principles of perspective into practice when attempting a sketch.

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Objects.

In drawing trees, houses and hills, etc., artistic design is not required, but an attempt must be made to draw objects in broad outline and in their correct shape and dimensions. For instance when drawing a lone tree make it represent the actual tree in the landscape so that whoever reads your sketch, can quickly pick out the various objects. In drawing woods and clumps of trees however, this is not necessary as it would take up too much of your time, and such landmarks are usually referred to at the top of your sketch. If it is necessary to include cuttings, embankments, heath, marshlands, etc., such objects can be represented by the ordinary conventional signs as laid own in Manual of Map Reading.

In finishing off your sketch the use of coloured pencils will greatly assist in more clearly defining features such as roads and rivers, the former being drawn in brown and the latter in blue.

If the subject of your landscape is flat country you will have to introduce a vertical scale to enable you to clearly show minor folds of the ground. Such a scale in relation to the horizontal scale should be exaggerated two to one. This, however, is not necessary in mountainous country.

Now turn to illustration Number 4 and we will follow it through its various stages of development. Firstly, we have been ordered to go forward to the windmill just south of Manor Farm and execute a sketch of the area Manor Farm to the Easling Road, including Ospringe Village and the surrounding hills. On arrival at the windmill which is just off the illustration at E, we proceed to carry out our instructions. Firstly, the four corners of the area are fixed by means of holding up the protractor in front of us. We find that the distance from the north-east corner of the hedge surrounding Manor Farm to Chicken Farm is three protractors length, and that the depth of the country is covered by one protractor's length. This area is now defined on our paper by marking four dots. If, however, your paper is not large enough to take the actual measurements

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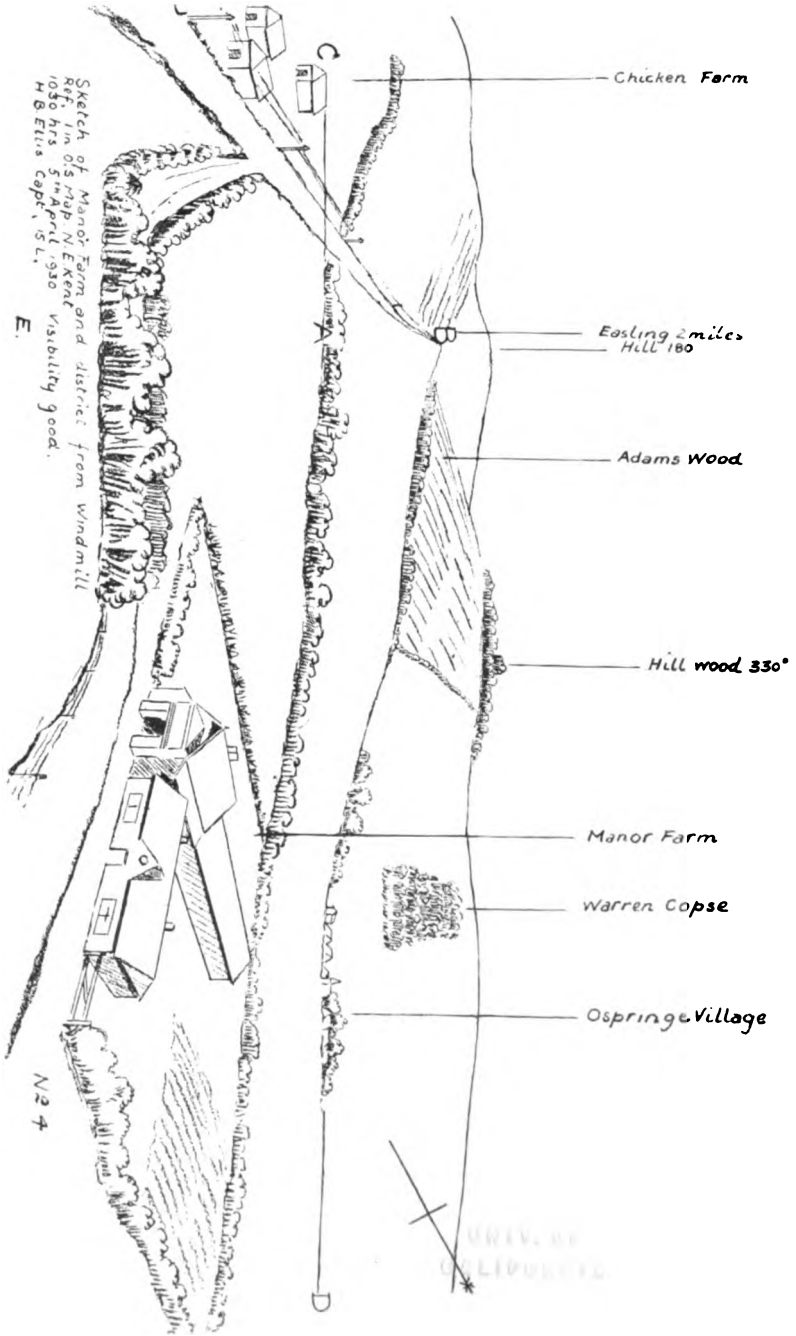

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of the protractor, your drawing will be reduced to any convenient scale. For instance, every inch of the country measured on your protractor will be represented on paper by half an inch, and if necessary even a smaller scale. Next we fix the horizon line by holding up our protractor as already explained, and mark the line on the paper shown C to D. We now fix definite objects on our sketch by the aid of the protractor as explained in the January number. We decide on the following points, Gable end of nearest hut at Chicken Farm—the near end of the Easling Road—highest tree in Hill Wood—Spire of Ospringe Church—the gable end of Manor Farm over the doorway—and various corners and points of the hedges and hills. We now mark lightly on our paper with a H.B. pencil the above-mentioned objects. Having now drawn a definite framework on which to build our sketch, we lightly connect all these points together, using our protractor for further measurements if necessary. In drawing the buildings and road we are careful to execute them in their true perspective. The gable ends of the huts at the chicken farm are all square to our front so they are drawn in parallel perspective. We note that the line of the roof of the nearest hut, if continued with our protractor will cross the horizon line at A. Therefore all parallel lines of the huts to this one meet it at point A. (Just check this in the illustration.) In sketching the road we note that it runs over the hill, we therefore remember the principle of sloping perspective and fix the vanishing point directly over the vanishing point of the objects to which it runs parallel, i.e., the huts at the Chicken Farm. Note position B on the sketch in relation to position A, and also note that the huts appear to be standing on the side of a sloping road. As regards Manor Farm it is noted that it is not standing square to our front, therefore it must be drawn in angular perspective. By measuring with our protractor we note that the line of the roof of the nearest part of the building if continued, crosses the horizon line at C. All parallel lines to it therefore meet it at C. In the same way all parallel lines of the other part of the building cross the horizon line D. (Check these principles on the illustration.)

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Our subject is now represented on our paper in full by very thin lines. We now complete the sketch and give it depth by slightly increasing the strength of the lines in the middle distance, and by doubly increasing the strength of the lines in the foreground. This is best done with a 3B pencil.

The sketch now being complete it is finished off by adding the names of the various places at the top with lines drawn into the sketch showing their positions. A central object is also indicated by compass bearing.

At the bottom, the title, our position, map reference and other necessary information is added.

If the student of panorama drawing has followed all the points explained in this article and the previous one, he should have no difficulty in producing useful sketches after a little practice.

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HUNTING—AND "F.S.R."

By Major A. J. Clifton, O.B.E.

By kind permission of the Editor Royal Tank Corps Journal.

"Pleasure that the most enchants us
Seems the soonest done;
What is life, with all it grants us,
But a hunting run?"

"After the feast comes the reckoning."

It was the elder of the two men who spoke.

"Our horses have carried us well, and we've enjoyed our fun," he went on. "So now we must control ourselves in our tiredness and discomfort and get them home quietly. Foot it a mile, jog a mile, and the ten and a half miles in front of us will soon pass and our horses will be fit to eat a good meal when they get home—and be sound to-morrow."

There must needs have been good reasons for thus advising a slow journey, for the weather was not propitious and it was only human nature to wish to gain shelter as soon as possible. A vitals-seeking wind and lowering clouds betokened an early resumption of the rain which had only recently ceased and rendered the outlook in the gathering gloom singularly unattractive.

"I'm chilled to the marrow and soaked to the skin, but—" the younger man paused.

"But what?" enquired the elder.

"I'm damned if I shouldn't enjoy it but for your first remark."

"Which was?"

"'After the feast comes the reckoning'—it applies particularly to me at this time."

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"Meaning?"

"After to-day's feast, which has been good enough to last a lifetime I'll admit, I've got to make up for lost time when I get home and write that infernal screed for the C.O. and I'm hanged if I know how to set about it."

The elder man was the younger's senior officer, and the latter, having responded to encouragement to manage his exchequer so that he had a little spare cash to invest in oats and a hunt subscription, the elder was ever on the alert to see that value for money was obtained in wholesome pleasure and indirect benefits in the sterner affairs of life.

"What are you grappling with this time?"

The young man groaned:—

"The title alone gives me delirium tremens, 'Amplify the definitions of the principles of war set out in F.S.R., Vol. y, Section Z,'" he quoted. "Why the blighters who wrote it couldn't be a bit more explicit I don't know. If there's more to be said why couldn't they have said it?"

"My poor benighted young heathen," laughed the elder, "don't you realise that to-day's sport has provided you with enough parables to help you to amplify the principles of war till the cows come home?"

The young man looked interested.

"I believe the time is ripe," continued the elder, "to deliver my little homily on 'The hunting field as a school for soldiers.'"

"Father always said it was," broke in the younger, "but the fellows in the mess say the idea's a bit out of date for we tank people."

"'He that hath ears to hear,'" ranted the elder, "'pigeons don't fly roasted into the mouth' and 'God helps those who help themselves'—I'm as full of mottoes as my breeches are of rain water—but listen, I've been keeping this up my sleeve till I felt you had learnt to love the game sufficiently to submit to getting a little military meat out of it. Talking will keep us warm and pass the miles away, so whether you like it or not, here goes."

"If only it helps me with that infernal——"

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"As your senior officer I must ask you to refrain from referring to your appointed tasks in such terms," bantered the elder, "our survey is going to be broader. Important as it is to satisfy your Commanding Officer it is still more vital that you should be able to argue with your fellow second lieutenants, and more vital still that you yourself should be convinced that what father told you is still true. Far be it from me to dogmatise, however, so you must draw your own conclusions—let's walk."

Following the indications of the elder the pair reined in their jogging horses, dismounted, and proceeded to tramp along on foot.

"The time is?" queried the elder.

"Half-past four," replied the younger, peering at his watch.

"And we started at?"

"Ten o'clock, wasn't it?"

"And we've been hard at it all the time, soaked to the skin almost from the start and we've another hour or so in front of us. What time did we breakfast?"

"It was years ago, wasn't it? I've had nothing but a soggy ham sandwich since and now you've mentioned the subject I feel I could eat a boiled fox."

"Question one," stumped the elder. "What other pursuit submits one to such long and continuous exposure and exertion? I'm not talking of those who drive to and from the meet in motor cars and titup about for an hour or two only, but the real sportsman who takes a sufficiently intelligent interest in his horse to want to see him out and home properly, and means to see as much of the hunt as one horse will allow him to."

"Rugger's no child's game," put in the younger.

"I'm absolutely with you," agreed the elder, "but it demands what you might call 'concentrated essence' of physical vigour, which is not the same thing, from a military point of view, as the drawn out physical strain such as hunting and campaigning demands."

"I must think about that," said the younger dubiously.

"Question two," went on the elder. "Have you enjoyed to-day?"

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"Oh, yes, every minute of it."

"Every minute of it? That includes the hack out in that disgusting, soaking gale, waiting at draughty covert sides and while hounds checked, the trip we are doing now, as well as the exhilaration of those topping gallops we've had. Is that so?"

"Rather," affirmed the younger eagerly, then added after a pause, "though I never before imagined that I could enjoy being out all day in weather like this."

"And the reason?"

"Well—er—it's all such—er—dashed good fun."

"Quite, the anticipation and realization of the sport and the subsequent cogitation gets and keeps your pecker up. In other words, your feelings are elevated, so your physical being scorns discomfort. In the same way, would you take that last stile and foot-bridge as light-heartedly, now, in cold blood, as you did to get into that field to enable you to be in at the death?"

"Not on your life."

"No, because your feelings are different. What has F.S.R. got to say about feelings?"

"F.S.R.—feelings?"

"Same thing, morale. Morale is a matter of feelings, and F.S.R. puts the moral factor well above the physical, doesn't it? So if you've never thought of it before remember to-day and it will rub in the full meaning of those few cryptic words on the subject. Remember, also, that as far as oneself is concerned high moral—that is feelings capable of rising above physical discomfort and overcoming taxes on one's nerve—high moral is a faculty which can be developed just as you develop a bicep. The more one does that which calls for pulling oneself together the easier it becomes to do so. How many times have you had to harden your heart to-day?"

"Don't ask me," groaned the younger.

"Can you think of any other pursuit which for six or seven hours at a stretch calls for so many efforts?"

"That question requires notice," said the younger evasively.

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"The horses are getting cold, let's mount and jog on for a bit," the elder suggested.

"Not on this tarmac?" the younger said apprehensively.

"If you hold your horse together with an easy rein and firm legs, he'll travel safely enough."

"I never did like this business," grumbled the younger as he got into the saddle."

"Perhaps not, but it's for the horse's good, so indulge in another elementary exercise in mobilizing your moral."

They clop, clopped along in silence for a few minutes.

The wind had grown stronger and a driving rain began to fall, causing shoulders to rise higher and chins to sink lower, so that the conversation was resumed from the depths of their respective waistcoats.

The younger was the first to speak, "What about my inf . . . I mean, my appointed task?"

"All in good time. I shall come to that presently. I first of all want you to tell me a few items of military value to-day has produced for you."

"Oh—er—I'm afraid I haven't thought much about it, but I quite see that it has done me good."

"How?"

"Well, um, that's another question requiring notice."

"What was the gist of those mottos I hurled at you just now?"

The younger man thought for a moment.

"That a bloke doesn't get something for nothing."

"Exactly, and for father's words and mine to have their full meaning you must be on the lookout for this military value or you will miss half of it. I can see that I must get on with the talking again."

"Suppose," the elder went on, "Instead of hunting to-day I'd got you out on, say, a reconnaissance instruction parade?"

"Perish the thought," flippantly broke in the younger.

"Yet what were those notice boards I drew your attention to from time to time?"

"Trespassers will be prosecuted."

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"Yes, but not hunting folk on hunting days. And what does that convey to you?"

"What damned lucky fellows we are."

"Nothing else?"

"Um——"

"Doesn't it mean that for hours we chase about country ordinarily closed to the public, that we are constantly exploring new country, under, very often, peculiarly distracting circumstances?"

"Peculiarly distracting, yes, I agree."

"Which means, if you come to think it out, that not only is the eye continually taking in new things, but every yard of country is producing surprises, particularly the fences. Even if we are content to follow my leader we must be prepared for a succession of emergencies, for not till we ourselves are at a fence can we tell how it must be taken. Conditions vary even with known fences, a yard or two up or down from where we jumped it before—a bigger drop, the ditch wider, take off harder or softer; and weather conditions alter even the best known surfaces and landscapes. That post and rails under that overhanging tree to-day, for example, I've jumped it scores of times, but never before have I floundered in a quagmire just as I was taking off."

"I was just behind you and my heart accelerated like a three-litre Sunbeam."

"So did mine, and not for the first or last time, I can assure you."

"I never thought you minded those things."

"A lifetime's hunting and a fair share of crashes doesn't make one careless of the risks, but the love of the game makes one prepared to accept them—otherwise one might as well chuck it."

"But to return to our muttons. As I've just said, to be content to follow my leader gives eyes and brains plenty of activity, but to work out the hunt for oneself and to enjoy what one ought to be there for, seeing hounds work, there must be super-activity, looking and thinking well ahead, ready to vary

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one's course irrespective of what the rest of the field are doing, according to a number of indications which only a quick eye, or sometimes ear, can deduce. The chances and changes of the actual ride become merely incidental to——"

"Ye Gods! I've a lot to learn."

"And you've learnt a lot if you've learnt that."

"Thank you, sir. I really am anxious to excel at this game, but you were saying?"

"That the rough and tumble of the actual ride becomes merely incidental to the maintenance of the objective."

"The *what*?" The exclamation of the younger ended on a high note."

"I told you I was coming to your—er—appointed task."

"I was enjoying this talk, but now you have reminded me of the said appointed task my bliss is shattered, but, 'Forward, McDuff!' I am braced to the strain. But first may I ask a question?"

"Certainly."

"I still don't see where we tank fellows get much 'military meat,' as you call it, from hunting."

"With a sledge hammer I will drive it in. Everything we've talked of applies to soldiering of any sort, whatever the means with which we sally forth to the battle—hardihood, quick eye and quick wits!"

"That's all true, of course."

"Well, and how, for example, would you describe travelling in a tank?"

"Um—er—well, your expression just now rather fits it—'peculiarly distracting.'"

"Doesn't becoming accustomed to one form of 'peculiar distraction' help another?"

"I believe you are right."

"We claim for the tank 'fire power,' 'protection,' and——?"

"Mobility."

"Quite. On what does mobility depend?"

"The machine, of course."

"And?"

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"The engine and all that sort of thing."

"That all comes in your term 'the machine'—a vital factor is the personnel inside. Where the machine will go depends largely on the people who drive and guide it. Quick eyes for shaping a course, judgment as to negotiable ground, judgment as to using ground to suit a definite purpose, thinking and looking well ahead and around, and not like the motorist whose vision is necessarily restricted by hedgerows and the necessity for giving concentrated attention to his immediate line of advance."

The elder paused.

"And what opportunities do we get for practising this with tanks?"

"Training and manœuvres," promptly replied the younger.

"Over ground we all know backwards. Occasionally, when the 'Manœuvre Act' is in force we have the chance of getting over new country—subject to a hundred and one restrictions."

"That's very true."

"Real mobility includes all we've talked about as regards crossing a country, sufficiently a part of our nature to enable us to do all we ought to do instinctively, unaffected by any number of——"

"Peculiarly distracting circumstances."

"*Yes*!—and prepared for all emergencies, with a hundred and one things to engage our attentions. When you've had time to think about it tell me if you think any other pursuit gives so many opportunities for combining all these things, all of which are going to help you very materially to command a tank, and still more, a tank unit."

"Well, now," the elder continued after a pause. "Let me see if I can't help you with your little job."

"Little job!" groaned the younger.

"It's only a question of getting the idea to enable one to see more than may at first meet the eye in these, in fact, well put together, enunciations of principles."

"That sounds good. Some of them are easy enough, but others want a bit of amplifying'—the one you just quoted for example."

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"'Maintenance of the Objective.' In other words, in war, as in everything in life, progress is only achieved by having a definite object in view and by keeping that object in view in all we do. All our problems are answered by the question, 'Is this going to assist directly the job in hand?' If we don't think and act in this manner we shall be led off to all sorts of irrelevant excursions. Hunting field example: the 'Objective' is, or should be, to see hounds work. All our actions must be guided by that consideration—when to thrust, when we can afford to ease our horse, to take risks, to follow my leader or seek our own line. What is right at one time may be wrong at another.

'We can only sift out in our minds the proper course to take by asking ourselves that question I've just mentioned. Get into the habit of doing this. Think out for yourself the number of times to-day, or in any hunt, when circumstances have altered cases, and you will get a clearer idea of the full meaning of 'the maintenance of the objective,' and become accustomed to acting up to the principle always.

"'Offensive action.' You are thrown on to the defensive when other people's actions dictate what you are to do. You must have an 'offensive' attitude of mind when hunting—in the military sense, I mean, of course—get out your patrols from the start, your eyes and ears, so that you will know what is happening and be ready to strike the first active blow in the maintenance of the objective, instead of merely blindly and defensively following the crowd, which would in all probability lead you nowhere.

"With this we can include a consideration of surprise, security and mobility—mobility this time, in the strategical sense. Your 'enemy' is the pack which will escape you unless you are prepared to cling on to it. The book refers to surprising your opponent, but the first step is to avoid being surprised yourself by actively—that is offensively—pinning down his movements—security—so that you, yourself, can shape your own course of action without delay, which is strategical mobility.

"Example from to-day. I saw you 'coffee housing' by the

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Deepdene spinney. You were neglecting all these principles, and you were caught 'on the hop,' hounds stole away with scarcely a whimper, and you, with your fellow chatterboxes, missed the best gallop and some of the prettiest hound work of the day."

"Don't rub it in."

"All right—but remember next time. I'm afraid this is becoming a bit of a lecture—let us walk for a bit to vary proceedings. The rain has stopped—thank goodness."

"My tale will soon be told," the elder proceeded when they had dismounted. "There remains 'Concentration, Economy of Force, and Co-operation.' Of the first two, you can't have the one without the other. Keep your efforts for the time and place where things really matter, then spare nothing. Until then give your attention to saving every ounce of energy, nerve and other resources."

"To-day's example. You may have noticed I did'nt hesitate to take that very unpleasant stile and footbridge we spoke about just now. Why? It was a vital last step in the maintenance of my objective, living with hounds—as it was apparent that they must bring down the fox before he reached the cover. No time to hesitate or look for an easy place round, all or nothing, the quickest way, or all my previous efforts wasted. And my horse was able to make this effort because throughout the day I hadn't wasted any energy—I'd practised 'economy of force.' To quote one of several examples of when the principle was neglected, you and a lot more charged that rasping stake and binder—I swung over to the gate. I'd seen hounds with their heads up and knew there were no hurry, so didn't mind being thought a funk-stick or slow coach. We are at our last fence now—'Co-operation.'"

"Well, thank goodness we get away from that over-ridden nag."

Not at all. If this principle was not put into effect from start to finish there would be no hunting. If, instead of shivering at the covert-side while hounds were drawing, you careered about, we should never get the fox away. If you over-ride hounds while they are running, they cease to hunt. With a

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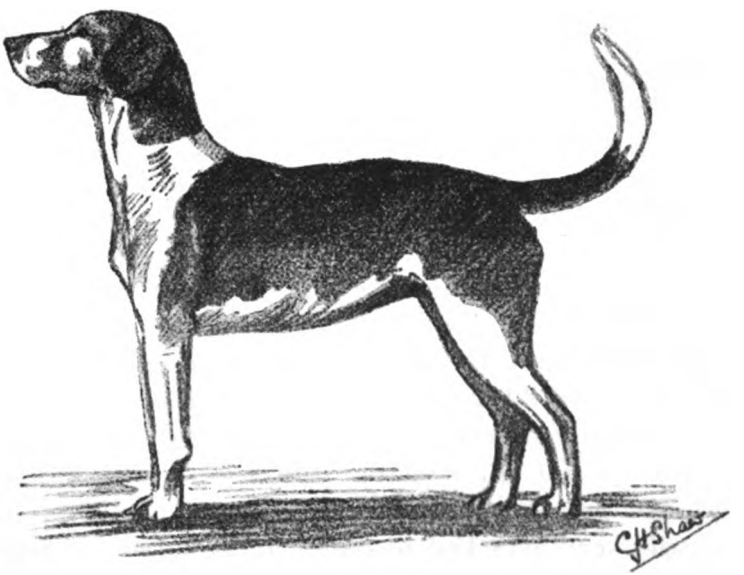
score of people charging at the only available gap there must be co-operation to avoid an almightly crash. You must be ever ready, whatever the circumstances, to make way for the hunt staff. We only jump when necessary and close gates to avoid damage to the property of those excellent fellows, the farmers, by whose goodwill we are able to hunt. What is all this but the same idea as infantry, artillery, tanks and aircraft all working to a common end on the battle-field—'Co-operation?'"

The horses swung up their heads and whinnied.

"Be Gad! We are nearly home," exclaimed the younger, stepping out to keep up with his horse's quickened paces.

"The horse instinctively knows his home," said the elder. "We can only be good soldiers if we instinctively act up to the precepts of our 'Bible.' Learn to understand the book by applying its precepts in all the affairs of life."

"Including hunting," said the younger merrily.



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B.C. LEGENDARIES

By SIEGFRIED P.

Simon Fearless.

DELHI.

THE sun beat down on long yellow grass. The little moisture which was still held below ground level kept the root tufts a pale shade of green. Otherwise everything was of yellow tinge, from the men's thin khaki to the dusty horizon which melted into a nondescript coloured sky. The monsoon had been short and early that year. Its effects were already wearing off.

A small group stood behind the grass jungle. Some horses were held by soldiers near by. It was 10 a.m. Squadron training was earlier this year than usual. It was getting very hot. The squadron commander was soundly rating a group of Indian Officers and N.C.O.s. He was very angry. "You're a useless lot of blockheads," he stormed. "No initiative, no drive. If you won't get a move on on your own, I'll jolly well make you. Mount!"

The little crowd dispersed at a double. "They are a lot of blighters, Pelman. They haven't the gumption of lice. By Jove! If only I had a squadron of Tommies. A great war's coming, and here I am."

Second Lieutenant Pelman admired his senior enormously, but this address would have annoyed him if he had thought that his Captain really meant it. Captain Fearless had not been home to Europe for three years. He required a change. He was apt to get very irritated with his "Aryan brothers," though he was really very attached to them, and adored his regiment. Besides, it was an infernally hot morning.

"Well, Sir; I expect even Tommies would be a bit crumpled by this heat," he answered, wiping the perspiration from under

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the edge of his 'lungi'" (turban). "You know that Indar Singh understands every word you say, and is standing only three yards behind you, straining his ears," he added in an undertone.

"Jolly good for him to hear the truth," was Fearless's reply. "That's all he does, strain his ears. I'll strain him somewhere else in a minute."

Fearless settled himself on his big vicious chestnut. Horse and rider were renowned throughout the Punjab since they had won the Kadir Cup in the previous year.

The two officers trotted up to the squadron. "We are going to do drill as for inspection; so follow me, and keep your proper distances and intervals. Trot! Form line!" shouted Fearless. The squadron were scarcely in the new formation before "Gallop" followed.

The squadron commander rode in front. The directing troop leader followed as closely as he was able. The ground scouts on either flank strove to keep well out. It was beyond their powers. Fearless signalled to them to come in. It was evident to Pelman, riding on a flank, that the squadron were in for it!

A black horse with white points bolted out of the ranks and disappeared into the bush. "Star Face always does that. He ought to be shot," thought Pelman to himself. 'Thank God, I'm not his rider."

They were galloping through low grass. Some blackbuck sprang up, glanced at them, and went bounding into the undergrowth. The line thundered into low "jao." A peacock rose screaming, and a covey of grey partridge came sweeping high overhead, after their first helicopter ascent. The men were fighting to keep in line. Many were being jostled out, and protested. 'Chup row" (shut up), roared Fearless, glancing back. There was silence instantly.

The country was getting thicker, but the pace did not slacken. From "jao" the line crashed down two feet into deep waving grass. It was low for elephant grass, luckily. Crushing and jostling through, the troop leaders had great difficulty in keeping their men together. So far no one had fallen. It seemed a miracle to the young subaltern.

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Fearless shouldered the line out of the grass, and they found themselves in mimosa scrub. Pelman's arm went up before his eyes as a low branch of thorns nearly took his turban off.

A six foot deep nullah, three yards across, suddenly confronted them. The line rose like a great wave. Having cleared the gaping hole, Pelman looked back. One man was knocked backwards by a well-known side-jumper; another horse was brought down beyond the ditch; a third horse's head was bobbing up and down in the nullah, trying to find its way out. Its rider scrambled over the edge.

On they tore. Men and horses were out of breath now. Many men were bareheaded; lungis galore had been wrenched from heads by the thornbushes. They stuck to it; they all had a wholesome respect for the wrath of the Captain Sahib.

A sandy cliff loomed up in the heat haze. They were galloping over sand now. Up the fifteen-foot incline scrambled the horses; only one slipped and went rolling down to the bottom again. Over the brow and on over "caked" soil with some sparse grass, and then down! down! over the brink of another cliff, twelve feet sheer into the dry bed of a river. Only one man tumbled. They dashed on, through a belt of "jao" and then over pebbles into the stream. There were deep pools in places, where the horses had to swim; their riders sliding off up-stream and letting their chargers tow them by the mane-lock.

Pelman's horse half swum as the water came up to the girth straps. Pelman tucked his legs back from the knees. It got no deeper. He was thankful.

Fearless galloped his dripping horse up the "mica" shining white sand to rising ground beyond. He flung up his arm and dismounted. His round red face was warm. He was smiling.

"Water the horses in ten minutes' time," he shouted. "Orderly, bring my gun. It was lucky he didn't fall, wasn't it, Pelman? I forgot about the guns. You got yours all right? Come on. We ought to get a few partridges."

"They're not such bad chaps, really," he repented as he looked back over the heaving ranks below him. "We'll see what damage has been done on our return."

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BELGIUM.

There was a thick mist over everything. The advanced patrol was advancing cautiously up the road. The Brigadier had told Fearless that he did not expect to meet any enemy that morning, and, anyway, he must push on.

Fearless, on service, had already made a name for himself. He had been on leave studying watercolour painting in an art studio in Paris when war broke out. Besides being a serious-minded soldier and a great sportsman, Fearless was no mean performer with brush or pencil. He had hurried to London; and by the help of a friend commanding a British cavalry regiment short of officers, he had got his troop of Tommies.

During the retreat from Mons fabulous exploits were attributed to him. Fearless, a great performer at assault-at-arms in peace time, had ordered himself a special sword of his own design. The handle was at an angle to the blade. He said that it was tiring to keep one's forearm bent over to the left in order to keep one's blade straight and one's guard secure. This sword certainly wrought frightful havoc amongst an Uhlan patrol whom he chanced to meet. He and his men charged them on sight in a village street. The strange sword ripped under the guard of a heavy German, whose body toppled back—an astonished stare on its owner's face. Fearless reined up forty yards beyond, rallied his men and galloped back at the disorganized enemy. "Charge," he shouted once more. Dashing into them, they completed the Uhlans' downfall. The few Germans remaining in their saddles galloped off. His men said that Fearless had killed three to his own sword.

Fearless did not know what it meant to be frightened, but this morning the mist bothered him. He had foreseen the present war. He had advertised its coming, and studied the psychology of Bernhardi and the Germans in their military works. Now that the British force were advancing, he felt no uncertainty as to the outcome. His few encounters with the enemy had been so fortunate that he was beginning to discount danger completely. But the mist annoyed him, be it said again. His scouts in front were so slow. "Hang it all! the General

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meant what he said. They must get on—push aside any opposition. Besides, the enemy are probably miles away by this time."

He was with his vanguard troop. He trotted on and found the scouts halted in the road. "I'm coming on with you," he said.

They went up an ever-increasing incline. "The monastery," said Fearless, consulting his map. "Look here, you two! Go round the village and report if all's clear." He, himself, dismounted. After a ten minutes' wait the whole of his squadron had come up. Fearless had received command of a squadron after the retreat owing to casualties among the senior officers. The vanguard troop were only a hundred yards ahead.

Fearless grew impatient. "We can't wait all day, Melbury," he said to his second-in-command. "Those scouts ought to have come back by now. I'll just ride on with the vanguard again. We'll have the main body on top of us in a minute." He trotted off.

"Where are the rest of the section those two scouts belong to, the ones who went round the village, Sergeant?" he asked.

"With me, Sir," came the reply.

"Good Heavens, man, why don't you push them on through the village by the main street? No wonder we're wasting time. Come on, you men"; and he led the way up the grey road. Swirls of white mist engulfed them.

They could only see about fifteen yards ahead. A wall loomed up in front. The road was very steep now. It took a turn round the corner of the wall. Fearless trotted on, turned the corner and found himself between tall houses. A window, high up in a turret, faced him.

Crack! Fearless reeled in his saddle. He had just time to shout "Get back" to the section behind before he died.

The second-in-command was badly wounded in trying to rescue the body. In the end the Squadron Sergeant-Major effected it.

Fearless's face was serene.

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THE ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS IN THE YEAR 1740

By Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B.

In the Library of the *Royal United Service Institution* there is a somewhat rare book which purports to be an Army List for the year 1740, an interesting period in the history of the Armed Forces of the Crown.

During the years of comparative peace which had followed upon the conclusion of Marlborough's campaigns, the British Army had been very drastically reduced, and at the time of the outbreak of the war with Spain in 1739 the establishment of the Army had come to be fixed at no more than 18,000 men, distributed among eleven regiments of cavalry and forty-two battalions of infantry of the Line.

The declaration of war led, as usual, to the hurried raising of new regiments, mainly of infantry, and, for the officering of these, a call appears to have been made upon those officers who had been vegetating on half-pay since the early days of the century and the close of the wars of Marlborough; while in a publication of the day, known as *Hooker's Weekly Miscellany*, the gratifying information is vouchsafed that "a great number of brave old subaltern officers are arrived from Ireland and the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey in expectation of being provided for in the regiments which are ordered to be raised with all expedition." The Army List above-mentioned gives not only the roll of officers actively serving at this date with the existing regiments of the Standing Army, but it also contains "a list of the reduced officers of His Majesty's Land Forces and Marines entitled to receive half-pay in Great Britain, to which is added their ages, dates of their First Commissions, and the time they

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were put upon half-pay and the occasion thereof." A study of these rolls shows that there were at this period something like 800 officers on half-pay—the majority of them since 1712; that these belonged to some hundred or more reduced or disbanded regiments of horse and foot, and that some of those were young men who were recalled to help to form the Officer Corps of the new regiments now being hurriedly raised consequent upon the menace of the war with Spain; as a matter of fact the united ages of three officers posted as subalterns to one of the regiments so raised totalled 150, one being 47, another 50, and the third 53 years of age! No doubt the general officer who inspected this regiment when its formation was completed, made in his inspection report the stereotyped remark that "this Regiment appears to contain a very promising body of young officers!"

If we take at random two cavalry (reduced) regiments of that day, we may be astonished at the ages of the half-pay officers who then constituted the Army Reserve of Officers; there were in 1740 fifteen officers on the rolls of the one—captains and subalterns—and thirteen on those of the other, whose ages averaged 61, and of these twenty-eight no fewer than six had already exceeded the allotted span of three score years and ten!

One wonders what induced those veterans to hang on for so very many years on half-pay; it can hardly have been the monetary recompense, for this was trifling enough, especially for the junior ranks, though money, no doubt, went considerably further in those days than it does under a 1930 Budget—a cornet of Horse receiving only half-a-crown, a captain five shillings, a major seven and sixpence, and a lieutenant-colonel ten shillings *per diem* on half-pay. But they stayed on and on those men; cornets and lieutenants of 70 and 80 years of age are by no means uncommon, though a close scrutiny of the rolls *does* reveal the fact that they contain the name of one ensign, a mere child of seven and twenty! Of the ardent and enterprising cavalry officers who had been "reduced" in the dull and uneventful years between 1712 and 1739, and who now no doubt hastened cheerfully to buckle on their harness again and

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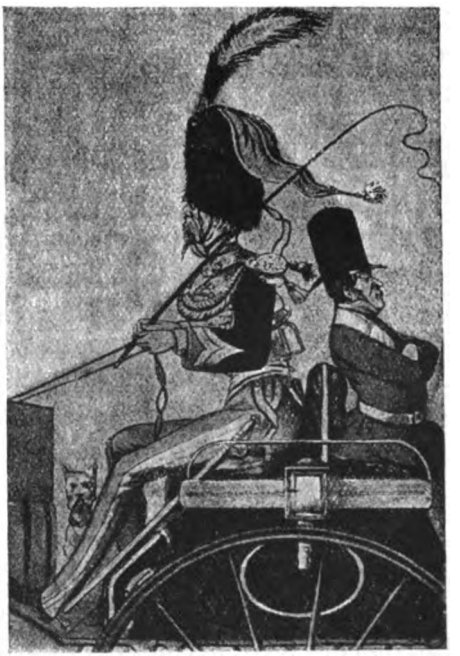
join the throng of "brave old subaltern officers" who, as Mr. Hooker assures us, were hastening to join the new regiments ordered to be raised, there were many who must by reason of their advanced age have confidently expected to end their days on the half-pay upon which, since the days of Blenheim and Malplacquet, they had languished—such men as may be found in this Army List of 1740 with their names, ranks *and* ages all somewhat ruthlessly set down in black and white; for instance, Lieutenant William Otter, of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, who in 1740 had arrived at the ripe age of 94, or that other "Reduced" subaltern, Lieutenant Henry Davis, who was 111 years of age!



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A DAY WITH THE CHILEAN CAVALRY

By Major W. Lloyd Jones (Captain of Invalids).

Shortly after the War, seeking new pastures to recoup mind and body after the weary years of strife and turmoil, I found myself in the charming little city of Santiago de Chile. How fresh and delightful everything and everyone seemed. The bright colours and the gay throngs on the crowded avenidas soon dispelled the gloom and forebodings of those terrible months when the issue had seemed in doubt, and civilization itself even in danger of collapse. In this new country life appeared more hopeful and all looked forward to a prosperous future, and moreover, Britain was regarded as a model of stability and an example of good Government.

Soon I began to take stock of the institutions of the people whose guest I was, for though I had no letters of introduction, almost at once I was welcomed everywhere by the charming Chileans. Once a soldier always a soldier I suppose, so it was not long before I found myself interested in the Army of this distinctly war-like people. In the Clubs I soon heard stories of the Nitrate War, when the provinces of Tacna and Arica had been wrested from Peru, and are still occupied, forming a sort of Alsace-Lorraine to this very day. The Army has been modelled and trained on the Prussian system with the result that in appearance the troops bear a marked resemblance to our late adversaries. The Navy, which plays such an important part in the life of the country, on the other hand, is modelled on British lines, indeed, most of the ships are English built, while many of the officers have actually served in British vessels.

At the time of my sojourn in Chile a Spanish Prince happened to be visiting the capital so I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the troops when they were paraded for his

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inspection, and formed the various guards of honour at the ceremonial functions which were given in his honour.

However, as I was anxious to get a closer acquaintance with the personnel of the Army, I was delighted when I found myself seated next the Minister of War one evening at a dinner party. The Minister made things easy for me and almost at once offered to assist me.

There was shortly to be an inspection of the Cavalry Squadrons of the garrison on the great plain which lies between the foot of the snow-clad Andes and the Capital, and it was arranged that a Staff Officer should wait upon me at my hotel, escort and look after me for the rest of the day.

On the appointed morning I was up betimes and ready booted and spurred, when punctually at 5.30 a smart limousine drew up and out stepped an elegant Cavalry Colonel in the undress uniform of a dragoon.

Colonel Fernandez introduced himself in excellent English, for which he apologized as he explained, that he talked French and German better as he had been military attaché at different periods of his service in both those countries. Here I must remark that in Chile nearly all the educated classes speak French and English, and that the young señoritas are, if anything, better educated than the men.

It was a bright crisp morning and the sunlight danced upon the snow-clad peaks of the Andes as we swept through the broad tree-lined avenues leading out of the suburbs of Santiago towards the local Champ de Mars! My companion took the opportunity of giving me further information of the organization of the Army. It appeared that service was compulsory for three years, though the term was reduced to one year for volunteers, if they proved themselves efficient within that period. The Artillery and Cavalry were selected and received special training at the military schools at Santiago. To-day the squadrons to be inspected consisted of the one-year volunteers which if satisfactory would be passed into the reserve. We were now approaching the open plain and occasionally

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passed mounted staff officers accompanied by orderlies, all of whom carried lances as well as carbines and swords.

Arrived at the rendezvous, the Inspecting Officer, a weather-beaten veteran who might have been a cavalry brigadier in any European Army, acknowledged our salutes and proceeded at once to issue his orders to the knot of officers in charge of the troops. Our mounts were now led forward, lean, well-bred looking cobs, very sensibly bitted and bridled, much of the stamp issued to the Mounted Infantry at Longmoor, where I had once a course in my early service. Feeling rather anxious, as this was the first occasion on which I had attempted to ride since the amputation of my left leg, I enquired of my conductor if he was sure that the beast selected for me could be relied upon. His confident smile at once reassured me, so mounting carefully I was soon too interested in watching the troopers and the manœuvres to feel nervous about myself.

As we moved off, we passed a dismounted squadron which had just marched in some twenty miles, and was awaiting its turn for inspection. I was much impressed by the wiry little mounts, hard as nails without an ounce of superfluous flesh and on excellent terms with the sallow dark-eyed little troopers, who rather resembled Japanese, though the whole turn out reminded me at once of the Indian frontier cavalry with whom I had once spent a few days on manœuvres. The men in their white fatigue jackets and equipment devoid of anything which might catch the sun, excepting always the flashing lance-heads, presented a very workman-like appearance.

The inspection proceeded much as inspections do, the fool of the batch fell off just in front of the saluting base as the squadron thundered past, and was audibly cursed by the stern sergeant-major of the permanent staff. The young troopers responded gamely to the demands made on them by the highly nervous young officers, who in some cases were helped out by the initiative of the old non-commissioned officers with the squadron, who countermanded wrong orders and swung the hesitating lines in the required direction.

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The Inspecting Officer saw and heard everything without winking an eyelash, and then laconically dismissed one squadron as not yet sufficiently trained. The other two were ordered to dismount and rest till further orders for a tactical exercise should be issued. Very crestfallen, the humbled squadron moved off down the road. The officer in charge, a heavy jowled, bad tempered looking young man, obviously cursing the men as soon as he was out of earshot of the Staff. The troopers were much the same as the others and I felt sure that the trouble lay with the leader, another example of Napoleon's dictum, there are no bad regiments only bad commanding officers.

During the lull in the morning's work I was presented to the Inspecting Officer, who received me with great cordiality and intimated that he was delighted to see that an English officer had taken the opportunity of acquainting himself with Chilean troops. Murmuring that the good fortune was mine, I rode on with the General but was unfortunately unable to converse with him as my Spanish was still poor and he had no French. However, orders are much the same in all languages and I was easily able to follow the mimic attack of the two squadrons on the supposed rearguard of a retreating enemy. I was much impressed by the tactical skill of the officers but noticed that the excitable young soldiers were rather inclined to expose themselves and over anxious to get home with the *arme blanche*, perhaps a fault to which all cavalry are prone and soon cured by the experience of a cool enemy who can shoot straight. However there was no denying the soldierly spirit and *elan* of the troopers, who became quite heated and excited as they closed on the supposed enemy till at last the squadron which had been sent to outflank the position charged home, with the fearsome and awe-inspiring yell of victorious cavalry all the world over.

The cease fire now sounded, the General summed up in a few words, commending the tactical leading of the officer in charge of the flanking party, gently chided the undue temerity of the frontal attackers, but expressing himself on the whole favourably impressed. And now to lunch at the Cavalry School.

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As soon as the excitement was over I began to feel my leg, no, where my leg used to be; and was relieved to be lifted gently from the saddle and placed in the car. My kind conductor now produced a flask and revived me with an excellent cordial.

Two officers now approached, and laughingly explained that that they had lost bets over me.

An Officer had pointed me out and offered to bet that I had lost a leg. Unable to believe it, as my artificial limb was in every way a facsimile of the other they had refused to believe it until they had actually spoken with me and confirmed the fact for themselves.

At the Cavalry School a delightful "dejeuner" awaited us, which I thoroughly enjoyed, though so many glasses of champagne were pressed upon me that at length I had to resort to the stratagem of hiding glass after glass under my chair. Before leaving I was made an honorary member of the mess and asked to invite myself when I felt so disposed.

The Staff were very interested in our Army and knew all about the exploits of British Cavalry leaders, especially those of Allenby, for whom they had evidently conceived a great admiration.

Many times later did I meet the friends made that day, and always did they impress upon me the fact that there was no British Military attaché with the Chilean Army. At the President's ball I noticed that of all the Powers the British uniform was alone missing, though I believe that now the deficiency has been made good, and none is I am sure so welcome to the Army and gay, brave people of Chile.

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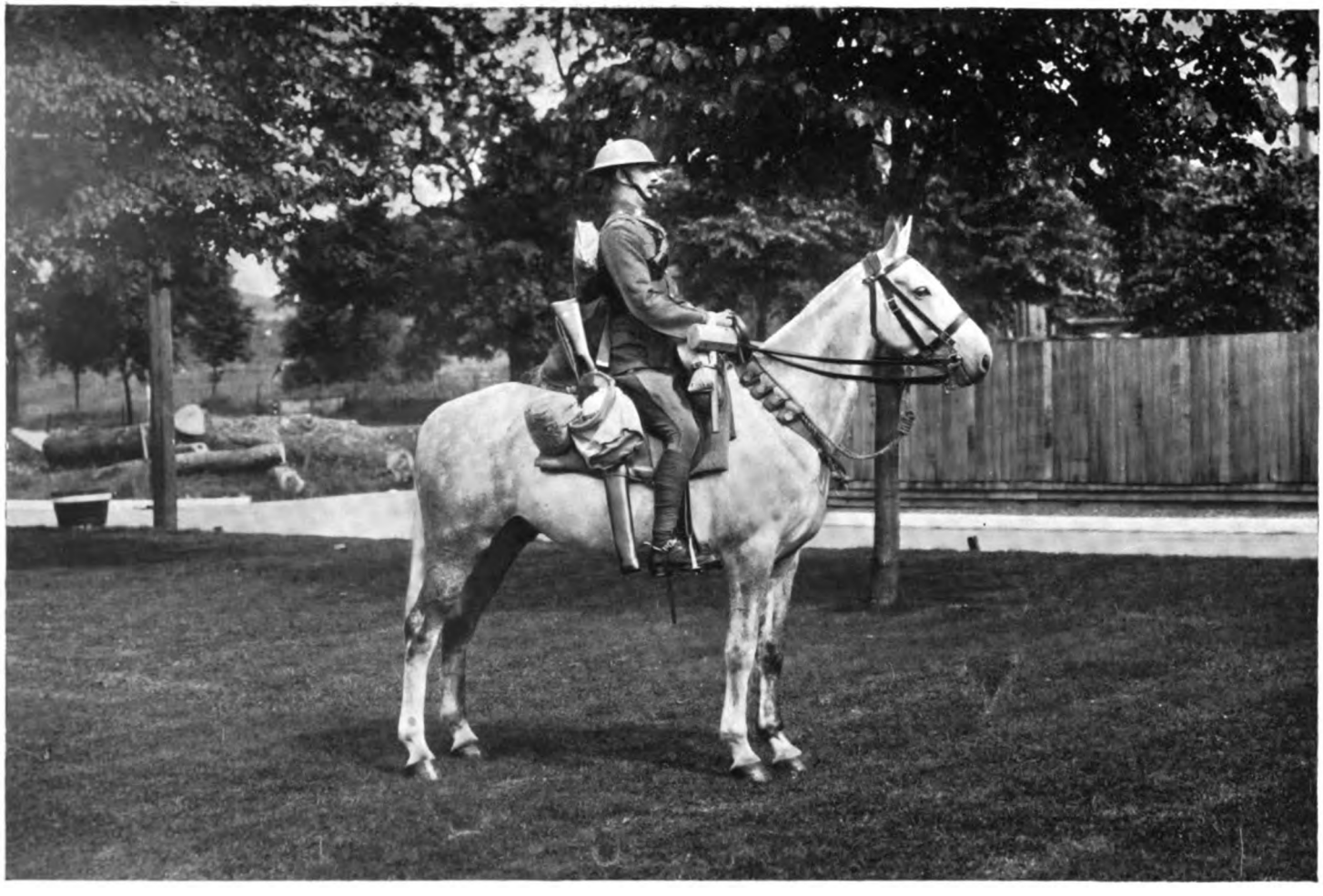

FIELD SERVICE MARCHING ORDER 1918
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THE MOUNTED TROOPER IN 1918 *AND* 1930.

At a demonstration given at Tidworth recently of a Mobilized Cavalry Regiment, a horse and man equipped according to the scale laid down in 1918 was shown as a comparison with the horse and man of 1930. The accompanying illustrations show the near and off side views of the 1918 and 1930 mounted trooper.

The weight taken off the horse according to the latest mobilization regulations is 32 lbs. 11¼ ozs. The following table shows "the weight off the horse" in detail :—

Weight carried by Horse in 1930.

	lbs.	ozs.
Average weight of man	160	0
On man and horse—		
(*a*) Clothing, necessaries, etc.	15	4
(*b*) Arms (rifle and sword)	13	8
(*c*) Ammunition, 60 rounds S.A. Ball .303...	3	12
(*d*) Accoutrements	11	12½
(*e*) Rations and water	3	0
(*f*) Saddlery and feeds	43	0
Total weight carried on horse in 1930 ...	250	4½

In 1918 a horse carried all the above and the following in addition :—

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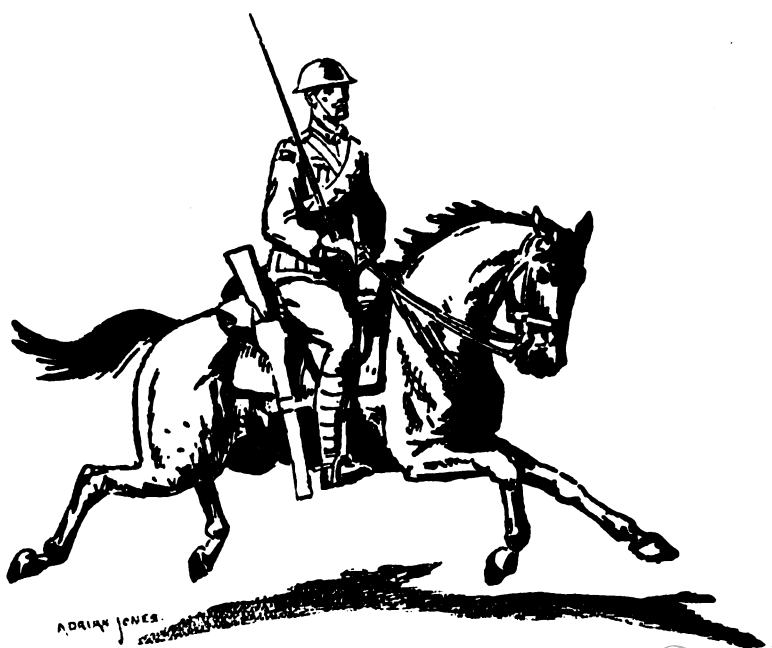
(*a*) *On Horse*—

	lbs.	ozs.
Greatcoat	7	8¾
1 pair wallets, containing—holdall filled, housewife, iron ration, spare underclothing	9	6½
Bag, nose, with 6 lbs. corn	7	0
Piquetting gear and grooming kit	5	2
(*b*) *On Man*—		
In haversack—cup, S.D., 1 pair socks, cap comforter, towel and soap	1	12
In bandolier 30 rounds S.A.A. (making 90 in all)	1	14
Total extra weight carried by horse in 1918	32	11¼

N.B.—All this extra weight is now carried in 1st Line M.T.

	lbs.	ozs.
Total weight carried by horse in 1918 ...	282	15¾
Total weight carried by horse in 1930 ...	250	4½
Total weight off horse	32	11¼



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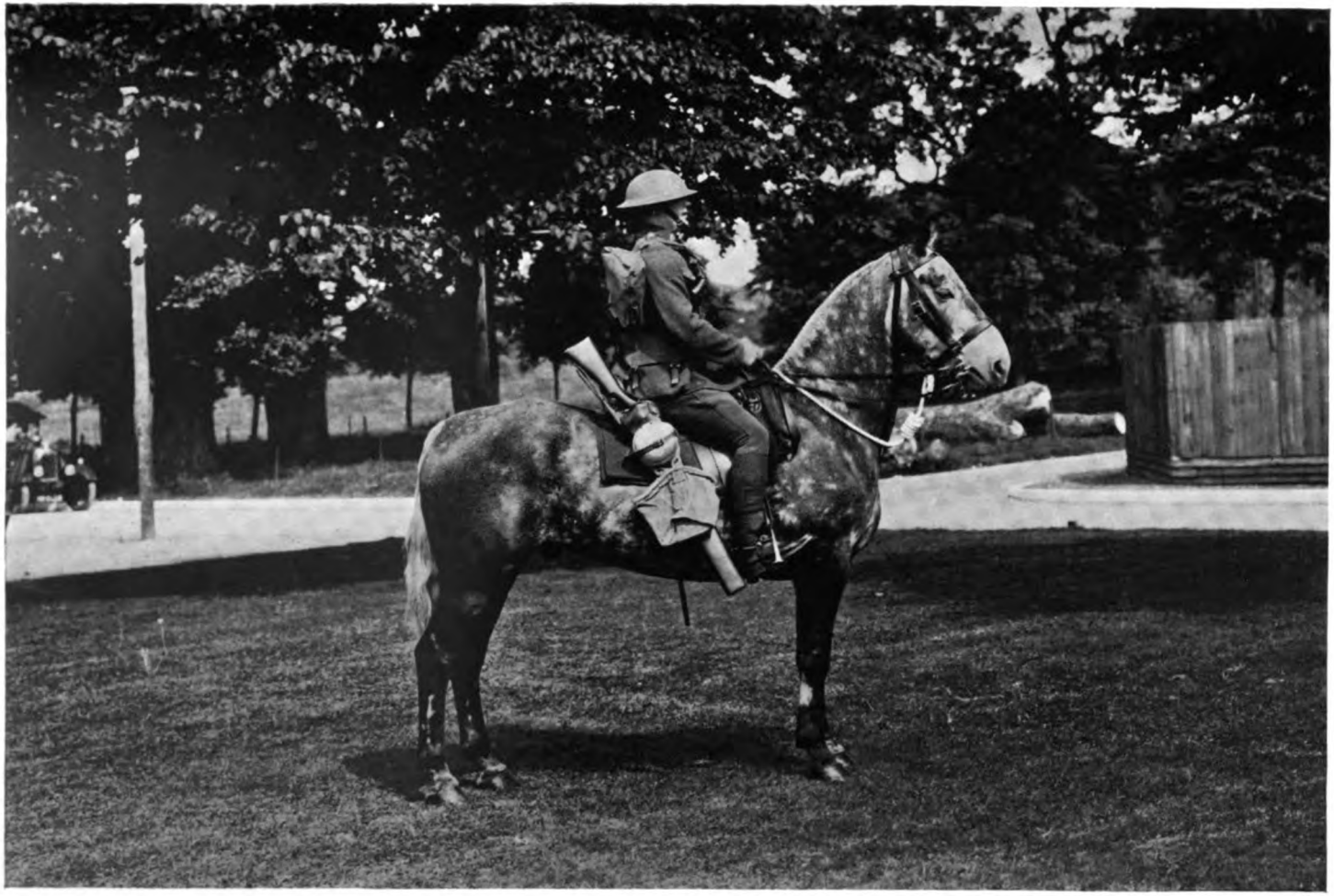

FIELD SERVICE MARCHING ORDER 1930
(Off Side)

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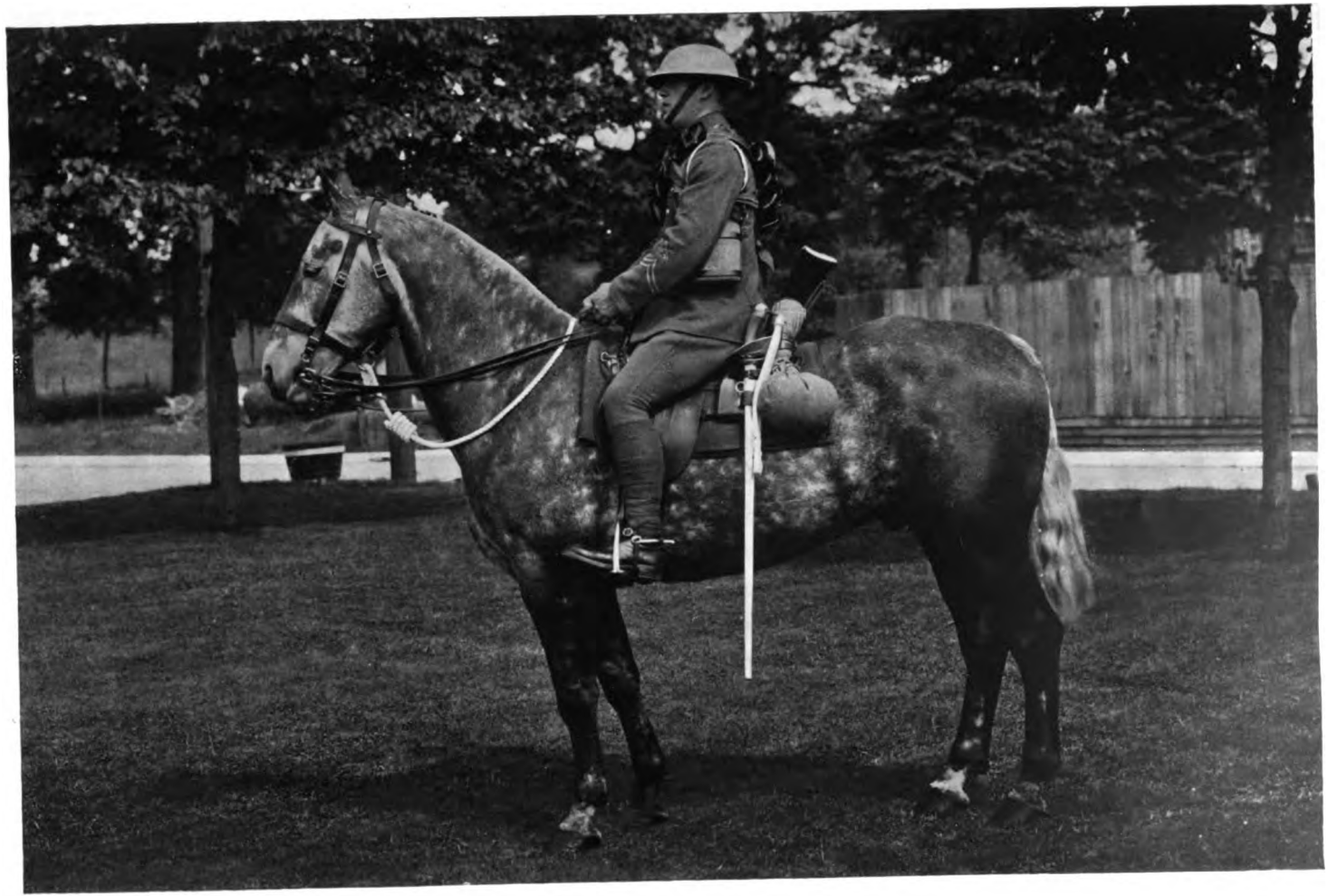

FIELD SERVICE MARCHING ORDER 1930
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THE OUDH CAMPAIGN OF 1859

By HYDERABAD.

1. *The Task in Oudh.*

To follow the course of the campaign in Oudh in 1859 is not easy. The troops engaged in completing the suppression of the revolt were divided into a number of columns, acting under the general direction of Sir Hope Grant and Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell). These columns were usually composed of all arms, and in them there found a place corps of the most diverse descriptions. The gunners were represented by the Royal, Bengal, Madras and naval artillery; amongst the cavalry units were regular British regiments such as the 7th Hussars, "scratch" European corps of Yeomanry Cavalry, and irregular regiments of Punjabis, besides regular Light Cavalry from Madras. The infantry included officers and men of the Royal Navy from H.M.S. "Pearl" as well as details of the Indian Navy; battalions of the Line such as the 53rd Foot and two battalions of the Rifle Brigade; some of the Company's Europeans; Indian military police—Rattray's Sikhs, the 1st Bengal Police Battalion, afterwards absorbed in the "new model" Bengal Army; and hastily-raised infantry from the Punjab.

The operations were as varied as the troops. The first British objective was the demolition of the vast number of small forts with which Oudh was infested, and which had been allowed to remain standing when that territory was annexed in 1856. It had been a corollary of Dalhousie's policy that these forts, of which there were no less than 1,600, should be demolished and the population of Oudh disarmed; but when the time came for such action to be taken he had left India and no steps

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were taken by his successor Canning to carry into effect the disarmament of Oudh. There would indeed seem to be some doubt whether Dalhousie had ever enunciated the policy of disarmament officially, though in his own mind he had no misapprehension as to the danger underlying the presence of arms and strongholds throughout the newly acquired province. The importance of this quantity of war material lying ready to the hands of the revolting Oudh peasantry in 1857 has not hitherto been given the weight which it deserves. The task of those whose duty it was to restore order was much prolonged by reason of the lavish military equipment of the Oudh rebels.* It may indeed be doubted whether the Lucknow garrison would have made such a prompt appearance on the scene in 1857, or would have played such a prominent part in setting up the banner of revolt, had not the Bengal troops and their comrades of the Oudh Auxiliary Force been aware of the substantial armed support which the local inhabitants were in a position to give them. This factor is not, it is believed, alluded to in any of the existing histories of the Mutiny; and, weighty as it is when considering the outbreak as a whole, it is still more necessary to bear it in mind when following the fortunes of the British columns which restored order in Oudh. To the armed and warlike state of the country and its peoples was due, in the main, the fact that the task of pacification took three years.

It is perhaps popularly supposed that the Mutiny was, for all practical purposes, at an end so soon as the second and final relief of Lucknow had been carried out. Nothing is further from the truth. When Sir Colin Campbell's troops completed their task at Lucknow, on Sunday, 21st March, 1858, there still remained unsubdued districts and unconquered thousands which kept British columns occupied in the field for two more years. At the beginning of 1859 the number of rebels driven into Nepal was estimated at 50,000, of whom 30,000 were sepoys. It was not till more than twelve months had passed since the relief of Lucknow that the last action against organized bodies of

*In October, 1859, when disarmament had at last been carried out, the number of firearms recovered in Oudh was given as 1,367,406. Many more must have been lost or destroyed (*Illustrated London News*, 1st Oct., 1859).

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mutinous troops was fought, when in the fight at the Sarwa Pass on 21st May, 1859, the last formed body of rebel soldiers was dispersed. The last shots on the Oudh frontier were fired two days later, but even after this active operations continued elsewhere, for in Central India and Bundelkhand a number of small columns were actively employed even up to the spring of 1860. A British officer of the Central India Horse was killed in action as late as June, 1860, and the Hyderabad Contingent was still pursuing, in the Berar jungles at the end of November in that year, bands of Rohillas whose turbulence was a legacy of the great revolt.

It was to Oudh that the greater part of the mutinous Bengal sepoys flocked after the recapture of Lucknow by the British, in company with those landowners and peasants who had committed themselves irrevocably to the overthrow of the British *raj*. There they sought refuge, first under shelter of the "private" forts scattered throughout the province and, later, when they had been ejected from one after another of these strongholds, in the thick jungles of the Nepal borderland in which they hoped to find an Alsatia. From their first positions they were expelled by Lord Clyde in a series of drives, and their last state was worse than their first. The ultimate remnants of the mutineers, those of the rebels who had implicated themselves too deeply to come within the terms of any amnesty, entered the deadly jungles of the Terai foothills, to find that not only was there no refuge there—for the Nepalese permitted British columns to pass the border in the pursuit of any considerable rebel gathering—but also that their egress was barred, their movements restricted, and their supplies cut off by the British troops who blockaded every pass and ford which gave access to the plains below. Outfought and outlawed, fever and starvation claimed as victims all but those who gave themselves up in despair to the British on the south or the Gurkhas on the north.

2. *The Close of* 1858.

As soon as the rainy season of 1858 had come to an end, Sir Colin Campbell—who had now become Lord Clyde—began to

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put into execution his careful plans for rounding up the rebels. These plans, in brief, consisted of the simultaneous employment of a number of columns, the combined movements of which were to sweep the district lying between the Ganges and Gumti rivers and drive the rebels beyond the Gogra, and then by a further series of movements to force them across the Rapti and into the Nepal hills. The deliberate manner in which Lord Clyde set about the operations evoked much criticism in the English press in India, and one Calcutta paper went so far as to say that he was the "very worst Commander-in-Chief that had ever appeared in India." But, canny as he was by nature and race, he aimed at the complete pacification, not merely the overrunning, of every district that his forces entered. He realized that other commanders, though successful in every battle, had not exploited their successes in such a manner as to effect the permanent restoration of order in the territory in which they operated.

The first part of Lord Clyde's plan went swiftly and almost without a hitch. Active operations began early in October, 1858, immediately the country became passable after the monsoon rains, and "before the close of the first week in December the southern portion of Oudh, between the Ganges and the Gogra, was absolutely mastered. Then the Commander-in-Chief moved northwards from Lucknow, winning battle after battle, and demolishing fort after fort as he went; while Hope Grant, also moving northwards, but more to the east, pursued a similar victorious course. By the close of the third week in the month it was evident that those rebels who were still in the field were becoming dispirited. On the 2nd [December, 1858] the Begum's vakeel came into the Commander-in-Chief's camp to ask what terms she might expect. All the rajahs and talookdars who were still at large had already sent their vakeels on like errands. On the last day of 1858 the Commander-in-Chief defeated a body of rebels at Banki, near the frontier, and expelled them from Oudh."*

*Rice Holmes, "History of the Indian Mutiny," 2nd edition, London, 1885, p. 515.

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3. *The Outset of* 1859.

Thus, at the outset of the year 1859, the situation was that the great majority of the rebel forces had taken refuge on the Nepal side of the border, many of them in the tract roughly opposite to Banki on the river Rapti. The fords of the Rapti, and all other exits to Oudh, were strictly guarded by British detachments. This blockade was in the main part highly efficacious, though many mutineers threw away their arms and crept past singly to their homes. Indeed, a blind eye was turned to single fugitives; and it was estimated at the time that the rebel strength in Nepal, which had perhaps amounted to 50,000 men, was depleted by half during the first quarter of 1859. It was against the irruption of formed bodies that the blockade was really directed; and only one such body evaded the watch and broke through to Oudh, to find a brief shelter in a half-ruined fort. Just after Clyde's victory of 31st December, 1858, however, we find a record of the passage southwards of the last coherent remnants of the mutinous Bengal cavalry, when the surviving fragment of the 12th Bengal Irregular Cavalry slipped past under the rebel leader Prince Feroz Shah in an attempt to join fortunes with Tantia Topi in Central India. This dash was without success, for the party encountered a British column on the way and 150 were killed.

In the west Brigadier Francis Rowcroft, operating near the Gogra, had fought a partially successful action at Tulsipur on 23rd December, 1858; but, owing it is said to his lack of cavalry (he had only two troops of regular Madras Light Cavalry and the " scratch " Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry) the rebels escaped with few casualties and the loss of only two guns.* Viscount Wolseley, who was at the time a captain on Hope Grant's staff, however roundly ascribes the failure of Rowcroft (whom he calls " a weak old Indian fossil ") to lack of co-operation between that commander and the eccentric Lord Mark Kerr, commanding the 13th Foot (Somerset Light Infantry). Rowcroft's column was,

*According to Hope Grant himself ("Life," ed. by H. Knollys, London, 1894, Vol. II, p. 33) only two guns were taken; but by the unpublished diary, generally accurate, of Lance-Sergeant M. Devery, 53rd Foot, who was present, three were captured.

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from its slowness of movement and motley appearance on the march, dubbed by the other troops the "Hackery Brigade"—properly the soubriquet of the second-line hired transport.

Apart from this minor setback, the year 1859 opened favourably for those engaged in the restoration of order. Yet much remained to be done; and, as will be narrated, the British forces found themselves engaged hereafter in one set battle each month with disciplined bodies of rebels till at last Clyde's policy was consummated in May. This series of actions seems to have escaped all but passing notice by those who have told the story of the revolt; nor even is there any account of it to be found in the histories of the regiments engaged, as the Queen's Bays, 7th Hussars, or 53rd Foot (Shropshire Light Infantry). The epilogue is inexplicably absent from all texts of the tragedy of the Mutiny.

4. *The Action of Kundakot, 4th January*, 1859.

Sir Hope Grant, on hearing of the action at Tulsipur, determined to join forces with Rowcroft and set matters straight; and the two columns converged on Dalhari, near the Nepal frontier, on 4th January, 1859. The insurgent commander Bala Rao, brother of the Nana Sahib, was in the vicinity with 6,000 men and fifteen guns, having retreated along the edge of the jungles to Kundakot [or Kumbda Kote], where there stood a half-ruined fort at the junction of two rivers. Brigadier Taylor was at Tulsipur with H.M. 53rd, a troop of Madras Horse Artillery, and 200 of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry (who had joined him on the night of the 2nd/3rd January and brought with them three naval guns which were handed over to the artillery). On the 4th January both Hope Grant's and Taylor's columns moved upon Bala Rao: the former column had halted for the night about five miles from the enemy's reported position. The troops with Hope Grant were: 9th Lancers, 13th Foot, 79th Highlanders, Regiment of Ferozepore, a wing of the 27th Madras Native Infantry, Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry (less 200 men with Taylor), two troops Madras Light Cavalry, one battery Madras Horse Artillery, and a naval contingent from H.M.S. "Pearl."

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Hope Grant's own account of the action is as follows: ". . . . in about two hours I saw a sprinkling of red-coated rebels in the border of the jungle. I immediately directed a small column to advance through it in a westerly direction towards Kundakot, and shortly afterwards I followed in the same direction with the main body, until I came to where the principal force of the rebels was posted in thick cover. My advanced column on the right had already engaged them, and had thus diverted their attention, most fortunately for us, as their guns were so well concealed in the thicket, that had they opened fire, they would have inflicted severe loss on our advancing troops. However, all the courage had been driven out of the faint-hearted wretches, and they would not stand a moment, running away like wildfire, and leaving their fifteen guns in our possession. I pursued them through the jungle, but we had a hard scramble: our guns were obliged to proceed along the edge outside. At last we reached open ground, and I was delighted to find that the other columns had arrived at the rendezvous, with the same precision as though we had been going through a field-day manœuvre. Brigadier Taylor had seen some of the enemy a long distance off, and had sent cavalry and artillery after them; but the guns got into difficulties at a nullah, so the poor wretches escaped." The activities of the 53rd Foot in Taylor's column are thus described by Lance-Sergeant Devery: "Marched at half-past eight . . . . about four mile and took up a position to cut off the enemy's retreat while General Grant attacked them on the other side. The attack commenced about 11 o'clock. We couldn't hear any big guns firing. We had two companies out skirmishing but never fired a shot. The enemy retired in another direction, leaving 13 guns, etc., behind. Nos. 9 and 10 [companies] followed the rebels up and came up to them as they were trying to get two guns away out of a nullah. They were not allowed to fire at them." It was on this day, so Hope Grant records, that a copy of one of the British proclamations of amnesty was found in the possession of a captured rebel, who said that its terms were known to all but that they had not

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dared to avail themselves of them, as Bala Rao had given out that anyone attempting to leave his force would be hanged.

On 8th January Lord Clyde departed from Banki with the bulk of his force, leaving Brigadier Horsford to guard the Rapti fords with the 7th Hussars, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 1st Punjab Cavalry, 5th Punjab Infantry, and other troops. Hope Grant met Clyde at Bahraich, and took over from him the future direction of the operations in Oudh, being specially enjoined "to keep the frontier on the borders of Nepal closely shut up, so as to prevent, if possible, the escape of any rebels into the lower country." Having assumed command, Hope Grant left for Horsford's camp on the Rapti on a visit of inspection.

5. *The Action of Sitka Ghat, 9th February*, 1859.

The next development was the request, apparently voluntarily preferred, by the Maharaja Jang Bahadur of Nepal, that British columns should not hesitate to cross the border into Nepal when it appeared that by so doing any considerable body of rebels might be encountered. This permission was granted early in February, and reached Horsford on the 8th of that month. He was not slow to act. The next day at 5 a.m. he led his force* across the Rapti and through the five miles of dense jungle which lay between that river and the Nepal border. After proceeding some miles further, the Brigadier detached a column about 1,200 strong under Colonel Percy Hill of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade to recross to the right bank of the Rapti where, at a crossing named Sitka (or Sidka) Ghat, the enemy was reported to be, so as to get into the right rear of the enemy's position, which was completely commanded by high ground. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade in this column advanced along the right bank; two more under Major A. F. Warren went through the jungle on the flank; and the Indian troops under Major Vaughan followed a course further removed from

*This force included the 7th Hussars; the usually accurate history of the regiment by C. R. B. Barrett (London, 1914) is in error in stating that the 7th were stationed at Ambala in January, 1859. The regiment actually left Horsford's force on 23rd February, 1859: see *History of the Indian Mutiny*, by Charles Ball (London, no date—c. 1860), Vol. VII, p. 582.

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the river. "The companies near the river extended in skirmishing order, the right file resting on the river's bank. After advancing some distance they found themselves in front of a hill, which they were obliged to file round along the water's edge. This was no easy work, for the ground was very difficult, and interspersed with rocks and great boulders. As they were thus proceeding, on reaching a bend of the river they found themselves in front of the guns of the enemy, who were in a strong position on some rising ground. These guns immediately opened fire on them with grape, but did little mischief, as the fire flew over their heads, wounding one man only. The riflemen moved rapidly forward, and as soon as they were clear of the rocks formed and proceeded across the shingle, keeping up a smart fire which did much execution. But the rebel gunners stood by their guns till the riflemen were close upon them. Then they bolted and escaped into the jungle, giving the slip to Major Vaughan, whose force had been sent round to intercept them. They left fourteen guns and a mortar in the hands of Hill's force."* This was the whole artillery of the rebel force: some royal drums, carriages and much ammunition were also taken.

In the meantime, the main body under Horsford, "having given the attacking party twenty minute's start, moved on along the plain, keeping the Rapti on the left, till about three in the afternoon, when they entered a dense forest. The ground became hilly and the road bad. At half-past three they made another halt of twenty minutes, and were just falling in when they heard guns open in the front. They pushed forward, and soon came to a very steep hill, which they ran down, and found themselves on the bank of the river, and saw the skirmishers of the other wing entering the jungle on the opposite bank. They were ordered to halt; and after the fight the other wing recrossed the Rapti and joined them. . ." Neither side appears to have suffered any casualties in this queer action!

6. *The Actions at Butwal, 25th, 28th and 31st March*, 1859

The principal success during March, 1859, was achieved by

*"History of the Rifle Brigade," Sir Wm. H. Cope. London, 1877. P. 418

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a column under Brigadier R. D. Kelly,* which included Murray's Jat Horse, the 3rd Sikh Infantry, the 7th Punjab Infantry, and some artillery. Entering the hills on the 24th March, he attacked on the 25th and captured four guns. On the 28th he came into contact with the main body of the rebels under Bala Rao, near Butwal, capturing 6 elephants, 30 camels, and more than 600 horses; 400 of the rebels being left dead upon the field. On the 31st the 1st Ferozepore Sikhs had what Lance-Sergeant Devery ("Diary," 31st March, 1859) describes as "a hand to hand fight with the rebels, which ended by the destruction of a great many of the enemy, and the loss on our side was one officer (Captain Grand)† and about 22 of the Sikhs killed and two officers and 43 Sikhs wounded. A reinforcement, consisting of the H. [?] Battery and a wing of our regiment, was sent out about 10 miles (where the action took place) but they were too late. The enemy bolted into the jungle." What had happened was that the 1st Ferozepore Sikhs, whilst on the march from Tulsipur to a place about 10 miles away, were attacked *en route* by a greatly superior rebel force. Surrounded, they formed square and temporarily abandoned their transport. The enemy was finally beaten off from the square, the British casualties being (by another account) one officer (Grant) killed, two officers (Beckett and Anderson) wounded; 35 Sikhs and 10 of Hodson's Horse killed; and a great number of sepoys, followers and horses wounded. (Ball, *op. cit.*, vii., 606.) The diarist himself was not present at this battle, but on 3rd April he went out to see the ground and records: "This is where the fight took place with the Sikhs. There was about 400 of the enemy killed. I went out to see the dead sepoys. They were scattered all along the jungle. One of these fellows killed Captain Grand (Adjutant of Sikhs) and four Sikhs with his own hands, and was just in the act of cutting down another Sikh, when another Sikh cut his arm very near off. He is now lying in a nullah dead. He was a fine noble looking young man too, he had evidently been an officer." This

*Afterwards General Sir Richard Denis Kelly, K.C.B.

†Lieutenant Grant.

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diary, under the same date, adds a few particulars of minor importance but interesting nevertheless: "113 of the enemy all mounted came in and gave themselves up yesterday. There were 10 of the Cawnpore mutineers and they have been detained. All the remainder got 3 rupees 8 annas a man and were sent about their business to their homes, but all their horses have been taken, starv'd looking animals they are too. . . The E flat Clart. player of the 53rd N.I. was killed here." The 53rd Bengal Native Infantry was one of the three Bengal battalions —the 1st and the 56th were the others—which had mutinied at Cawnpore in June, 1857; and all three had kept together and fought side by side against the British. The 53rd B.N.I. had sustained heavy loss at the action of Amorha on 5th March, 1858; it has just been related how Kelly inflicted further punishment on them on the 25th and 28th March, 1859; yet there was still some fight left in them, for they were to form part of the only considerable force which penetrated the British blockade and re-entered Oudh, as will be seen hereafter.

7. *The Capture of Bangaon, 27th April*, 1859.

In April the rebels' attitude caused anxiety. Increasingly uneasy at the determined efforts of the British to drive them from the jungles of the border, they renewed their attempts to escape to the plains of Oudh; and Hope Grant began to fear lest another hot-weather campaign should be thrust upon him. His anxiety was reflected at Army Headquarters, and on 9th April Major-General Sir William Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), Chief of Staff to Lord Clyde, telegraphed to Hope Grant: "The Commander-in-Chief thinks you should go yourself to Fyzabad with all despatch to take personal command of all the troops. You must be ruled by your information; but it seems that all the rebels are out of Nepal and coming south. . ." Two days later, in a private telegram, he remarks: "It appears there has been want of energy amongst officers in command of posts, seeing that the enemy have been able to get by them without being checked. This will require correction from you. . ." The fact of the matter was that Gujardhar Singh had

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broken through the British cordon with a force of sepoys the strength of which was estimated at from 1,000 to 1,800. Gujardhar Singh was a redoubtable leader known as "the one-armed captain"—he had lost an arm at the relief of Lucknow—and his followers included the remnants of the Cawnpore mutineers already mentioned, the 1st, 53rd and 56th regiments of Bengal Native Infantry. Travelling by forced marches, he raided two elephants from the British force at Sekrora (near Colonelganj); and, pursued thence by Colonel Beauchamp Walker with his regiment the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) and two guns, established himself with his following in the small dilapidated fort of Bangaon, about 24 miles from Gonda.

Walker, applying to Hope Grant for reinforcements, was sent 400 of the 53rd Foot, then at Gonda on their way down country. These marched at midnight of the 26th/27th April, under the command of Major Buck, accompanied by 60 sabres of the 1st Sikh Cavalry. They joined forces with the Queen's Bays about three miles out of camp. Bangaon fort was surrounded about 1 p.m. on the 27th, and in the space of twelve minutes was carried by assault by the detachment of the 53rd Foot, led by Captain (afterwards Major-General) J. A. Dalzell, who was the first man over the parapet. Gujardhar Singh and 150 of his men were killed, and the rest dispersed. This is the last action in which mutinous Bengal regiments can be identified. Another party of the 1st, 53rd and 56th B.N.I. had been defeated and dispersed, with a loss of three or four hundred killed, by a force under Lieut.-Col. McCormick consisting of a wing of H.M. 20th Foot, 200 of the 1st Sikh Cavalry, and a squadron of Hodson's Horse, near Gonda on 13th April. Captain Jones of the 1st Sikh Cavalry was wounded and two troopers killed. Brigadier Horsford had also come into touch with bodies of rebels on 25th April, when his column included the 5th and 6th troops of the 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry. On this occasion the 5th troop, under Risaldar Nizamuddin Khan, Bahadur, "delivered a most brilliant and effective charge into a body of rebel sowars, forty in number, who were dashing across

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the open from a jungle as their only means of escape. Only three of them escaped with their lives," (*Historical records of the Services of Four Regiments of Native Troops* (*no place or date—? Calcutta* 1870), *p.*4).

8. *The Action in the Sarwa Pass, 21st May,* 1859.

In May, 1859, Sir Hope Grant received information that the last remnant of the rebel forces was in the Sarwa Pass. He dispatched Brigadier F. G. A. Pinckney* to Tulsipur and, adding to his own force the 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry and a wing of Brasyer's Sikhs, entered the pass with it on the 21st May. His advance was opposed by musketry from the hills on either side of the pass, and by the fire of the rebels' last two guns on the low ground in front. Hope Grant sent a company up the incline to turn the enemy's right, and to the assistance of this detachment he sent three staff officers, one of whom was later to become Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. After a march of four miles they took the enemy in flank; and at the same time the 7th Punjab Infantry captured the two guns. Grant's A.D.C. was wounded on this occasion.

Two days later the British followed up the enemy into the hills and fired the last shots of the Mutiny in the North. Hope Grant in his " Incidents in the Sepoy War " gives details of the pitiable state of the fugitives, which he took steps to alleviate. Further pursuit was abandoned as unnecessary, and on the 4th June Grant left for Lucknow to take up his headquarters there.

9. *Conclusion.*

How Hope Grant and his subordinate commanders fought successful engagements with the rebels every month from December, 1858, to May, 1859, has been related. Whilst this series of major operations was in train, a thousand and one minor movements were being carried out by smaller detachments; movements so numerous that it is probable that no catalogue of them will ever be compiled, if indeed such were worth compiling. Nevertheless these minor operations must not pass without any

*Frederick George Augustus Pinckney, Colonel 73rd Foot, died at Ghazipur, 11th November, 1859, "while returning from his command in Central Oudh."

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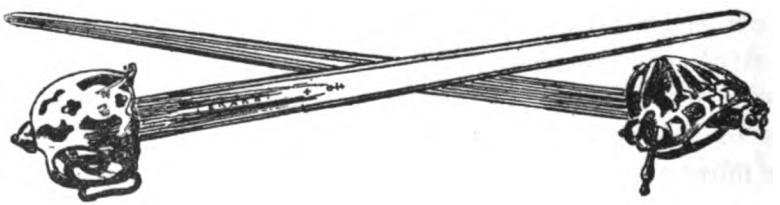
mention, for there is no doubt that in the aggregate they played a great part in the pacification of Oudh and the final suppression of the revolt in Northern India. It was by means of the intelligence gleaned by small parties in dense jungles that Hope Grant was enabled to close with the main rebel bodies; and many an isolated fort was seized and demolished by a column composed of little but a solitary company of infantry. Large columns and small columns, each played their part: the vast network of troop movements was reinforced at regular intervals by stronger strands. Judging by results Hope Grant's deliberate plans were little short of perfection both in their conception and their execution.

It is to be hoped that it is not yet too late for an adequate account of the winter campaign of 1858-9 to be compiled. The sources of information, which for the history of the Mutiny are usually copious to the point of embarrassment, seem in the case of this campaign to be strangely scanty, and such as there are dwindle almost to nothingness for the events of 1859. The feats of Sir Hugh Rose's men in pursuit of Tantia Topi have hitherto outshone the deeds of their comrades in Oudh, and, glorious as the former were, a total eclipse of the latter seems unjustified. The great book on the revolt of 1857-60 still remains to be written: if these notes serve but to indicate to the future historian the existing gap in the story of the reconquest of Oudh they will have served the writer's purpose.



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BATTLE-HONOURS OF THE CAVALRY MILITIA†; AND YEOMANRY.

Compiled by K. R. WILSON.

III.

"FISHGUARD" (1797).

PEMBROKE.

IV.

SOUTH AFRICA.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-01."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. CHESHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. DERBYSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. NORTH DEVON. Q.O. DORSET. FIFE AND FORFAR. Q.O.R. GLASGOW. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HAMPSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. WEST KENT. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. LOTHIANS AND BORDER HORSE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET. W. SOMERSET. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. WARWICKSHIRE. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-02."

AYRSHIRE. LANARKSHIRE. LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. NORTHUMBERLAND. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. SCOTTISH HORSE. SHROPSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. Q.O. YORKSHIRE DRAGOONS. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

† Cavalry Militia Regiments: North Irish Horse; South Irish Horse; King Edward's Horse (The King's Oversea Dominions Regiment).

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"SOUTH AFRICA, 1901."

MONTGOMERYSHIRE. PEMBROKE.

"SOUTH AFRICA, 1902."

2ND COUNTY OF LONDON.

V.

THE GREAT WAR.

Note.—The Battle-Honours of the Regiments printed in smaller type, followed by an asterisk, are NOT borne on the Standards, or Appointments.

EGYPT.

"AGAGIYA."

Q.O. DORSET.

"EGYPT, 1915."

Q.M. SURREY.

"EGYPT, 1915-16."

DERBYSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. City of London.* 1st County of London.* 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. Nottinghamshire.* SCOTTISH HORSE.

"EGYPT, 1915-17."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. DORSET. FIFE AND FORFAR. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. LINCOLNSHIRE. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. K.O.R. NORFOLK. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"EGYPT, 1916-17."

AYRSHIRE. Cheshire.* DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON. GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. SUSSEX.

"RAFAH."

R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. WARWICKSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

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"RUMANI."

AYRSHIRE. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. SCOTTISH HORSE. Warwickshire.* Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

"SUEZ CANAL."

HERTFORDSHIRE. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON.

FRANCE AND FLANDERS.

"AISNE, 1914."

N. IRISH HORSE.

"ALBERT, 1916."

N. IRISH HORSE. S. IRISH HORSE. LANCASHIRE.

"ALBERT, 1916, '18."

DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN.

"ALBERT, 1918."

BEDFORDSHIRE. Essex.* NORTHUMBERLAND. Westmorland and Cumberland.*

"AMIENS."

BEDFORDSHIRE. ESSEX. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

"ANCRE, 1918."

Q.O.R. GLASGOW.

"ARMENTIERES, 1914."

N. IRISH HORSE. Q. O. OXFORDSHIRE.

"ARRAS, 1917."

ESSEX. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.

"ARRAS, 1918."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. HAMPSHIRE. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

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"AVRE."

S. IRISH HORSE.

"BAILLEUL."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"BAPAUME, 1918."

N. IRISH HORSE. CHESHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. N. DEVON. FIFE AND FORFAR. Glamorgan.* Q.O.R. GLASGOW. HAMPSHIRE. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT. Duke of Lancaster's Own.* MONTGOMERYSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* Pembroke.* SHROPSHIRE. W. Somerset.* D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. Welsh Horse.* Westmorland and Cumberland.* P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"BEAUREVOIR."

BEDFORDSHIRE. Essex.* S. Nottinghamshire.* SCOTTISH HORSE. N. Somerset.* Warwickshire.*

"BELLEWAARDE."

Q.O. Oxfordshire.*

"BROODSEINDE."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"CAMBRAI, 1917."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. NORTHUMBERLAND. Q.O. YORKSHIRE DRAGOONS.

"CAMBRAI, 1917, '18."

BEDFORDSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.

"CAMBRAI, 1918."

N. IRISH HORSE. Essex.* LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. Scottish Horse.* N. SOMERSET. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

"CANAL DU NORD."

P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

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"YEOMANRY IN FRANCE, 1917"

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"COURTRAI."

S. Irish Horse. Berkshire.* R. Buckinghamshire.* Q.O.R. Glasgow. Hampshire. 2nd County of London. Q.O. Yorkshire Dragoons.

"DROCOURT-QUÉANT."

A.P.W.O. Yorkshire Hussars.

"ÉPÉHY."

N. Irish Horse.* Cheshire. R. 1st Devon. R.N. Devon. Fife and Forfar. Glamorgan. D.C.O. R.E. Kent. Q.O. W. Kent. Duke of Lancaster's Own.* Montgomeryshire. S. Nottinghamshire. Pembroke. Shropshire. W. Somerset. D.Y.O.L. Suffolk. Sussex. Warwickshire.* Welsh Horse.* Westmorland and Cumberland.

"ESTAIRES."

K. Edward's Horse.

"FLERS-COURCELETTE."

Bedfordshire.

FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-17."

Northamptonshire.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1914-18."

N. Irish Horse. Essex. P.A.O. Leicestershire. Northumberland. Q.O. Oxfordshire. N. Somerset.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915."

Lothians and Border Horse. Q.M. Surrey.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915-17, 1918."

K. Edward's Horse.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915-18."

S. Irish Horse. Bedfordshire. Q.O.R. Glasgow. Duke of Lancaster's Own. Westmorland and Cumberland. Q.O. Yorkshire Dragoons. A.P.W.O. Yorkshire Hussars.

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"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1916-17, 1918."

HAMPSHIRE.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1916-18."

LANCASHIRE. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1918."

AYSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. CHESHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R.N. DEVON. FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. LINCOLNSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. K.O.R. NORFOLK. S. Nottinghamshire.* PEMBROKE. SCOTTISH HORSE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. Sussex.* WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"FREZENBERG."

ESSEX. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. N. SOMERSET.

"GHELUVELT."

NORTHUMBERLAND.

"HAZEBROUCK."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.*

"HINDENBURG LINE."

N. Irish Horse.* BEDFORDSHIRE. CHESHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. N. DEVON. ESSEX. FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. KENT. Q.O. W. KENT. LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. PEMBROKE. SCOTTISH HORSE. SHROPSHIRE. N. SOMERSET. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

"KEMMEL."

LANCASHIRE. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

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"LANGEMARCK, 1914."

NORTHUMBERLAND.

"LOOS."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. S. IRISH HORSE. ESSEX. Q.O.R. GLASGOW. NORTHUMBERLAND. N. SOMERSET.

"LYS."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. Lancashire.* Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE. P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"MARNE, 1914."

N. IRISH HORSE.

"MESSINES, 1914."

Q.O. OXFORDSHIRE.

"MESSINES, 1917."

N. IRISH HORSE. HAMPSHIRE.

"MESSINES, 1918."

P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"MONS, PURSUIT TO."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. BEDFORDSHIRE. CHESHIRE. R. 1st Devon.* R.N. Devon.* ESSEX. Fife and Forfar.* GLAMORGAN. D.C.O.R.E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. Montgomeryshire.* PEMBROKE. Shropshire.* N. SOMERSET. W. SOMERSET. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. SUSSEX. WELSH HORSE.

"MONS, RETREAT FROM."

N. IRISH HORSE.

"NEUVE CHAPELLE."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. NORTHUMBERLAND.

"PASSCHENDAELE."

Q.O.R. GLASGOW. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R. Wiltshire.*

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"PILCKEM."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. N. Irish Horse.* LANCASHIRE.

"POELCAPPELLE."

WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. P.W.O.R. Wiltshire.*

"POLYGON WOOD."

P.W.O.R. Wiltshire.*

"ROSIERES."

S. IRISH HORSE. LANCASHIRE.

"ST. JULIEN."

Essex.* P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.*

"ST. QUENTIN."

N. Irish Horse.* S. IRISH HORSE. HAMPSHIRE. LANCASHIRE. DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. Northumberland.* Q.O. Oxfordshire.* Westmorland and Cumberland.* P.W.O.R. WILTSHIRE.

"ST. QUENTIN CANAL."

N. Irish Horse.* BEDFORDSHIRE. ESSEX. S. Nottinghamshire.* SCOTTISH HORSE. WARWICKSHIRE.

"SAMBRE."

N. Irish Horse.* DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN. LINCOLNSHIRE. NORTHUMBERLAND. S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* SCOTTISH HORSE. WARWICKSHIRE. WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"SCARPE, 1917."

Essex.* P.A.O. LEICESTERSHIRE. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* N. SOMERSET.

"SCARPE, 1918."

Berkshire.* R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. A.P.W.O. YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

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"SCHERPENBERG."

Lancashire.*

"SELLE."

N. Irish Horse. Lancashire.* Duke of Lancaster's Own.* Lincolnshire. Northumberland.* S. Nottinghamshire. Q.O. Oxfordshire.* Scottish Horse. Warwickshire.* Westmorland and Cumberland.* A.P.W.O. Yorkshire Hussars. E. Riding of Yorkshire.

"SOMME, 1916, '18."

N. Irish Horse.* S. Irish Horse. Bedfordshire. Lancashire. Duke of Lancaster's Own.

"SOMME, 1918."

Cheshire. R. 1st Devon. R.N. Devon. Essex. Fife and Forfar. Glamorgan.* Q.O.R. Glasgow. Hampshire. D.C.O. R.E. Kent. Q.O.W. Kent. Montgomeryshire. Northumberland. Q.O. Oxfordshire. Pembroke.* Shropshire. W. Somerset. D.Y.O.L. Suffolk. Sussex. Welsh Horse. Westmorland and Cumberland. P.W.O.R. Wiltshire.

"VALENCIENNES."

Lincolnshire. A.P.W.O. Yorkshire Hussars. E. Riding of Yorkshire.

"YPRES, 1914."

Northumberland.

"YPRES, 1914, '15."

P.A.O. Leicestershire. N. Somerset.

"YPRES, 1915."

Essex. Northamptonshire. Q.O. Oxfordshire. Q.M. Surrey.

"YPRES, 1917."

K. Edward's Horse. N. Irish Horse. Lancashire. Duke of Lancaster's Own. Westmorland and Cumberland. P.W.O.R. Wiltshire.

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"YPRES, 1917, '18."

Q.O.R. Glasgow.

"YPRES, 1918."

S. Irish Horse. Ayrshire. Berkshire. R. Buckinghamshire. Denbighshire. Hampshire. Lanarkshire. K.O.R. Norfolk.

GALLIPOLI

"GALLIPOLI, 1915."

Ayrshire. Berkshire. R. Buckinghamshire. Derbyshire. R. 1st Devon. R.N. Devon. Q.O. Dorset. Fife and Forfar. R. Gloucestershire. Hertfordshire. D.C.O. R.E. Kent. Q.O.W. Kent. Lanarkshire. City of London. 1st County of London. 2nd County of London. 3rd County of London. Lovat's Scouts. K.O.R. Norfolk. Nottinghamshire. S. Nottinghamshire.* Scottish Horse. W. Somerset. D.Y.O.L. Suffolk. Sussex. Warwickshire. Welsh Horse. Q.O. Worcestershire.

"SCIMITAR HILL."

Berkshire. R. Buckinghamshire. Derbyshire. Q.O. Dorset. R. Gloucestershire.* Hertfordshire. City of London. 1st County of London. 2nd County of London. 3rd County of London. Nottinghamshire. S. Nottinghamshire. Warwickshire. Q.O. Worcestershire.*

"SUVLA."

Berkshire. R. Buckinghamshire. Derbyshire. Q.O. Dorset. R. Gloucestershire. Hertfordshire. City of London. 1st County of London. 2nd County of London. 3rd County of London.* Nottinghamshire. S. Nottinghamshire. Warwickshire.* Q.O. Worcestershire.

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"DAMASCUS, 2nd October, 1918"

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ITALY

"ITALY, 1917-18."

K. EDWARD'S HORSE. HAMPSHIRE. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

"VITTORIO VENETO."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

MACEDONIA

"DOIRAN, 1918."

LOTHIANS AND BORDER HORSE.

"MACEDONIA, 1915-18."

LOTHIANS AND BORDER HORSE.

"MACEDONIA, 1916-17."

CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. Nottinghamshire.*

"MACEDONIA, 1916-18."

DERBYSHIRE. LOVAT'S SCOUTS. SCOTTISH HORSE. Q.M. SURREY.

"STRUMA."

DERBYSHIRE. Nottinghamshire.* S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.M. SURREY.

PALESTINE

"DAMASCUS."

Q.O. DORSET. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. HERTFORDSHIRE. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE.

"EL MUGHAR."

BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O. DORSET. R. Gloucestershire.* LINCOLNSHIRE. City of London.* 1st County of London.* 2nd County of London.* 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. Nottinghamshire.* S. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. Warwickshire.* Q.O. Worcestershire.* E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

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"GAZA."

Ayrshire. Berkshire. R. Buckinghamshire. Cheshire. Denbighshire. R. 1st Devon. R.N. Devon. Q.O. Dorset. Fife and Forfar. Glamorgan. R. Gloucestershire. D.C.O.R.E. Kent. Q.O.W. Kent. Lanarkshire. Lincolnshire. City of London. 1st County of London. 2nd County of London. 3rd County of London. Montgomeryshire. K.O.R. Norfolk. Nottinghamshire. S. Nottinghamshire. Pembroke. Shropshire. W. Somerset. Q.O.R. Staffordshire. D.Y.O.L. Suffolk. Sussex. Warwickshire. Welsh Horse. Q.O. Worcestershire. E. Riding of Yorkshire.

"JERICHO."

Cheshire. Denbighshire. Glamorgan. Montgomeryshire. Pembroke. Shropshire.* Welsh Horse.

"JERUSALEM."

Ayrshire. Cheshire. Denbighshire. R. 1st Devon. R.N. Devon. Fife and Forfar. Glamorgan. R. Gloucestershire. D.C.O.R.E. Kent.* Q.O.W. Kent.* Lanarkshire. 2nd County of London. Montgomeryshire. K.O.R. Norfolk. Pembroke. Shropshire. W. Somerset. D.Y.O.L. Suffolk. Sussex. Warwickshire.* Welsh Horse. Q.O. Worcestershire.

"MEGIDDO."

Q.O. Dorset.* R. Gloucestershire. Hertfordshire. 1st County of London. Nottinghamshire. Q.O.R. Staffordshire. Q.O. Worcestershire.

"NABLUS."

Q.O. Worcestershire.*

"NEBI SAMWIL."

Berkshire.* R. Buckinghamshire.* Q.O. Dorset. R. Gloucestershire.* Lincolnshire. City of London. 1st County of London. 3rd County of London. Nottinghamshire. S. Nottinghamshire. Q.O.R. Staffordshire. Warwickshire.* Q.O. Worcestershire.* E. Riding of Yorkshire.

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"PALESTINE, 1917-18."

AYRSHIRE. BERKSHIRE. R. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Cheshire.* DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1ST DEVON. R. N. DEVON. Q.O. DORSET. FIFE AND FORFAR. GLAMORGAN. R. GLOUCESTERSHIRE. D.C.O. R. E. KENT. Q.O.W. KENT. LANARKSHIRE. LINCOLNSHIRE. CITY OF LONDON. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. 2ND COUNTY OF LONDON. 3RD COUNTY OF LONDON. MONTGOMERYSHIRE. K.O.R. NORFOLK. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. S. Nottinghamshire.* PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. SOMERSET. Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE. D.Y.O.L. SUFFOLK. Sussex.* WARWICKSHIRE. WELSH HORSE. Q.O. WORCESTERSHIRE. E. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

"PALESTINE, 1918."

HERTFORDSHIRE.

"SHARON."

Q.O. Dorset.* R. Gloucestershire.* HERTFORDSHIRE. 1ST COUNTY OF LONDON. Nottinghamshire.* Q.O.R. STAFFORDSHIRE.

"TELL 'ASUR."

AYRSHIRE. CHESHIRE. DENBIGHSHIRE. R. 1st Devon.* R. N. Devon.* Fife and Forfar.* GLAMORGAN. D.C.O. R.E. Kent.* Q.O.W. Kent.* LANARKSHIRE. Montgomeryshire.* K.O. R. NORFOLK. PEMBROKE. SHROPSHIRE. W. Somerset.* D.Y.O.L. Suffolk.* SUSSEX. Welsh Horse.*

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LOGIC

I.

THE six-wheeler gave one last despairing roar as she topped the rise and took the down gradient the far side; the driver changed gear with a crash like the slamming of a steel door, and conversation once more became possible.

"There you are sir, that must be Cavalry Division Headquarters, them red and green lights," and the driver pointed in to the valley below already dim with the blue haze of the short Eastern twilight.

The one-armed war correspondent shifted his seat and stretched his legs. Before him was the valley and beyond it a ridge of gravelly hills, the tops of which were coloured a faint orange tint by the setting sun. It was already almost dark in the valley, and innumerable little points of yellow light began to appear, whilst from the growing darkness below came an indefinite murmur, the accumulation of many sounds, men's voices, the neighing and stamp of horses and the hundred other sounds of a bivouac.

At the bottom of the slope the road led through orange groves towards a straggling village. As the six-wheeler passed through these orange groves the war correspondent saw that they were full of vehicles, light tanks, armoured cars and six-wheelers, all covered with branches taken from trees.

"What does 12 A.Cav. stand for on these tanks and armoured cars?" he asked the driver.

"Well, sir, they belong to the 12th Armoured Cavalry. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade must be here; these cavalry brigades now have two horsed regiments and an armoured regiment, you know, sir, and this brigade has the 9th and 17th Cavalry, they are the horsed regiments, and the 12th Armoured Cavalry

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which you see here. They all used to be Lancers, this brigade, before they were re-organised; I know because me brother is a corporal in the 9th."

A moment later the six-wheeler drew up before a group of khaki-coloured tents, pitched in an enclosure on the outskirts of the village. The War Correspondent was trying to explain to a sentry who he was and what he wanted when a Staff Officer appeared out of one of the tents and, as he saw the War Correspondent, came quickly forward to seize his one remaining hand and say, "Why, Harry, old boy, what on earth has brought you here? I thought you were safe with your old sheep in New Zealand."

"So I ought to be if I had any sense, Charles, but I came back to this war, failed to get passed fit because I am short of a hand, and now find myself out here as a scribe whose job is to bring humour and knowledge to the British breakfast table by recounting what you are doing in the Great War Daddy, as we used to say in the wars of our youth. Now, Charles, tell me what I am to do."

"Well, the G.O.C. was warned we were to have a correspondent for this show. You know the policy in this war; I think we have realized that the secrecy business can be overdone, especially as regards suppressing the names of units which have done well. So you can go where you like and write what you like as long as you let us see it before you send it off. You see the idea, 'tell the bints and so hearten the chaps.' Now for a drink and I'll tell you how we propose to make old Popski sit up."

The War Correspondent had already noticed that the enemy was usually referred to in terms of apparent affection and esteem as "Popski," just as "the most formidable soldiery in Europe" was known as "Jerry."

Charles, the G.1 of the Division, was as good as his word, and, after suitable refreshment, pulled a map towards him and explained.

"Here we are and here are the 1st and 2nd Brigades. We have been going all out for four days turning Popski out of

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successive positions. Popski is not much of a lad for the open, and hates tanks, and so far has gone at the first threat to his flanks; but now he has got his flanks on good anti-tank obstacles, the hills and the swamp you see here on the map, and is a very different bird once he has scratched a bit of cover and got his machine guns and anti-tank weapons into play. Well, G.H.Q. say we have got to push on and get this bridgehead over the river here which they are so keen on. Popski has got the best part of two Infantry Brigades strung out in front of us, and I fancy doesn't think a mere cavalry division will dare try and turn him out. He is going to get the shock of his life to-morrow morning."

"Well I am sure I hope so, Charles; but you won't mind if I reserve my enthusiasm. The last contest we took part in didn't exactly teach one to be enthusiastic about offensives, and this looks a bit rash to me unless you are going to spring a surprise."

"Righto, Harry, wait and see; I do believe we have got the goods this time. Now where would you like to go? If you have no special wish I suggest, as you are an old horse gunner, that you go to 'the Troop.' They are with the 1st Cavalry Brigade, and Bonzo has got them now; he was with you on the Somme, wasn't he?"

So off went the War Correspondent to look for his new home; musing to himself that all wars were much the same; eternally looking for something in the dark and wondering where you were going to spend the rest of the night.

II.

Dawn next morning found the War Correspondent picking his way in the half light to the top of a low gravelly ridge, where he found the O.P. of the Troop and the redoubtable Bonzo himself busily engaged in defeating the chill dawn air with a thermos of hot tea.

"If Popski hasn't gone in the night you are going to see some show," said Bonzo. "Ah, there go the patrols now to feel for him."

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It was now almost light and the War Correspondent could make out an armoured car stealing along the road which led down from the crest where they were across a valley and up a ridge opposite. This ridge was about a mile away and was covered with patches of scrub and stunted trees, an occasional outcrop of rock and a few dirty white farms and patches of cultivation. The armoured car was across the valley now and had begun to climb the hill, when from the silent ridge opposite came a sharp double report. The armoured car seemed to break in two in a cloud of black smoke and then burst into a sheet of flame as the petrol caught fire.

"Did any of you chaps see where that anti-tank gun fired from?" said Bonzo. "This flashless propellant is the devil; they are just as hard to spot as machine guns. I see the cavalry patrols are now going across; that is in case Popski has left a single anti-tank gun and escort covering the road to stop armoured cars as he often does. No, he's there all right this time. See if you can spot where any of those machine guns are firing from."

For, in what seemed but a few seconds, the cavalry patrols all along the front were galloping back and, after a sudden burst of machine gun fire, the ridge was as silent as before.

"Now for second act," said Bonzo. "You are going to see tanks and cavalry attacking together under cover of a thin smoke screen, about one gun every hundred yards; the mechanized batteries are doing that."

"Hold on," said the War Correspondent, "I seem a bit out of date; do you know I don't even know what you are armed with."

"Oh, the mechanized batteries have the 3.7 gun-how. and we who do close support, the 3.7 light how.; all the same shell."

"But why are you still horsed?"

"Can't explain that now. Look out the balloon's going up."

As he spoke the still air of the early morning was broken by the thud, thudding of guns behind them, and then the swish and scream of shells going over their heads; the old familiar sounds of the opening of the barrage. Once again the War

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Correspondent felt that thrill which once experienced is never forgotten; a feeling of wild excitement and enthusiasm as if the shells were shrieking at him "Come on, come on, we've got them"; as if some irresistable impulse was urging everything forward, the steel in the air, the man on the ground.

Then on the slope opposite round white balls of smoke sprang up, grew taller, bulged a little, then toppled over and drifted away across and up the hillside on the gentle breeze. Almost before the first smoke shell had changed from a ball to a drifting cloud another and another arrived at the same spot. Soon the ridge opposite was almost blotted out, not by a thick screen but by an ever-changing veil, a tantalizing veil; in one place the smoke drifted till it became but a thin haze, and the outline of the ridge began to appear again; then more shell would arrive and the thin haze became again a woolly billowing cloud, the edges tinted with pink from the early sun.

The War Correspondent was trying to picture the enemy anti-tank gunners peering into this ever-changing veil, now blinded, now almost seeing clearly, now baffled; when his attention was distracted by the roar of engines from behind.

The light tanks of the armoured regiment came over in waves. As they topped the crest they seemed to hang for a moment and then go bucketting and roaring down into the valley. Half way down the slope was a wire fence, and this they seemed to tear up bodily and carry away in shreds without a pause in their career. Close behind them came wave after wave of horsemen, all widely extended and all at full gallop. The pace of this attack was bewildering; one minute tanks and horsemen were crossing the ridge, the next they were disappearing into the drifting smoke on the opposite slope.

"Here come the moppers up," shouted Bonzo.

These latter horsemen were in little groups with machine guns in pack, and here and there a tank to deal with any enemy still holding out. They also disappeared into the smoke, which was now becoming only a haze as the barrage moved up over the ridge. Through this haze the War Correspondent could make out the moppers up, sometimes shepherded by a

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friendly tank, chasing fugitives and collecting prisoners, or pressing on over the crest in the direction from which the sounds of the barrage still came. To the right, in front of a group of buildings which lay in a slight hollow, were three derelict tanks from which fumes still poured; whilst from all round came the rattle of musketry and the occasional chatter of a machine gun. Here was evidently a post holding out, and the moppers up were working round it dismounted.

"This is where I come in," said Bonzo. "H.E. 106 all three degrees right of zero," and followed it by more of the strange incantations of his trade.

The War Correspondent was admiring the accuracy with which Bonzo's little howitzers were planting round after round into the buildings, when a quiet voice at his side said, "Well, what do you think of this?"

He turned to see the spare figure of the Cavalry Brigadier beside him. "Yes, here you see the logical development of Klip Drift and El Mughar. Yet it is surprising how long it took us to realize the power of the combination of tanks and horsemen. We tried tanks and infantry; that was no good because of the difference in pace. Then we tried complete armoured brigades and found that their operations degenerated into mere raids; and raids in a country as devoid of night clubs as this are not much use. Now you see the ideal, the horseman and the machine combined in one arm so as to get real co-operation. It is after all only logic!

III

Dusk the same evening found the War Correspondent sitting on the banks of a river, feeling more tired than he ever remembered in his life. He had come fast and far since he had watched the attack of the cavalry division at dawn that morning.

It was a typical Eastern river. The bed was formed by a depression about half a mile wide and thirty feet below the level of the surrounding plain. At this time of year the river flowed in three or four main streams, and many smaller

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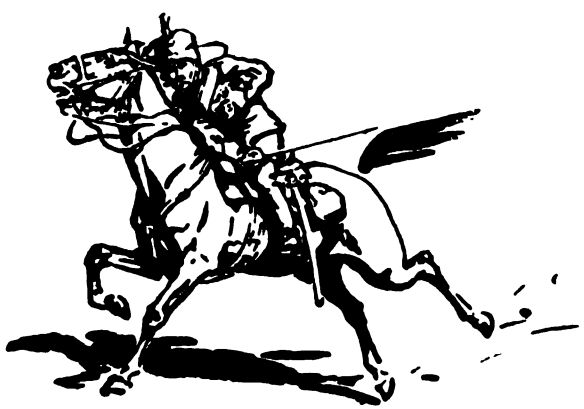
channels, some quite shallow, some just fordable by a man on a horse.

Immediately below the spot where the War Correspondent was sitting was a long column of cavalry with machine guns in pack fording the stream. The shallowest places were marked with flags, and the column twisted and turned like a long brown snake. But even so he could see that in places the water was half way up the saddles, and that the horses had some difficulty in keeping their feet. On the bank to his left were six-wheelers unloading ammunition, reserve machine guns and wireless sets, which were being loaded on to rafts and poled across the streams to the usual accompaniment of cat calls and witticisms of the British soldier, delighting in a job outside his usual routine.

In rear of the last squadron came Bonzo's battery; the little howitzers almost disappearing completely under the water in the deeper channel, but the teams seeming to find less difficulty than the cavalry horses, possibly because they were held together by the harness.

Bonzo drew out to watch his teams across.

"Hard day on the skins; still they don't look too bad do you think? We are going across now with the mounted regiments to form the bridgehead. It will be at least twenty-four hours before this river is bridged for any of the mechanized stuff. Now you see why we are not mechanized. We are the close support weapon, and it is our boast that we can go anywhere where a man on a horse can get. It is after all only logic."



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THE NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY AND ITS LEADERS.

By Capt. E. W. Sheppard, Royal Tank Corps.

Part III.

The Great Light Cavalry Leaders.

As a soldier, though not as a personality, it was the general opinion of contemporaries that of all Napoleon's famous light cavalry leaders Montbrun alone was worthy to stand comparison with Lassalle. A man of the Midi, and four years older than his rival, Louis Pierre Montbrun was one of four brothers, of whom three served in the French cavalry during the Revolutionary Wars. He was of great stature, and herculean strength; he was reported once to have literally cut an adversary in two from head to hips with one blow of his sabre. With thick, curly hair, small pointed moustache, unusually good looking, endowed with intelligence above the ordinary, and a keen student of his profession, he was bound to rise high. He would doubtless have done so more rapidly but for the fact that all the first part of his service was passed in the Army of Germany, which, from its commander Moreau downwards, was staunchly Republican and looked with little favour on Bonaparte's bid for autocracy. It was not till 1806 that the Emperor had the chance of personally appreciating Montbrun's talents, and allowed them a free field. They carried him in seven years to the highest rank open to a cavalry leader, when death cut short a career which, brilliant as it had been, did not yet seem to have attained its zenith.

The young general-to-be enlisted in the 1st Chasseurs in 1789, took four years to rise to non-commissioned rank, and another before he was elected an officer in 1794. Unlike Lassalle and most of his brothers in arms who attained to high command, he passed all his regimental service, eighteen and a

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half years, in the one unit in which he had first been enrolled. Richepanse, a general whose early promise and prowess, evinced in particular at Hohenlinden, where he played the principal part in the victory, was cut short by an untimely death from yellow fever while in garrison in the West Indies, early marked down Montbrun as a coming man, and in the course of the campaign of 1796 took him as his aide-de-camp. A few weeks later, after distinguishing himself in a fierce cavalry action at Altendorf, the young man obtained his promotion to lieutenant, and in six months to captain, and acquired for himself a growing reputation for ability and valour. The re-opening of hostilities in 1799 heralded disaster to the French arms, but his own qualities shone out no less vividly in defeat than in victory; he was twice mentioned in despatches, twice wounded in hand to hand fighting, and won his majority on the field. When, with the overthrow of the Directory and the accession to power of Napoleon, the fortunes of war once more underwent a change, he found himself in command of his regiment and in temporary charge of a brigade in observation before the walls of Ulm, and a sortie in force by the garrison was repulsed by him with a skill which proved his possession not only of the more showy qualities of a cavalry officer, but of tactical ability above the ordinary. This brought him to the notice and commended him to the personal friendship of Moreau—a favour which proved rather a hindrance than a help to his future advancement, though his obvious lack of concern with politics and absorption in his profession saved him from the ruin and exile that overtook his chief and so many of his former comrades.

On the opening of the war of the Third Coalition, the 1st Chasseurs, assigned to the light cavalry brigade of Davout's IIIrd Corps, had no active part in the operations leading to Mack's surrender of Ulm, but in the subsequent advance on Vienna it fought a brilliant action at Ried, breaking through a hostile cavalry rearguard and charging into and routing a whole brigade of infantry, and followed up the feat next day by assaulting and dispersing a second brigade at Lembach. "Colonel Montbrun," stated the bulletin which described these

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LOUIS PIERRE MONTBRUN

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successes "has covered himself with glory." But though he continued so to do in a series of subsequent encounters, he had the ill-fortune to fall foul of the strict and formidable Davout, in consequence of a complaint that he had illegally levied heavy contributions of money from the territory through which he had passed. The marshal sent for him, roundly reprimanded him, and ordered the return of the money, adding tartly "If I had two men of your sort in my army corps, I'd shoot one." It was subsequently stated and conveniently believed that the crime was really the work of a subordinate; but Montbrun had had his lesson and no repetition of it was needed.

After Austerlitz, where he once more showed his qualities as a leader and fighting man, and the subsequent conclusion of peace, our hero was sent in to something not far removed from exile with the Army of Naples; he thus missed the campaign against Prussia, and managed to rejoin the Grand Army only on the Vistula. Here he was given a by no means grateful charge—the command of the Wurtemberger cavalry brigade attached to Jerome's corps operating against the Russian fortresses in Silesia. His new command had little or no discipline; the officers were past masters in the art of requisitioning, the men in that of pillaging; and their knowledge of the duties of security and reconnaissance was rudimentary. Fortunately the resistance encountered was far from formidable, and Montbrun enjoyed a few facile successes before he was recalled to the main army, in time to take part in the final offensive which brought the war to an end at the peace of Tilsit.

A year of garrison duty in Poland and Germany ensued before his next period of active service in Spain and the most famous feat of arms of his career. This was the famous charge of the regiment of Polish Lancers of the Guard, at Somosierra, and curiously enough it was for many years not realized that it was to his leadership that the credit of this brilliant, almost incredible achievement was primarily due.* The spirit of desperate valour which inspired

* The following account of his part in the action rests only on the authority of the picturesque but unveracious Marbot; but the fact that he was actually in command of the charge is attested by the contemporary Bulletin.

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it may no doubt be attributed in part to the fact that at the moment he was under the Emperor's disfavour. A few weeks before he had married a charming young bride, Mlle. Marie Madeleine Morand, with whom he was deeply in love, as was she with him; on his appointment to his new command he had obtained leave to escort her to join her sister at Bayonne. But this lady's arrival was delayed, and Montbrun, delayed also by the necessity of waiting for her, found himself, on reaching the army, now in full campaign in the heart of Spain, in disgrace, and deprived of his command. Nevertheless, he accompanied the advance, hoping for a chance to retrieve his fortunes, and on the failure of the first charge up the pass of Somosierra, was called up to lead a renewed attack. Arranging the regiment by squadrons at full distance so as to prevent the disorder caused by the repulse of one spreading to those in rear, as had occurred in the first attack, he rode at full gallop into the defile, into the converging fire of the defenders deployed on his front and flanks in immensely superior numbers, overran the occupants of the crest of the pass, and sent the whole stampeding in disorder down the farther slope of the range. Even allowing for the indifferent quality of the adversaries, it was an amazingly brilliant exploit, due as much to the headlong leadership of the chief as to the reckless valour of the men who followed him in an apparently desperate mission.

Our hero appears to have accompanied the Emperor in his departure from Spain to join the army mustering for the war against Austria, through which he served once more as commander of Davout's cavalry. The five days' operations, known as the campaign of Eckmuhl, gave him the chance once more to display those manœuvring abilities which were the counterpart and completion of those he had so magnificently shown at Somosierra, and entitled him to general recognition as one of the greatest cavalry commanders of his day. It was largely thanks to his *sangfroid* and skill in handling his troops that Davout's Corps, with enemies looming on its flank and rear, managed to make its escape from the precarious position in which it had been left by Berthier's clumsiness at Ratisbon, effect

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a junction with the main army, and fulfil successfully the role of a delaying force which fell to it during the next few days, while Napoleon was overwhelming the scattered Austrians in detail further south. Followed an unopposed march to Vienna, after the capture of which Montbrun was sent off south to gain touch with Prince Eugene's army from Italy and harass the retreat of his immediate adversary, the Archduke John. He joined the Prince in time to take a prominent part in the ensuing battle at Raab, driving back the Archduke's left wing in a series of repeated charges; and on the Austrian retirement from the field and across the Danube, was posted to observe the fortress of Comorn, in the course of which duty he was unpleasantly surprised by a sudden enemy attack at early dawn, and all but fell into their hands as a prisoner. He rejoined the Grand Army in time to fight and help to gain the victory of Wagram, and head the subsequent pursuit to Znaim, where the armistice was signed which put an end to hostilities.

In the spring of 1810 there began for British readers the most interesting part of Montbrun's career with his appointment to the command of the reserve cavalry of Massena's Army of Portugal, now about to measure swords with Wellington. In the advance to Torres Vedras he found few chances of gaining further distinction, the mountainous country forbidding any but the occasional use of mounted troops. When the retreat began, he co-operated with Ney and the infantry rearguard, in holding the pursuit at arm's length, being seriously engaged at Pombal and Redinha, and all but cut off and captured in the vicinity of Coimbra; but his opportunity for showing his new adversaries what he was made of came at Fuentes d'Onoro, where he led the furious charges against the British right wing that forced it to fall back in the most perilous manner over a wide stretch of open ground, and, but for the refusal of Bessières, present on the field in charge of a portion of the cavalry of the Guard, to co-operate, might have led to a serious disaster for Wellington. The opportunity was lost; Marmont replaced Massena at the head of the French Army of Portugal, and Montbrun, after fighting a brilliant little action at El Bodon, was sent off with

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three divisions to assist Suchet in Aragon. He arrived too late to be of use, took his time about returning, and found on rejoining that in his absence Marmont with his weakened army had been unable to prevent the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was, therefore, somewhat under a cloud that he left Spain to take command of the 2nd Cavalry Corps (one light and two heavy divisions) in the army now concentrating in Poland for the invasion of Russia.

The opening of operations was marked by another untoward incident for Montbrun. Napoleon had ordered him to hurry forward and capture Vilna by a *coup de main*, but Murat, in command of the cavalry, to whom this order had not been communicated, decided, on hearing of it, to undertake the mission himself with another division. Montbrun protested, but was not heeded; "What the hell does it matter," cried his chief, "so long as the job is done?" But it was not done, and the Emperor, riding up to Montbrun, proceeded roundly to abuse him in the presence of Murat, who remained silent as to his own part in the affair. Montbrun tried to exculpate himself. "Silence!" shouted Napoleon, and continued his tirade, until at length our hero, boiling with rage, drew his sword, hurled it into the air, and galloped off, shouting "To the devil with the pack of you!" He was not arrested, nor relieved of his command—perhaps Murat explained the true position in private to the Emperor; but when a few weeks later, just before Borodino, he was killed while reconnoitring the Russian positions, the coldness and brevity of the notice in the bulletin showed that Napoleon had neither forgotten nor forgiven his behaviour. Thus terminated in semi-disgrace the brilliant career of the intrepid Montbrun, one of the ablest and most renowned of the cavalry leaders of the Grand Army, of whom a most competent judge, Marmont, who had seen him at work, declared that he was the equal of Lassalle in achievement, and his superior as regards individual quality. It is no less curious than regrettable that the name of the victor of Somosierra should have lapsed into comparative obscurity, while those of Kellermann, as the hero of Marengo and Quatre Bras, and of Lassalle as the captor of Stettin, should still live in the memory of posterity.

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The third and last of Napoleon's great light cavalry commanders had about him nothing of the magnetic individuality of Lassalle, nor can his career exemplify such vicissitudes of fortune as that of Montbrun; yet in the view of the writer, at any rate, his personal character and military record stand out in history above either of the other two, and fully entitle him to a place in their illustrious company. Claude Pierre Pajot, born at Besancon in 1772, of middle-class parents, and intended in early youth for a legal career, was, like so many of his contemporaries, thrown into the army by the whirlwind of the Revolution. He early gave proof of character and patriotism—perhaps also of prudence—by changing his name, which he considered had been dishonoured by an act of treachery on the part of another and unrelated bearer of it, for that of Pajol, under which he figures in history. He served first in an infantry regiment, the 85th, in Custine's army on the Rhine frontier, and in 1794 was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of Kleber, where the future Marshal Ney was one of his colleagues. At the action of Esneux, in 1794, he took part in his first cavalry charge in which he captured an Austrian standard, was wounded in the left hand, and showed such courage that he was selected at the end of the campaign to present to the National Assembly the trophies taken in the course of it. During the whole of the subsequent operations in Germany he remained at duty with Kleber. Before Limburg in September, 1795, he was again wounded in the left leg and had a horse killed under him, but persisted in continuing at duty till the end of the action—a deed of bravery which gained him a few months later a majority in the 4th Hussars, though he still continued seconded for staff employment. The campaign of 1796, which brought defeat to the French army in Germany, afforded him still further chances of good service; he fought with distinction at Altenkirchen, Uckerath, Lauheim and Friedberg, where for the second time in his career he wrested a colour from the hands of the enemy. A few weeks later a disagreement between Kleber and his chief, Jourdan, led to the former being relieved of his command. Pajol left the army with him, and saw no more active service until

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early in 1797 he returned to the Rhine to join his new regiment, the 4th Hussars, then forming part of Ney's light cavalry division, and had opportunities, in the various combats waged during the course of the short campaign of that year, of proving that his reputation for courage and ability was well merited.

The renewal of the war in 1799 found him with his regiment once more on the Rhine. At Ostrach he had his third horse killed beneath him, and got his fourth wound, and won golden opinions from all who had seen him at work. At Stockach by a bold and timely dash at the head of two squadrons, he compelled two enemy battalions to lay down their arms; in a subsequent melee he was cut off, surrounded, dismounted, and called on to surrender, but broke loose, leaped on a riderless horse, and made his escape. The Austrians won the day; the French fell back to cover the defiles through the Black Forest, but the vigorous pursuit of the enemy disorganized their defensive arrangements, and Pajol with his two squadrons found himself isolated at Furtwanger, and encircled by greatly superior hostile forces. He was summoned to surrender, but sent a defiant reply, and falling vigorously on, cut his way victoriously out and got back to his own lines in safety. The French, now under Massena, fell back once more to the line of the Thur, but the passage of the river was forced, and a general combat brought on. Pajol, charging into the heart of the enemy ranks, was thrown to the ground and fell a prisoner into their hands; they stripped him of all his clothing save his shirt, and in this plight he was rescued by a second charge of his men, who greeted his odd appearance with loud laughter and cheers. He was no whit abashed. "I'm going to get my clothes back," he shouted, and led a spirited attack, so vigorous that the Austrian advance was checked, and the French enabled to affect an orderly retirement. But our hero had been badly hurt by his fall, and was compelled to apply for a period of sick leave, from which he was not to return to Germany. While he was convalescing at his home, he was promoted and given command of the 6th Hussars; he proceeded to Italy, where this regiment was serving, to take command of it, but found no

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opportunity of signalizing his arrival by any noteworthy deed before being once more despatched to the Rhine theatre of operations in time for the opening of the campaign of 1800. The 6th Hussars were engaged at Hochstadt and Neresheim before their opportunity for fame came at Neuburg, where Pajol at their head, they delivered with unwearied and incessant vigour a series of charges against a greatly superior force of hostile cavalry, and finally drove it in panic rout from the field. This fine feat of arms confirmed Pajol's reputation as one of the best of the younger light cavalry leaders—he was only twenty-eight—and led to his being confirmed in his rank by the new ruler of France.

On the declaration of war against England, the 6th Hussars was allotted to Marmont's corps, encamped at Utrecht, and went through the campaign of 1805 against Austria and Russia as part of the formation. So far as Pajol was concerned the operations were uneventful; following on the conclusion of peace, he and his regiment proceeded to Italy, where he remained throughout the whole of the year 1806, missing the fighting in Prussia, and only arriving in Poland in the spring of 1807.

Here, in command of a brigade in Lassalle's division, he hastened to make up for the time lost in idleness and peace. He co-operated a series of fine charges at Heilsberg to cover the retirement of the leading French troops repulsed from before the formidable Russian works, fought a brilliant little advanced guard action at Wittemberg, and helped to drive the enemy behind the shelter of his works at Konigsberg. After the victory of Friedland, at which he was not present, Lassalle's division was called in to join the main army, and Pajol, now at the point of the pursuit, had daily brisk little encounters with the Russians, falling back in disorganized fashion to Tilsit, where the fighting came to an end.

The opening of the war of 1809 found Pajol's brigade forming part of Montbrun's division attached to Davout's corps at Ratisbon. The difficult rôle laid upon that corps, the brilliant manner in which it was fulfilled, and the vital part played by

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Montbrun's horsemen in these five critical days of manœuvre and combat about Eckmuhl, have been described earlier in this article. Pajol proved himself a worthy subordinate for so famous a chief; his brigade measured itself successfully against the renowned Austrian cavalry at Tengen and at Eckmuhl, where he was twice dismounted by enemy fire, and had the final satisfaction of helping to drive his defeated foes into and beyond Ratisbon, so clearing for the Grand Army the road to Vienna, which fell without resistance. The part played by the brigade in the decisive battle of Wagram, and in the pursuit of the vanquished enemy to Znaim was equally brilliant, and it subsequently had the honour of escorting the new Empress Marie Louise over a stretch of her journey from Austria to France. Pajol had completely established his reputation as a cavalry commander and had even won the encomiums of so exacting a judge as Davout, who pressed that he should be raised to the peerage for his services, but without success—the elevation asked for was to come, but not for six years yet.

In the war of 1812 against Russia Pajol was once more in charge of one of the light brigades attached to Davout's corps; he led the advance of that formation when it was sent south to cut off the retreat of the southern enemy army under Bagration, and again, after the failure of that enterprise, in the march on Smolensk, and early in August replaced Sebastiani, who had shown himself unfitted for his post, at the head of the light division of Montbrun's corps. He was at his new chief's side when the latter received his mortal wound at Borodino, and later had himself a narrow escape from a like fate, his horse (the ninth) being killed under him and General Labourie, to whom he was talking, wounded. A few days later he was once more fortunate, being engaged in a hand to hand melee with a strong party of Cossacks, and saved only by the devotion of his escort. Such immunity could not last, and at Mojaisk, while reconnoitring the position of the Russian rearguard, he was hit by a bullet which broke his right arm, and put him out of action for the remainder of the campaign. Borne in a carriage, he accompanied the army to Moscow, and throughout the whole of the

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COMTE PAJOL (Claude-Pierre)

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

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disastrous retreat back to the Vistula, subsisting from Smolensk on a sack of grain and the half of an ox, which lasted him as far as to Kowno. He was all but left behind at the passage of the Beresina, his personal equipage, which appears to have consisted of no less than four vehicles and twenty horses, having crossed, intermingled with Victor's artillery, a few minutes before the final destruction of the bridge. The ill effects of his wound still continued; on arrival at Elbing he was attacked by a species of meningitis, which brought him to death's door; he had to be sent to France, and only became fit for service once more in the summer of 1813, when he was appointed to the command of the light cavalry division of the XIVth Corps of the Grand Army, now at grips in the heart of Germany with the combined forces of Prussia, Russia, Austria and Sweden.

He joined the army just after the renewal of hostilities after the armistice of Pleswitz, took his command into battle at Dresden, and played a great part in the success of the day. St. Cyr, his corps commander, another hard taskmaster, thought highly of him, and the Emperor soon showed that he shared this opinion. The enemy renewed his advance on Dresden; Napoleon with the bulk of the army came up, took the offensive, and drove them back. He and Murat, riding forward, found Pajol manœuvring in front of a greatly superior force of hostile cavalry covering the retreat. "Charge! charge!" cried Murat. "Let Pajol alone," said the Emperor, "he's right to be prudent." A few days later, while making a reconnaissance, Napoleon was surprised and all but captured, thanks to the lack of vigilance of some of the Guard cavalry, and in a fury cried, "I have no cavalry generals now—except Pajol; he is the only one who fights and doesn't go to sleep. He guards himself well; he's never surprised." At the end of September Pajol had tangible proof of the sincerity of the Imperial approval in his appointment to the command of the 5th Cavalry Corps—three divisions, one of light cavalry and two of dragoons, and six horse artillery batteries; but his tenure of this important appointment was a brief one, for on October 16th, the first day of the battle of Leipsic, he was desperately hurt by a shell which burst right

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under his horse's belly; his left arm was left dangling by a shred of flesh; several ribs were broken, and his face and body covered with wounds, and in this condition he was ridden over by a horde of flying French and pursuing enemy horsemen, and barely escaped being trampled to death. Napoleon met him as he was being carried back to the city. "My dear Pajol," he cried, "I have suffered a loss I can never replace," and passed on saying sadly to his staff: "If he recovers from that, he ought never to die." But recover Pajol did; he refused to have his arm amputated, made his escape from Leipsic in a carriage lent him by Oudinot, and accompanied the army in its retreat to the Rhine, daily regaining his health and strength, escaping without hurt an accident to his vehicle, which might well have shattered the nerve even of a fit man, and also a surprise attack by a band of roving Cossacks. At last he reached Mayence in safety and was sent to convalescence at Besancon, whence the approach of the Allied invasion forced him at the beginning of 1814 to remove to Paris.

Early in February, once more fit for service in the field, he was given command of the troops in the valley of the Seine just above Paris—a division of national guards, a light cavalry division and a battery—about 6,000 foot and 2,000 horse, with headquarters at Montereau. After Napoleon's defeat at La Rothière and his departure northwards to oppose Blucher, Pajol's territory was invaded by the main Allied army under Schwarzenberg, but their advance was slow and timid, and when the Emperor, having defeated his immediate enemies, returned southwards at top speed to deal with this second adversary, the Allies had got no further than Montereau. There they stood to await his attack on the heights on either side of the Seine. Pajol, in the van of the army, drove in their outposts, and the French infantry coming up deployed against the enemy front on the heights north of the river, and thrust it back in disorder down the slope towards the bridge. Pajol saw his chance, and though most of his cavalry had had less than two weeks training and were quite incapable of controlling their horses at any faster pace than a trot, launched them at the heels

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of the retreating foe. Completely out of hand and mad with excitement, the whole mass of horsemen plunged down-hill like an avalanche, over the bridge and into the streets, over-turning or riding down everyone and everything they met, and swept the enemy pell-mell out of the town. The infantry, charging in after them, took up the pursuit, and chased the Allies out of sight, and the army rested on the field after its magnificent victory. "Now I am easy in my mind," said the Emperor, "I have just saved Paris. That is Pajol's doing; he is the only general I have left who knows how to lead cavalry." But on the morrow, his old wounds re-opened, the hero of the day had to resign his command. Napoleon took an affectionate farewell of him: "I am satisfied with you," he averred, "and I swear that if all my generals had served me as you have done, no enemy would now be left in France. Go and get yourself cured and then I will give you 10,000 cavalry, so that you can take my good wishes to the King of Bavaria. If anyone had asked me two days ago four million francs for the bridges of Montereau, I would have paid it gladly." Before Pajol had recovered sufficiently to take the field again, however, Paris had fallen, and the war and the Empire were both at an end.

The Bourbon restoration did not involve for him, as for so many of his comrades-in-arms, a temporary break in his active career as a soldier; thanks to the good offices of his friend Oudinot, a *persona grata* with a new *régime*, he was given a command and retained it until the return of the Emperor from Elba, when the remustered Grand Army was again set in motion for Belgium. Pajol, now a Count of the Empire, went with it as commander of the 1st Cavalry Corps, two light cavalry divisions and twelve guns. On June 15th he led the advance of the centre column on Charleroi, but the non-arrival of the supporting infantry corps, delayed owing to faulty staff work and absence of orders, caused a considerable check before the town. Once the passage had been secured, he hurried his cavalry over, pressed on the heels of the retreating Prussians and drove them back as far as their chosen position at Ligny, where on the next day a fierce battle took place. Pajol's corps under Grouchy had

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the mission of holding in check the enemy left wing while the decisive blow was delivered against the right; by evening the Prussians were defeated and abandoned the field. Pajol was sent off next morning on their supposed line of retreat eastwards towards Namur, and reported that he had found traces of them in that direction and had captured some belated guns. But Blucher's main body had retired north towards Wavre, so that Grouchy's detachment, of which Pajol's command formed part, was misdirected when it was ordered to move north-east to Gembloux and keep off the beaten army while Napoleon in person dealt with the British.

While on the fateful 18th the Emperor and the Grand Army were fighting in vain their last battle, Waterloo, Grouchy was in action with one of Blucher's corps left behind to cover his rear at Wavre. By nightfall it had been driven from its positions, and by midday on the 19th was in full retreat to the north. But Grouchy's own situation was now perilous in the extreme; news of the lost battle had been received, and no time was to be lost if his own force too were not to be surrounded and destroyed. Pajol carried out a simulated pursuit of the beaten Prussians, while the remainder of the column fell back to Gembloux, where he rejoined it late at night. Next morning, after beating off an attack by the hostile cavalry, he came in the rear of the column to Namur and thence to Dinant and Givet, where the whole arrived intact on the evening of the 21st. Thereafter, by slow degrees, with no incident of moment save one or two brisk little rearguard actions, the remnant of the French army, re-united at Laon, fell back on Paris, where terms were made with the Allies and Napoleon once more surrendered his throne to the Bourbons.

Pajol's career was not yet at an end, although he had to wait fifteen years for his next employment—years which he spent in retirement near Nogent-sur-Seine, interesting himself in the newly invented steamship and in the iron industry, but without much pecuniary profit to himself. On the outbreak of the Revolution in 1830, he went to place his services at the disposal of the next government, saying to them: "Gentlemen, I bring you

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my Waterloo cocked hat." He was at once entrusted with the delicate duty of inducing, by a show of force but without violence, the dethroned king, who had assembled his household troops at Rambouillet, to dismiss them and leave the country peacefully. He accomplished it successfully at the cost of but one casualty, by collecting an imposing body of seemingly formidable but militarily worthless militiamen of all kinds, at the head of whom he marched on Rambouillet, and brought about the dispersal of the Loyalists. As a reward he was appointed Governor of Paris, which post he held for twelve years; he proved himself fully capable of coping with the many disturbances that broke out during that troubled time, and in 1840 had the gratification of drawing up the arrangements for the reception of the body of his old master, the Emperor, when it was brought from St. Helena to repose in French soil beneath the dome of the Invalides. In 1842 he retired with the rank of Lieutenant-General, the highest save one in the army, and died two years later at the ripe age of seventy-two.

His record of service was an impressive one. Colonel at the age of 27, general at 34, holding the command of a cavalry corps; the highest appointment open to his arm of the service, at 39, he served under five successive governments, and served each faithfully and with honour. He was seven times wounded in the course of his campaigns; twice he was at the point of death from his injuries; and he had twelve horses killed under him at one time or another. He won open and enthusiastic encomiums from three of the most exacting chiefs in the French army, Davout, St. Cyr and the Emperor himself; and praise from them was praise indeed. Of all the three great leaders of light cavalry whose careers we have just traced, he appears to us to have approached the nearest to the ideal, whether as soldier or as man. It is not good that names and deeds such as his should pass into oblivion; it is a pleasure and privilege to bring them once more, even in a form necessarily brief and ephemeral, to the notice of posterity.

(To be continued.)

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HINTS ON PIGSTICKING FOR THE BEGINNER

By the late P. H. PHILLIPS BROCKLEHURST, Royal Scots Greys.

Hunting alone.

(*a*) *Beaters*, 25 to 30. I choose this number purely from the point of view of the country, and unless you have at least 25 coolies any large thick patch is difficult to compete with, and beating a really thick place backwards and forwards is not a success. With about 25 you can with a good many exceptions compete with your country.

(*b*) *Shikari*. Of course always get the best you can. Mine had literally never been pigsticking before. It helped considerably my having a camel as he could then manage the line decently (he did not, but then he was a half-wit). Any man who has any guts should manage 30 men perfectly from a camel. You've got to have Chuprassies to get your coolies—they come from the district and have a certain amount of influence; also if your Shikari has to compete by himself he has no time for any thing else. Chuprassies are cheap, 9 Rs. per month being the largest wage of the three I had.

Coolies vary wherever you go, even within five miles there may be a change one way or the other. Mine on the whole knew nothing about it but were very keen and had very hard work.

April (first two weeks) is bad for getting coolies in Moradabad as they are working on the crops. Six annas per diem was the wage I had to pay.

Having got your coolies the next thing is what to do with them. I hold that if you are alone you must do all reconnoitring

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LIEUT. P. H. BROCKLEHURST ON "CALVERT"

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yourself and your reconnaissance must be *very* thorough. You must know :—

(1) Exactly what jungle you are going to beat. I found sadly that it was quite useless just wandering about with a line as you probably missed all the pig, and even if you did find them you could not compete with them unless the country was very easy.

(2) Which way you are going to beat it.

(3) You cannot decide (2) till you have made up your mind what is the most likely *run* of the pig.

(4) Where you are going to be yourself—with the line—forward, back, to the right or left. This needs a lot of thought and a lot of time in examining your country.

I used to hunt alternate days, the days in between being spent purely in reconnaissance. Mind you, for the first fourteen days in completely strange country it was more of an exception for me to hit on the correct way to beat a place and to place myself in the best place, but still after a bit it came off fairly regularly.

I am sure the success of hunting alone, depends almost entirely on good reconnaissance.

Reasons : (1) If you are hunting in good thick jungle it is very easy to lose your pig, but if you have an idea of the line he is taking you are bound to hit him off again.

(2) If you are competing with a really filthy bit of country and you know that your pig after a certain distance will reach a really impenetrable sanctuary you will go a bit extra and probably kill him. If you do not know this you will probably take him a bit steady by the worst bits, and he will laugh at you and escape. This may not be true in all cases; no two people are alike.

(3) A pig always goes away with some idea in his head. Generally he has some very nice thick sanctuary in his mind, therefore it stands to reason the sooner you get on to him the better.

But very often in beating a very thick large jungle you put up a pig and may hunt him quite brilliantly to the edge of it.

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When he comes to the edge and realizes you are still pursuing he will trick you unless you are particularly cute by cutting back again or lying down, which is particularly defeating to the lone hunter. Mind you, he will not stay there, he still has his main object in view; he will take a turn or two and break somewhere else and you may pick him up, but you have lost time and your pig has got his wind again. Therefore if you can make up your mind as to his probable line and hide yourself a bit and let him work his own way out of the really thick bit and then get on to him you probably do better and see more pig.

Syces, or odd coolies, can be used to good purpose as look-outs in various places provided they know what a good boar looks like.

I am not trying to say anything about the actual science of pigsticking but merely trying to underline the parts of that science which are most important to the single pigsticker. Now you have decided on the country you are going to beat and the way you are going to beat it, you have stationed yourself and your Syces in the most likely places and your line has started. Well, I hold that you must have a Syce mounted who has a spare spear with him, with orders to follow you at a trot (anything faster than this probably leads to disaster and is in nine cases out of ten unnecessary) so that if you have the misfortune, or rather bad management, to break a spear he has a reasonable chance of getting there with the spare spear in time for you to take it and finish off a boar.

We will take first the case of a pig breaking over maidan or light country. Hunt him just as fast as the country allows and spear at the very *first* opportunity. Get alongside and go for his heart, but do not try to hold him because even if your spear does get him fatally first go he does not die straight off and as long as he has *any* life he can very often get into your horse with only the one spear in him. Also, if you do not strike a fatal place you are for a very nasty fight as he is particularly difficult to compete with all alive 'o on the end of one spear. Also you inflict just as bad a wound if you can withdraw. Of course there are occasions, as just on the edge of a sanctuary,

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where one must try and hold him straight off. Its *jolly* hard work and your horse must be very staunch so that if necessary you can take two hands to the spear, but in this case unless you have got him near the heart or through the neck you are going to be *very very* lucky if he does not cut your horse. With a good boar it always pays to get alongside and get a really good spear as he comes in even if you have got the shortest possible distance to get along side him. Its wonderful what a good horse and determination can do. But with a white-livered jinking pig which always seems to elude you as you come alongside, give him a spear anywhere you can. It makes him think, it hurts him like hell, it makes him angry, and may make him come in, it may steady him up if you are lucky; at any rate it is better than not getting a spear into him at all.

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NOTES

His Majesty the King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of His Majesty Haakon VII, King of Norway, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., as Honorary Colonel of the 108th (Suffolk and Norfolk Yeomanry) Field Brigade, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army.

Alliances.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the following Alliances :—

1st/21st Light Horse Regiment, Australian Military Forces to the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

The Mississauga Horse, Non-Permanent Active Militia of Canada, to the 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

Queen Alexandra's (Wellington West Coast) Mounted Rifles, New Zealand Military Forces, to the 14th/20th Hussars.

Australian Army Veterinary Corps to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps.

Vocational Training.

The Plasterer.

Although the Romans under Julius Cæsar first introduced plastering into this country, the work of the plasterer at the present time is little known to those not directly in touch with building.

Plastering is considered by many to be a rough, dirty job and low in the scale of the building trades, but this is a mistaken idea. Plastering is akin to the fine arts for a skilled plasterer has something of the artist in his soul and with the crude-looking mixtures of sands, limes, plasters, and cements he will turn a rough brick wall into one with a marble-like surface covered with beautifully moulded panels.

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To see one of these craftsmen take from his table the creamy wet material and form a beautiful moulding, run straight and true with perfect mitres, or to see him form on his bench some intricate detail, which when fixed, will give refinement to an otherwise flat uninteresting surface, is to see a craft that is one of the most interesting in the building trades.

Years ago plastering usually ran in families—fathers handing on their knowledge and skill to their sons—but nowadays things have changed, and as highly skilled plasterers are scarce there is usually a demand for good craftsmen that cannot be filled in this way.

The plasterer requires to develop handskill in view of the many varieties of material he must handle and the different methods of their application, as a plasterer's work covers such work as floating and setting walls and ceilings, running cornices and mouldings, tiling, cement work, roughcast, ornamental casting and fibrous plasterwork.

You have only to look around the next time you go to a cinema or theatre to see some examples of plasterwork that will make you realize the beauty of the plasterer's art. Practically all the artistic cornices, mouldings and panels that you may see on the walls and ceilings will have been made by plasterers. It is a revelation to many to know that the plasterer does this delightful work in addition to putting the plaster on the bricklayer's walls which comic writers say is to prevent you from looking through them!

It will be of interest to read that in the fourteenth century the plasterer was earning sevenpence per day, and this was considered good pay in those days.

In 1679 Charles II forbade anyone "to carry on simultaneously the trades of mason, bricklayer, plasterer, and to exercise or carry on the art of a plasterer without having been apprenticed seven years to the mystery."

Nowadays the plasterer earns from 10s. to £1 per day, and with the intensive training given on a Vocational Course a man can become skilled in six months, not only in the plain solid plasterwork but also in the fibrous and ornamental cast work.

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Work for Discharged Soldiers.

During May, 143 soldiers completed courses of instruction at the Army Vocational Training Centres, and 112 obtained immediate employment on leaving the Colours.

These courses, at which soldiers about to leave the Army receive training in civil trades, include more than twenty different occupations, among which are training for oversea settlement, the various building trades (including carpentry, bricklaying, plastering, etc.) and also positions of trust and private service.

War Medals of the British Army.

Errata.

Part I (January, 1930).

Page 98.

The Culloden Medal was only given to members of the Cumberland Society, some of whom were civilians.

Part II (April, 1930).

Page 207, line 11.

The Ribbon of the Victoria Cross was changed from Red for Army and Blue for Navy to Red for all the Services, during the Great War.

Page 207, line 15.

For the word "Lancers" read "Hussars."

Page 207, line 4 from the bottom of the page.

For "one each" read "three to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, viz., Lieutenant Robert Blair, 25th September, 1857, Private (afterwards Corporal) Charles Anderson and Thomas Monaghan, 8th October, 1858."

Page 213, line 3.

For "21st Hussars" read "21st Lancers."

Page 213, line 6.

For "two troopers" read "one trooper, Thomas Byrne." The second mentioned being granted for the Great War, viz., Private Shoeing-smith) Charles Hall, 3rd March, 1916

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Cavalry Journal.

The undermentioned have become subscribers for 1930:

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Phillip Brocklehurst, Bt., 24th D.Y. Armoured Car Company.

Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Candlish, 12th Manitoba Dragoons.

Major J. S. Morris, British South African Police.

Captain A. F. Tod, Royal Artillery.

Lieut. T. G. Hardy, The Royal Dragoons.

Lieut. E. F. Arnbrecht, U.S.A. Cavalry.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

"The Army Quarterly." July, 1930.

This is really a most admirable number of a most admirable publication. The Bertrand Stewart prize essay, the set subject for which was the defence of ports against combined attack, is contributed by Major Dening; he lays great stress on the necessity for giving each of the three services co-operating in the defence a clear-cut rôle, and confirming their efforts by careful co-ordination and control; the principal peril to be feared, he suggests, is that of surprise and the principal hindrance to effective defence the possibility of divergent views among the three services; and if measures can be devised to avoid the one and minimise the other, the problem will be more than half solved. There follows a comprehensive survey of the Territorial Army by Colonel Codrington, with special reference to its problems of recruiting and training. The first part of a translation of General Von Seeckt's essay on modern principles of defence elaborates the author's view that small long-service armies are likely in the future to replace the unwieldy half-trained armed masses by which the Great War was fought. Captain Richards puts in a persuasive plea for the study of economics as a necessary part of an officer's education. General Bird continues his study of British land strategy in the past, this article being concerned with the War of the Austrian Succession, and General Wavell in an entertaining little paper compares two night operations in Palestine—one conducted by General Allenby in 1918, the other by a lesser known commander, Gideon, three thousand years before. Two articles deal with mechanization, the one being concerned with the problem of mechanical vehicles in the desert of Iraq, the other with the possibility of making a map showing suitable and unsuitable

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ground for these vehicles. Two accounts from German sources give the picture from their side of the first attack at Cambrai and of the offensive on the Chemin des Dames in May, 1918; there is a fascinating study of the war pictures in the Imperial War Museum, and an Australian view of some recent war novels, while the one or two smaller articles, the editorial notes, and the reviews of recent foreign and British books are well up to the usual high standard. Plenty of good and varied fare here for every reader's palate!

"The Journal of the United Service Institution of India." July, 1930.

The first part of an article by Lt.-Col. Dickins on "The Army, the Nation and the Machine," is a plea for a better mutual understanding in peace between soldier and civilian, who together will have to prepare for and fight any future war. Major Dening sees in the maintenance of tactical mobility the chief problem of a future battle, to the finding of a solution for which peace-time thought and training should be devoted; and a parallel article by Captain Duveen attempts a formulation of principles of training on lines similar to those of war as laid down in F.S.R. These latter themselves form the subject of an amusing anonymous article "And Then There Were Seven," in which the author devises a new, and to his mind more suitable, set for future use. Major Kirk gives a brief sketch of Lord Wellesley's campaign of 1803 against the Mahrattas; Major Howard discusses in a brief but admirable little paper the type of armoured fighting vehicle most suited to Indian conditions; and three shorter papers on the communications of the Belgian Congo, honorary colours of the Indian forces, and the career of a distinguished Eurasian soldier, Riselder-Major Thomas Harling, complete a number of varied and continued interest.

"The Journal of the Royal Artillery." July, 1930.

This is a somewhat more technical number than usual; the Duncan Gold Medal Essay on radio-telephony between battery and O.P. (contributed by Major Newton), the development of

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artillery survey, section command, artillery umpiring, artillery support of piquets in mountain warfare—who is the reviewer that he should praise, or damn with faint praise, the doubtless admirable articles on these to him fathomless matters? Of the items more easily understood of the people, Brigadier Fuller contributes a highly futuristic vision of the development and ultimate—though not immediate—disappearance of warfare and its methods; there is a reprint of some notes on the training of intelligence and powers of observation of artillery personnel which, though compiled by Lt.-Gen. Parsons as long ago as 1902, are still full of value and interest; Lt.-Col. Leslie continues his series on the "Honour" titles of batteries; and three briefer articles on the Board of Ordnance, an incident of the Gallipoli campaign, and show jumping, and a sketch of the life of General Lefroy, fill up the pages of this handsomely produced number.

"The Royal Air Force Quarterly." June, 1930. 5s.

This beautifully-produced publication has this quarter as its leading features two prize-winning essays, the first by Wing Commander Smythies on the civilizing influence of aircraft and Imperial air communications, which gained the R.M. Groves Memorial Prize; and the second sent in by Wing Commander McClaughry for the Gordon Shephard Memorial Prize on the co-operation of armed and armoured vehicles in the air control of an undeveloped country. Both are of much interest to the general reader, who is also well catered for in such features as the article on the London Naval Treaty, the hints on the use to an officer of skilful writing, the notes on the influence of the weather on history, and the light verse and short story section in general. The more technical items are equally numerous and valuable; test flying, the employment of flying boats, the Calcutta-Singapore air route, television in its relation to future air strategy, engine research, air photography, and the comparative value of single-seater and two-seater fighters, comprise some of the subjects dealt with. This new periodical goes on from strength to strength, and now fills to admiration a very real place in British service literature.

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"The Canadian Defence Quarterly." July, 1930.

This number opens with an article by Major Harrison on a remarkable historical parallel—that between the Syracusan expedition undertaken by Athens in 415 B.C. and the Gallipoli expedition in A.D. 1915—and a remarkably close and suggestive parallel it certainly is, and one giving much food for thought. Paymaster Captain Radcliffe continues his description of some naval mutinies of the past and tells the vivid and fascinating story of the outbreaks at Spithead and the Nore in 1797, which for a short space laid England helpless at the feet of enemies happily too short-sighted or unready to seize the golden opportunity. Lt.-Col. Curry enters a bitter but timely protest on the tendency of present day fiction writers to give an utterly false picture of the war in the service of the so-called cause of peace—a fleeting tendency, we believe, and one happily already on the decline. Group Captain Stedman contributes another article of topical interest, admirably illustrated, on the evolution of the rigid airship from the days of Montgolfier's balloon in 1783 to the present. Major Stuart puts in a plea for the more extensive use of the sand table as an aid to the study of the influence of ground on tactics; Inspector Joy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, describes what he modestly terms an episode in its normal work—an enormous patrol of over 1,700 miles through the northern islands of Canada in the early spring of 1929; and Captain Ritchie in light vein discusses the place of gas in future war. There are several historical and other articles of more domestic interest to Canadian soldiers and a series of bright little reviews of books and journals.

"Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps." August, 1930.

This is the fourth number of this journal, which has apparently not previously been sent to us for review. As is the case with all technical journals, most of it is of necessity *caviare* to the general; such catastrophies as "Tuberculosis in an Elephant" and "Fracture of the Os Pedis" do not occur in our normal sphere of life, while interest in "Pyrexie as a

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premonitary system of rabies in horses," or in "Hypodermia Crossi in goats in Baluchistan," is for most of us purely academic. But such matters as the heredity of the mule, the feeding of army horses in war, racing in India, and the experiences of a R.A.V.C. officer in captivity after the fall of Kut come more within our purview, and are well worth reading about; and for the members of the Corps the Corps notes, as well as the remainder of the contents, are bound to be of interest and utility.

E. W. S.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following:—

The Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps.	June, July, and August, 1930
The Royal Engineers Journal ...	June, 1930
The Fighting Forces	June, 1930
**The Royal Air Force Quarterly* ...	June, 1930
The Royal Tank Corps Journal ...	June, July, and August, 1930
The Journal of the Indian Army Service Corps	June, July, and August, 1930
**The Army Quarterly*	July, 1930
**The Canadian Defence Quarterly* ...	July, 1930
**The Journal of the United Services of India*	July, 1930
The Society for Army Historical Research	July, 1930
**The Journal of the Royal Artillery*	July, 1930
**The Journal of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps*	July, 1930
The Xth Royal Hussars Magazine...	July, 1930
The Yorkshire Hussars Magazine ...	July, 1930
The Faugh-a-Ballagh	April, 1930
The Wasp	June, 1930
The Cavalry Journal of the U.S.A.	July, 1930
The Ypres Times	July, 1930
The Regimental Magazine of the C.M.R. and C.P.R.C.	January and May, 1930

*Reviewed in this number.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

We are so frequently assured by the so-called student of the Great War that the Cavalry arm had little part or lot in any of its major operations, that it is something of a pleasant surprise to discover in many of the issues of the various foreign magazines accounts of the work done in the war by cavalry bodies of different size, and to note the influence which these exerted upon the final issue. In the "Revue de Cavalerie" for May-June, 1930, Lieut.-Colonel Pugens begins a very full account of the work of General Abonneau's Cavalry Corps during the operations of the Battle of the Ardennes (21st August, 1914). This paper is provided with a good map, and the situations as they arise are made clear by the insertion of the different orders sent out from the command. "Tradition et Progrès" is the title of an article by Commandant d'Amonville, which commences in this number, wherein he reviews all that of late years has been said in favour and in disparagement of the uses of the mounted arm, and he draws upon the history of past wars to show the influence which cavalry has exerted in the past, and may, so he contends, exercise again. Much that we have awakened to of recent years, is, he shows us, anything but new; we are inclined, for example, to regard the dismounted action of cavalry as a comparatively modern idea, whereas more than a century ago the great Napoleon laid down that "toute la Cavaliere doit savoir manœuvrer à pied comme l'infanterie." Of minor episodes of the Great War there is a very fine account in the charge of a French Cavalry squadron of the 12th Chasseurs, commanded by Captain de la Taille, on the 22nd August, 1914, in the neighbourhood of Landres, on

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the road from Longwy to Pont à Mousson, upon two enemy squadrons.

The number dated the 15th August of the "Allgemeine Schweizerische Militär Zeitung" contains a good deal of information not easily elsewhere to be found, dealing with the effect of poison gas upon horses in war. The writer, Lieut.-Colonel Benary, starts with the statement that those who deny the utility of the mounted arm in future warfare have declared that it is impossible to protect the horse against the effects of poison gas; but he at once counters this statement by saying that in the late war the losses in horseflesh through gas were infinitely lower than were those caused by firearms. The reports of the German Army Veterinary Department show that between August, 1917, and August, 1918, no more than 322 horses died from gas poisoning, and that statistics prove that the horse was far less susceptible to the influence of gas than was the man or the dog; and this comparative immunity was usually put down to the fact that the horse's head was very much higher above the level of the gas cloud than was that of the man, who usually met the gas while in the kneeling or prone position. There was in the early days of the war no small difficulty in equipping horses with gas masks, and those initially provided were found to be of but small value. The writer sums up his arguments by stating positively that poison gas has little or no effect upon the horse, tear-gas none whatever.

The "Militär-Wochenblatt" for June, July and August contains a considerable number of articles of cavalry interest and value. In the issue dated the 11th June, Conrad Leppa describes how in the action at or near Komarov, fought in 1914, the 5th Don Cossack Division of Cavalry under Major-General Manowski, successfully established itself in the rear of the Austrian forces, capturing a number of guns, rendering others immobile and establishing something of a panic among the infantry. This fell back in great confusion, but without any serious loss, due to the fact that the Russian command failed to take advantage of its opportunities. The writer concludes his account of these operations by quoting the statement of General

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Balck that "should a body of cavalry only succeed in establishing itself in the rear of an enemy force, this should not be permitted to effect a retreat without experiencing very heavy losses."

The number for the 4th July contains some remarks as to the governing of the strength of cavalry patrols, whether reconnoitring or contact, having regard, not so much to the losses which may possibly be sustained, as to the diminution in numbers likely to be caused by men detached for taking reports to the rear.

There is something of interest and value in the brief discussion in the issue of the 18th July regarding the manner in which cavalry bodies should withdraw from close contact with an enemy, either when the object of the action has been attained, or when failure, caused by the arrival of enemy reinforcement or other unforeseen events, necessitates the speedy retirement of the cavalry.

In the number dated the 18th August will be found an interesting account, with illustrations, of the new French "Autochenilles de Cavalerie"; these are described as attaining a speed of 45 kilometres an hour on an ordinary road; but the writer in the "Militär-Wochenblatt" finds considerable fault with these cavalry adjuncts, stating that they are bad climbers and can only cross ditches of very moderate width.

"The Cavalry Journal" of the United States Cavalry

The number for July of this year opens with a very well-reasoned paper by Major Patton on "Motorization and Mechanization in the Cavalry," and to some of us this article will appear to possess a very much saner outlook that is presented by some others written on this subject. Major Patton holds that in the war of the future manœuvre will re-appear, and that the maintenance of the supply needed will demand a maximum of effort. He opportunely reminds the hardened mechanist that there are certain parts of even civilized countries where no machine yet made or dreamed of can to any appreciable degree replace the man on foot or on horseback; and he deprecates the

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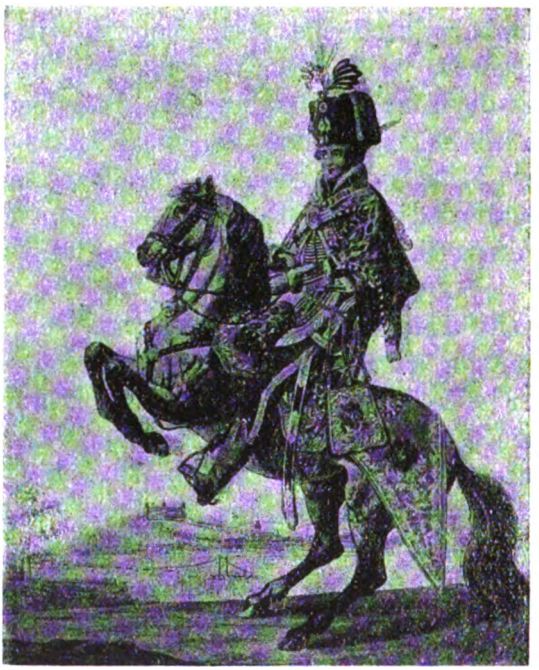
assigning to mechanically-propelled vehicles powers which they do not possess. The writer does, however, stress the fact that the newer inventions have assisted the cavalry even in the development of a fire effect which it did not formerly possess, while the motorization of cavalry supply trains will have a far-reaching effect upon the mobility of the arm, rendering it infinitely more capable of separate and wholly independent action.

There is an interesting and detailed account of the "Cavalry-Infantry Manœuvres" held this year in Texas; in conjunction with which should be read another paper in the same issue entitled "Armoured cars in the Cavalry Manœuvres." Other short articles combine to make up a very readable and instructive number.



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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Historical Records of the Middlesex Yeomanry, 1797-1927." By Charles Stonham and Benson Freeman. Published by the Regimental Committee.

Raised in 1797 as the Uxbridge Yeomanry, the unit whose history is herein so exhaustively set down, claims to be the senior of the Metropolitan Yeomanry formations, and appears in those days to have been intended to form a purely local force, quite distinct from other Yeomanry corps, to be employed in the maintenance of internal order when other units of a similar character should have been withdrawn from their own districts, to meet the French invasion which at that time seemed more than imminent. At the outset, the Uxbridge Yeomanry as raised contained two troops only, and these ceased to exist at the peace of 1801, coming to life again in 1830, and the two troops expanding to four in 1870.

The men composing the corps differed from the Yeomanry of the ordinary agricultural districts, in that they were not apparently of the farmer class, but rather hunting men of the Berkeley Hunt, which in those spacious days hunted the country from London to Bristol.

It was in the South African War of 1899-1902 that the Middlesex Yeomanry, as the corps had now come to be called, had their first experience of active service. When the call for mounted men of any military training became insistent, a third of the Regiment volunteered and these left for the seat of war in two troops. Their experience of war was not fortunate, for both of the units sent out were involved in something which in those days were called "disasters"; but though on each occasion overwhelmed by greatly superior numbers, they put up a very gallant fight and established a standard and a tradition

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which were to stand their successors in good stead in the even sterner trials which were ahead of them.

After the Great War broke out the Middlesex Yeomanry were sent to the Near East, in transports which were so greatly overcrowded that a very large proportion of the horses died; and then late in 1915 the Regiment was employed dismounted in the landing at and advance from Sulva Bay, its behaviour winning unstinted praise from Sir Ian Hamilton. After the withdrawal from Gallipoli the Middlesex Yeomanry spent some months in Egypt, and then passed some time in Salonika; but in June, 1917, a return was made to Egypt, and the Regiment had the great good fortune to share in Lord Allenby's successful campaign in Palestine, leading to the capture of Jerusalem, the battle of Megiddo, the pursuit of the Turks and the entry into Damascus.

The whole story of this life of a Yeomanry Regiment is admirably told; it is adequately illustrated and mapped; and is sold at a price which brings it within the reach of the rank and file, who will certainly appreciate this account of the work of their Regiment in peace and war.

"A History of the Queen's Bays." By Frederic Whyte and A. Hilliard Atteridge, from material collected by Major H. W. Hall. (London, Jonathan Cape, 1930.) 35s. net.

A history of this distinguished corps was long overdue, since the only collected account of its services was the small volume in Cannon's unsatisfactory series published some seventy years ago. In 1927, therefore, it was decided, after some discussion, to undertake the task and to narrate the story of its services, not only during the Great War, but for the whole period since it was raised in 1685.

Of the 525 pages of Messrs. Whyte and Atteridge's book, nearly 300 are concerned with the four years of the Great War, leaving only 220 pages for the remaining 230 years or so of the regiment's existence. Similarly, of the 42 excellent sketch maps, all but three relate to 1914-1918. These figures may be contrasted with the three and a-half pages which are held sufficient for the forty years 1818-57.

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Personally, I think that more justice would have been done to the services of the Queen's Bays had the pre-1914 period been dealt with in more detail. It is true that the Bays, through no fault of their own, took no active share in the French Wars after 1795, except for a brief appearance before Flushing in 1809. But, for example, the account of the Walcheren expedition as now given contains no details of the regiment's doings and adds nothing to our knowledge of the campaign. Are there no documents in the Public Record Offices, or existing private diaries, which would have helped here? And, to take another instance, there is certainly material for a more detailed account of the Bays' services in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

Nevertheless, the present volume is a substantial addition to the long ranks of regimental histories. The narrative of the Queen's Bays actions during the Great War is full and readable, and the sketch maps are, as has been stated, unusually numerous and valuable. The illustrations (of which no less than nine are in colour) are attractive and interesting. The price is not low, but probably no more than covers the cost of production. Some slips might have been avoided by careful proof-reading: e.g., "Bungdon" for "Bungaon" (p. 153), and "Brigadier-Major" (p. 275). In the index I was unable to find such headings as "Horses," "Remounts," "Uniform," "Standards," or 'Lancers" (although there are three references to "Hussars"), all of which subjects are, of course, referred to many times in the text.

This book still leaves room for a standard history of the Queen's Bays up to 1900. To compile one, more extensive research would be needed than would appear to have gone to the making of the present history.

"Notes for Officers proceeding to India." Third Edition. (Published by the Institution of Royal Engineers, Chatham, 1930.) 3s. 6d., post free.

This is much the best book of its class. The last edition, which was published in 1912, has now been brought completely up-to-date by being largely rewritten. Though compiled with

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special reference to the needs of R.E. officers, it has much helpful information which is equally applicable to anyone ordered to India, and which can be found nowhere else.

There are excellent chapters on sport of all kinds by officers with special knowledge. The handbook is unusually free from inaccuracy. The only substantial omission which I noticed is the absence of mention of the United Service Institution of India. The U.S.I., the subscription to which is small, publishes a fairly good quarterly journal and maintains a valuable professional library, books from which are sent to members in any part of India free of all charge, even for postage, a concession which I believe no similar institution can offer.

In short, these "Notes" are an admirable compilation, and their 185 pages are remarkably cheap at 3s. 6d., post free.

H. B.

"Behind the Scenes in Many Wars." By Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Macmunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. (John Murray.) 15s.

This excellent book not only fulfils the promise of its title by giving to the reader the pleasing sense of being let into the family secrets of Whitehall and Simla at critical periods of our military development; it is also a mine of information and sound advice on many aspects of soldiering which do not ordinarily come in the way of the regimental and junior staff officer.

The author, who is one of our greatest experts in administrative staff work, provides us with living illustrations of the working of those principles so easily formulated in our text books, but so difficult to fulfil in practice, the observance or breach of which has such vital effects on the course of an operation of war. And the lesson is all the more convincing because it is here often conveyed seemingly without intention, and merely incidentally in the course of the narrative.

Great wars are happily of rare occurrence in the world's history, and it is common knowledge that the lessons learnt in such are forgotten in the peaceful periods which succeed them. The men too, with the priceless experience of what is wanted, are no longer there. While this is true of every branch of

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soldiering, it is especially true of war administration, which is an art impossible of practice in peace time. Any book, therefore, which helps to keep alive in the minds of soldiers the vastness of the maintenance problems which modern war involves is of the greatest value, and deserves the widest study.

We, in the British Army, with our overseas interests and our expeditionary forces are bound to produce the best quartermasters in the world if we are to survive, but it is a gloomy truth that up to date we have always had to learn the business afresh on each occasion.

The author takes us with him through the whole of his career, from the Frontier to the Chinese Border, and back to the Frontier; to the Boer War and to India again; thence to the War Office and the campaigns of the Great War, and finally to India. It is of the Great War and after that he treats most seriously, and this is, as he says, the important part of the book. But the whole narrative is rich in amusing incident and anecdote, and we hope that one day he will go more fully, as he assures us he would like to, into the details of his earlier and less serious soldiering life.

"Thoughts of a Soldier." By General Von Seeckt. With Introduction by Sir Ian Hamilton. (Benn). 8s. 6d.

General Von Seeckt's book has been much trumpeted in the Press and its translation has been eagerly awaited. The writer had a magnificent record both in the Great War, in which he served as Chief of Staff on four fronts and came into contact with all the four armies of the Central Powers, as well as in the post-war period, when he re-modelled the new German army, tided it over the difficult revolutionary period, and fashioned it into the first class pocket army which it is to-day. All this would lead us to expect something outstanding from his pen, and the publishers assure us that "the volume will at once take its place in the front rank of military text-books."

Well, here the volume is, and it appears to us a disappointing one. Possibly this impression is in part due to the fact

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that 8s. 6d. seems, in these days of tight money, a high price to pay for under 170 large-type pages; but it must also be confessed that the General's manner is not of the clearest, and his matter seems to us neither particularly new nor particularly true. It is only fair to remember the circumstances under which he writes. The new German army is bound under the limitations of the Versailles Treaty to be a small highly professional force; the General therefore conveniently considers that the day of the huge conscript army is over, and that the future lies with small highly professional forces. What else could he think?—or at all events say? History however goes to show that Germany's victories have usually been won by superior numbers rather than by outstanding military qualities; and the compulsory abolition of her great conscript army has in fact knocked her chief military weapon out of her hand. Sir Ian Hamilton considers that in so doing we have rendered inevitable the emergence from German brains of some military surprise—in fact, that we are "asking for it." It may be so; but as far as the new German army is concerned, it is not to be considered as even approximating in military value to its only true counterpart, our own, nor is it fit to take the field against a modernized conscript army such as the French. If this be doubted, we would refer the doubter to the General's chapter on "Cavalry" —which might have been written in 1898. It is, no doubt, partly to encourage the new German cavalry, which, again by compulsion, makes up close on a third of the whole army, that he affirms that "its lances may still flaunt their pennants with confidence in the winds of the future;" but such a view seems entirely divorced from the realities, not merely of the Great War, but of the South African and Russo-Japanese Wars, so much so that even Sir Ian Hamilton is moved to enter a *caveat*. It is, of course, always useful to know what a past and possible future enemy is thinking; but the old maxim *fas est ab hoste doceri* is, if we may judge from this book, of more immediate interest to the Germans than to ourselves, for they have little to teach us and much to learn from us.

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"Domination; Some Napoleonic Episodes." By Marjorie Johnston. (Murray). 12s.

The publishers inform us that this is a view of the Napoleonic era "from the angle of 18, written with all youth's vigour and love of colour and the picturesque, with the skill and knowledge of far maturer years." The epoch seems to have a fascination for very young lady writers, and to the faults of such it is both courteous and kindly to be a little blind. But it is to be wished that some friend of maturer years could be found to correct the manifold errors of detail that fill their pages. Miss Johnston, to take a few instances, makes Villeneuve command the French fleet at Aboukir, and "Bruyères" (sic) his second in command. She makes David paint Lafayette going to his execution during the Terror, whereas he lived until 1834 and died in his bed. She talks of the Archduke Charles as being present at Ulm, whereas he was at the moment in Italy, beating Massena at Caldiero, which Miss Johnston thinks was a French victory. Dupont in her pages, surrenders to the English at Baylen. She appears to believe, erroneously, that Lannes commanded the Young Guard in 1809. She makes the Allies invade France immediately after the Russian disaster and before the campaign of 1813. She mis-states the dates of the Battle of Leipsic and also that of Waterloo (but the reviewer once did that himself). She kills more men at Waterloo than were present on the battle-field. These are unhappy blemishes on an earnest and attractive piece of work, too verbose and too full of pseudo-psychology and pseudo-philosophy, but vivid, thoughtful and knowledge-able. But Miss Johnston must have her next proofs more care-fully read by someone—even if it has to be the present reviewer.

"Towards Disaster." By H.R.H. Prince Andrew of Greece. (Murray). 15s.

The author of this book, a younger brother of King Constantine, commanded first the XIIth Greek division then the IIth Greek Corps during their unfortunate operations in 1921 in Asia Minor against the Turks. He was not, however, present at the final disaster in 1922, having handed over com-

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mand a year previously; but he was none the less, on the fall of Constantine, brought to trial for desertion of his post before the enemy and disobedience of orders, sentenced to be shot, and saved only by immediate and potent British intervention. This volume is an ably written and completely successful vindication not only of the Prince's honour but also of his capacity and foresight as a soldier, and indeed his accusation, trial, and sentence were too obviously political moves in a corrupt and scandalous *coup d'etat* for impartial opinion to attribute to the proceedings any judicial validity. But apart from this purely personal interest, the book is a vivid and all too clearly accurate story of the misguided and luckless operations, which, after an easy success over the half-formed Turkish levies at Kutahia, led the Greeks on a rash raid to Angora into the heart of Anatolia. There followed a check on the Sakharia and a precipitate and demoralizing retirement, which destroyed the spirit of officers and men, already sapped by political dissension, wrecked their confidence in an obviously incompetent high command, and left the Greek army unable to win or end the war, an easy prey to an enemy growing daily in numbers and efficiency as its own declined. Prince Andrew's comments on the vacillation and folly of the high command, the evil influence of politics on the operations, and his own difficult position under the adverse circumstances then prevalent, are severe but all too well justified. Equally clearly stand out his love and administration for the Greek soldier and for Greece, whose sacrifices in Asia Minor during this sad period will, he avers, yet bear future glorious fruit.

"Timothy Lynch, The Blue Dragoon." By E. Parry, D.C.M. (Stockwell.) 6s.

This is a humorous tale—or rather series of tales—of Army life, written by one who, having served in the ranks, obviously speaks from experience. The principal characters, the hero himself, Sergeant McCann, Trooper Racker, and others, are all Irishmen, with a full share of the national gaiety, love of a horse, a girl, and a drink, and more than a fair share of superstition,

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if we may judge from the fact that two of the tales are ghost stories with a naturalistic explanation. These are lively and attractive figures, in the natural descent from Charles O'Malley and Private Mulvaney; and even if Mr. Parry himself can hardly lay claim to the mantle of a Lever or a Kipling, his little volume, with which a cheerful hour or two may be well passed, is at any rate a relief from—and quite as true to fact as—the sombre series of tales of Army life, of which the Great War has produced so fertile a crop in the last few months.

"A Study of the Strategy and Tactics of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, 1861-62." By Lieut.-Col. A. Kearsey. (Gale and Polden.) 3s.

To those of us whose memories of Army examinations goes back to pre war-days, it is quite refreshing to see our old friend the Shenandoah Valley Campaign once more coming up for study. If it sends the younger generation back to Henderson and his "Stonewall Jackson" it will at least have served one useful purpose, even though the figure of his hero no longer looms so large on the canvas of the war as it did then, and the Valley Campaign itself is seen to be little more than an episode in the great drama of the American Civil War. This little pamphlet is a useful, if not in all things entirely reliable, introduction to a more extensive study of the operations, and as such can be recommended; its make-up and contents follow the same lines as the author's former books—a summary of the story, a diary of events, and notes on the principles of war and the battles of the campaign—among which First Bull Run rather unaccountably appears. E. W.S.

"Horse Lovers." By Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke. (Constable & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

No apology is needed in drawing the attention of CAVALRY JOURNAL readers again to "Horse Lovers," which was reviewed in the January, 1928, issue of this Journal. The book, originally published in 1927, has now been three times reprinted. It has been a great success and we congratulate the author. Almost

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every page contains useful lessons, often suitably disguised, on horsemanship and horsemastership. Col. Brooke has created a charming heroine, a dashing hero and a gallant horse "Crusader" and in Sir Joseph Potts we see the reincarnation of that famous sportsman—Jarrocks.

Those who have not read "Horse Lovers" should do so now.

O. J. F. F.

The following have also been received and will be reviewed in the next issue of the JOURNAL :—

"At the Sign of the Dog and Gun." By Patrick R. Chalmers; Embellished by V. R. Balfour Brown. (Philip Allan.) 12s. 6d.

"A Summer on the Test." By The Right Honourable John Waller Hills, M.P.; with Twelve Embellishments by Norman Wilkinson. (Philip Allan.) 15s.

"The Great War, 1914-1918." By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. (Thornton Butterworth.) 2s. 6d.

"The Kitchener Armies." By V. W. Germains. (Peter Davies.) 7s. 6d.

"Imperial Military Geography." By Captain D. H. Cole, M.B.E. (Sifton Praed.) "6th Edition." Post free, 10s. 6d.

"The White Army." By General A. Denikine. (Jonathan Cape.) 15s.

"Memoirs of an Infantry Officer." By S. Sassoon. (Faber & Faber.) 7s. 6d.

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REGIMENTAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

3RD HUSSARS (LUCKNOW)

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Held at Ranikhet, 3rd July, 1930.

TEAM BOXING.

Twelve teams entered :—

Highland Light Infantry.	1st Bn. The Buffs.
1st Bn. Dorsets.	16th Field Bde. R.A.
1st Bn. Black Watch.	3rd Hussars.
24th Field Bde. R.A.	4th Hussars.
2nd Bn. Seaforths	28th Field Bde. R.A.
1st Bn. K.R.R.C.	Royal Irish Fusiliers.

The Regiment were beaten in the first round by the 4th Hussars, after an extra fight.

DETAILS :

FIRST NIGHT'S BOXING.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. O'Malley lost to Bdsm. Munns (4th Hussars).

Feather Weight.—Sgt. McCoy lost to L/Cpl. Jones (4th Hussars).

Light Weight.—L/Cpl. Sadler beat Tpr. Killan (4th Hussars) (K.O.).

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Cohen beat Cpl. Butlin (4th Hussars) (K.O.).

Welter Weight (*2nd*).—Tpr. Ryan lost to Tpr. Duffin (4th Hussars).

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Fitzgerald lost to Tpr. Hough (4th Hussars).

Light Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Threlfall beat Tpr. Hobby (4th Hussars).

Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Newman beat Cpl. Webb (4th Hussars) (K.O.).

Extra Light Weight.—Tpr. Robson lost to Tpr. Timpson (4th Hussars).

Result :—3rd Hussars 13 points.
4th Hussars 14 points.

The Team Competition was eventually won by the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

INDIVIDUAL COMPETITION.

Fly Weight.—Tpr. Simpson lost to Pte. Mangleshot in the semi-finals. Pte. Mangleshot eventually won this weight.

Light Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Threlfall lost to Bdr. McDonald (who is champion at his weight in India) in the final on points. A very good fight, McDonald's experience standing him in good stead.

Heavy Weight.—Tpr. Newman lost to Pte. McKenzie in the semi-final. Pte. McKenzie eventually won this weight.

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Dulikhet Novices Boxing Tournament.

The Hill Detachment would have had eight entries in this Tournament, but unfortunately Tpr. Roe cut his hand, and Tpr. Sarbutts was prevented by the doctor from fighting owing to a damaged nose, sustained in sparring.

Tpr. Gilpin had a great fight to get into the Feathers' finals, but then was only beaten on points by Tpr. Bielby, who fought with more experience.

In the Middles, Tpr. Abrahams suffered severely from a very straight left produced by Tpr. Oliver. The latter only just lost the semi-final on points, after an excellent display. He thoroughly deserved his "Best Loser" Cup.

Tpr. Threlfall had little difficulty in knocking out his solitary opponent in the Light-Heavy competition.

Results:

Feather.

Tpr. Tippings (4th Hussars)	Tippings	Gilpin	Tpr. Bielby (3rd Hussars)
Gnr. Goggins (28th Bde. R.A.)			
Tpr. Gilpin (3rd Hussars)	Bye	Bielby	
L/Cpl. Hill (4th Hussars)			
Tpr. Bielby (3rd Hussars)			

Light.

Tpr. Cussack (4th Hussars)	Cussack	Gnr. Cussack 28th Bde. R.A.
Gnr. Haslewood (28th Bde. R.A.)		
Gnr. Green (28th Bde. R.A.)		

Welter.

Gnr. Parkins (28th Bde. R.A.)	Wilson	Tpr. Summerfield 4th Hussars)
Tpr. Wilson (4th Hussars)		
Tpr. Hooper (3rd Hussars)	Summerfield	
Tpr. Summerfield (4th Hussars)		

Middle.

Tpr. Abrahams (3rd Hussars)	Oliver	Buffin	Tpr. Stevens (4th Hussars)
Tpr. Oliver (3rd Hussars)			
Tpr. Buffin (4th Hussars)	Bye	Stevens	
L/Bdr. Cato (28th Bde. R.A.)			
Tpr. Stevens (4th Hussars)			

Light Heavy.

Tpr. Threlfall (3rd Hussars)	Tpr. Threlfall (3rd Hussars)
Gnr. Allen (28th Bde. R.A.)	

There were four open competitions at the meeting—Welter, Middle, Light and Feather Weights—but having very few of our Boxers with the Hill Detachment, we had only one entry, namely, Tpr. Jeffcoates, in the Middle Weights.

He was a little unlucky in losing the final on points, having had it all his own way in the first two rounds. His peculiar crouch makes him a difficult man for his opponent to score points.

Sgt. Daley fought a gallant losing fight in the Special Contest against Tpr. Timpson (4th Hussars), who was a bit stronger and heavier.

Inter-Squadron Novice Boxing Tournament.

Held at Lucknow, August, 1930.

The first round of the Inter-Squadron Boxing Tournament took place on Thursday, 21st August. The result was as follows:—

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"A" Squadron (Major Clarke) *versus* "B" Squadron (Capt. Eliot)	"B" Squadron 14 points to 13	"M.G." Squadron 15 points to 12
Headquarters *versus* "M.G." Squadron (Major Sanford)	"M.G." Squadron 16 points to 11	

DETAILS:

"A" Squadron v. "B" Squadron.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. Goodman ("A") lost to Tpr. Husbands ("B").

Rather a slap-dash affair with Husbands holding the advantage throughout. Stopped in the third round.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. Stannard ("A") lost to Tpr. Hobbs ("B").

Stannard opened confidentially, but Hobbs took command during the second round and won comfortably.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Janes ("A") lost to Tpr. Leek ("B").

Janes possesses a right that makes Phil Scott look ordinary, but it never connected property, and it is as well, as we would have been robbed of a most amusing bout. A very close fight which Leek won.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Guest ("A") lost to Tpr. Starling ("B").

A good bout in which some clean, hard punches were exchanged. Starling, however, was always superior.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Worsley ("A") beat Tpr. Uden ("B").

Not much between them. Both scored frequently, but Worsley won the third round and gained the verdict.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Hannon ("A") lost to Tpr. Amys ("B").

Amys scored freely with his left, Hannon hardly making any effort to counter it. Amys won easily.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Cox ("A") beat Tpr. Lewis ("B").

There was hardly a good punch delivered until early in the second round, Lewis being the unlucky recipient. He took the full count.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Clay ("A") beat Tpr. Rose ("B").

A very one-sided affair, Rose making little effort to deliver a punch but contenting himself with defence. He was not successful, however, and was knocked out in the second round.

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Wiltshire ("A") beat Tpr. Buck ("B").

Both started at a hurricane pace, but Buck hit the boards nearly as often as he hit his opponent. He took the full count in the first round.

"B" Squadron won 5 fights to "A" Squadron's 4, and on the basis of points 2 for a win and 1 for a loss, the scores were 14–13.

"M.G." Squadron v. "H.Q." Wing.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. Jones (59) ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Russell ("H.Q.").

A give-and-take affair with Jones a decided winner.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. Grant ("M.G.") beat Tpr. Ingleson ("H.Q.").

Ingleson provided the diversion of the evening. He was cautioned frequently for holding, and was never himself again. Grant won.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Wakefield ("M.G.") beat Tpr. George ("H.Q.").

Wakefield was too strong for his opponent, and held the lead throughout.

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Light Weight.—Tpr. Hall (" M.G.") beat Tpr. May (" H.Q.").

This bout started at a furious pace but it was too good to last, May taking the count in the first round.

Light Weight.—L/Cpl. Stigant (M.G.") beat Tpr. McEvoy (H.Q.").

Another spirited affair with McEvoy frequently in trouble, being saved by the gong in the first round. He fought back pluckily but Stigant covered up well, and preserved his early lead. The loser deserves all praise for the way he fought after the severe hammering he received in the first round.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Watkins (' M.G.") lost to L/Cpl. Waller (" H.Q.").

Watkins put Waller down in the first round, but he recovered. Waller returned the compliment in the second round and finished the fight.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Hoiles (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Cook (" H.Q.").

A very short bout, Cook being knocked out in the first iound.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Jones (" M.G.") lost to L/Cpl. Charles (" H.Q.").

A good bout. Evenly matched, but Charles used a useful left to good advantage and won on points.

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Gant (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Shorter (" H.Q.").

Shorter fought pluckily, but was unable to cope with Gant's whirlwind methods, and was knocked out in the second round.

Result :—" M.G." Squadron, 16 points.
" H.Q." Wing, 11 points.

FINAL :

" M.G." Squadron v. " B " Squadron.

Bantam Weight.—Tpr. Jones (" M.G.") lost to Tpr. Husbands (" B ").

A very good bout. In the first round both delivered several good blows, with neither gaining the advantage. In the second round Husbands took the lead and enhanced it in the third round. Both are to be complimented on a very fine display.

Feather Weight.—Tpr. Grant (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Hobbs (" B ").

Both opened carefully. Hobbs then forced his opponent to cover up, but the latter fought back, and several good punches were exchanged. In the second round honours were easy, and in the third round there was a lot of clinching, but both were scoring ; Grant, however, was scoring more often, and gained the verdict. On the whole a very good fight, Grant's style winning general approval.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Wakefield (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Leek (" B ").

The first round was very even, but Wakefield took the lead in the second round, Leek apparently tiring. Both fought well to the finish, but Wakefield preserved his lead.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Hall (" M.G.") lost to Tpr. Starling (" B ").

Hall rained blow after blow from the start, but Starling steadied him with a right towards the end of the first round. In the second round Starling showed up better, his blows being more telling than Hall's, but neither could do much as they were inclined to clinch. The third round was very even, both men taking considerable punishment. Starling won a very close fight.

Light Weight.—Tpr. Wilson (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Uden (" B ").

The first round was evenly contested, but in the second Wilson forced the pace and caused Uden to cover up frequently. Wilson continued to force the fight in the third round, and won comfortably.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Watkins (" M.G.") lost to Tpr. Amys (" B ").

Both delivered blows of the sledge-hammer type, and continued this wild

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hitting throughout. Amys was given the verdict, but his margin must have been very small.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Hoiles (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Lewis (" B ").

This was soon over, for after some sharp exchanges Lewis was floored and remained down.

Welter Weight.—Tpr. Jones (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Rose (" B ").

Rose was in trouble from the start, and received an early knock-out.

Middle Weight.—Tpr. Gant (" M.G.") beat Tpr. Buck (" B ").

Both delivered some good blows, and Buck showed up well. The tables were quickly turned, however, and Buck was twice floored, taking the final count in the second round.

Result :—' M.G." Squadron, 15 points.
B " Squadron, 12 points.

SPECIAL CONTESTS.

L/Cpl. Sadler (3rd Hussars) beat Gnr. Richardson (22nd Bty. R.A.).

Richardson attacked and forced Sadler to cover up. Sadler then took the initiative and landed some telling punches, not, however, without reply. Then Sadler, with a beautiful right to the chin, floored Richardson for the full count.

Tpr. Ryan (3rd Hussars) beat Pte. Longstaffe (East Yorks Regt.).

This fight went the full distance with varying fortunes. First Longstaffe looked like a winner, but Ryan would dispell this impression, and so on throughout the fight, which Ryan won on points.

The first round was a good one. Ryan was at once aggressive and Longstaffe was floored, but recovered quickly. Both delivered some beautiful punches. The second round was even better than the first ; Longstaffe was now the aggressor, and one felt that each might floor the other. A furious pace was kept up, but towards the end both slackened and seemed to tire, though Longstaffe looked the fresher.

After a breather the same furious pace of the first and second rounds was continued, and exchanges were very even. Towards the close both weakened, but Ryan continued to score to the end, and gained the verdict by what must have been a narrow margin.

Tpr. O'Malley (3rd Hussars) beat L/Cpl. Rutherford (East Yorks Regt.).

The fight opened with some quick exchanges, and then Rutherford took the count with a blow to the solar plexus.

Tpr. Walters (3rd Hussars) beat L/Bdr. Druitt (22nd Bty. R.A.).

Two clever boxers. Druitt gained a slight advantage in the first and second rounds. Walters, however, showed up better in the third and fourth rounds, and gained the verdict.

Tpr. Fitzgerald (3rd Hussars) lost to L/Bdr. Harvey (24th Bde. R.A.).

In the first round both got home some good punches, and Fitzgerald gained a slight advantage.

In the second round Fitzgerald was floored twice, but recovered quickly and continued to land some beautiful punches. He was fighting with great pluck.

Fitzgerald scored frequently with lefts but Harvey's experience was beginning to tell, and he dropped Fitzgerald with a lovely uppercut. No one expected Fitzgerald to rise this time, but he did, and though floored subsequently he always returned for more, and fought gamely to the end. His left was an object lesson, and if he had continued to use his left the decision might possibly have been

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reversed, but Harvey's experience stood him in good stead and he gained the verdict on points. This was the best fight of the evening, and Fitzgerald gave a magnificent exhibition of pluck.

Tpr. Newman (3rd Hussars) beat Gnr. Huntley (70th Bty. R.A.).

These men were well matched, but what might have proved to be a good fight was marred by clinching. In the early rounds Newman got home some good punches which shook Huntley.

In the third round both scored frequently, Huntley showing up well in defence. In the fourth round Newman carried the fight to his opponent, and won on points.

Tpr. Cohen (3rd Hussars) beat L/Bdr. Thomas (22nd Bty. R.A.).

Thomas fought as a substitute for W. Wragg (E.I.R.). The first round went to Cohen, but Thomas fought back well in the next two rounds. They fought to a standstill in the fourth round, Cohen winning the contest.

FOOTBALL.

The Regiment entered all four Squadrons in the Gwynne Cup Competition, which was run by the Lucknow Sports Association, and " H.Q." Wing subsequently reached the final, in which they were opposed by " B " Coy., East Yorkshire Regiment.

The final produced a hard game, and was singularly free from fouls, each side striving their utmost but being unable to claim any material advantage. " H.Q." scored in the last few minutes of the game, but this point was disallowed by the referee for offside, a decision which was hotly contested.

Extra time was played but neither team could score.

In the replay " H.Q." took the lead after about twenty minutes' play, and at half-time were leading 1–0. This lead they retained until some twenty minutes or so from the end, when a drastic change came over the game. Within a few minutes the Inside Right, Outside Right and Right Half were all passengers through injuries, and the inevitable happened—" B " Coy. equalising and taking the lead with only a few minutes to go. Badly handicapped as they were, " H.Q." still fought on well until the final whistle sounded with the score at 2–1 in our opponents' favour.

The progress of " H.Q." Wing to the final was as follows :—

First Round	*v.*	E.I. Rly. " B " Team	2–1
Second Round	*v.*	" B " Squadron	2–1
Semi-final	*v.*	Attached Section	1–0
Final	*v.*	" B " Coy., East Yorks	Draw
Replay	*v.*	" B " Coy., East Yorks	1–2

GENERAL.

Football, Hockey and Cricket have been continued throughout the hot weather evenings, both within the Regiment and in friendly games with outside teams.

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SPORTING NEWS—INDIA

DELHI HUNT

Season 1929–30

President : H.E. The Viceroy.

Master and Huntsman : Major A. V. T. Wakely, M.C., R.E.

1st Whip : J. Steuart Gratton, Esq.

2nd Whip : Major L. G. Phillips, M.C., Royal Signals.

3rd Whip : Major P. Grey, M.B.E., I.A.S.C.

Hon. Secretary : Major G. S. Brunskill, M.C., K.S.L.I.

Joint Hon. Secretary and Field Master :
Major-General the Hon. Sir T. H. Symons, K.B.E., C.S.I., K.H.S.

Executive Committee :
The Hon. Sir L. Graham, K.C.I.E. (*Chairman*).
General Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C.
T. E. T. Upton, Esq.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Scott.
Major H. Wilberforce-Bell.
J. Steuart Gratton, Esq.

Kennelman : Private A. T. Thomson, 1st Battalion The Gordon Highlanders.

Master's Report for Season 1929–30

Hot Weather Season.

The plan decided upon last year of bringing hounds to Simla for the hot weather has been very satisfactory.

Eighteen-and-half couples of hounds were brought up to Simla in April, 1929.

While in Simla we received great assistance from Lieut.-Colonel Mellor and Mr. Stansfield of the Annandale Club. Hounds summered well in Simla, and were very fit when they came down, but 3½ couple, mostly old hounds, died of enteritis. Fifteen couple, therefore, arrived in Delhi on 14th October, 1929.

Breeding.

Last season your Committee decided to breed puppies to provide drafts for the pack. We therefore bred 13 couple of puppies in Simla. Very great trouble was taken with these, and all did well until they joined the pack in Delhi. Lady Hadow, Mrs. Armitage and Mr. Bwye took charge of the litters until they were weaned, and took an enormous amount of trouble. The puppies were walked in Simla by Lady Hadow, Mr. Bwye, Mr. Wise, Mrs. Gladding, Mrs. Laughton and Mrs. Lloyd. A month after arrival in Delhi, however, we

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lost 10 couple from a most virulent type of distemper. Two-and-half couple were saved and are now hunting. They are fine hounds and have entered extremely well. Although, naturally, we have only hunted these four or five times, we know enough about them to say that they are well worth keeping.

It does not necessarily follow from our experience this year that the policy of breeding is wrong. There is always a risk of losing a large number of the entry from distemper, and our experience is not exceptional in any way.

A fresh consideration has, however, arisen in that the "Field" distemper vaccine, which is now available at home, will have the effect of keeping alive the surplus puppies which are bred yearly in England. This will make it easier to obtain good hounds from home, and incidentally will cause drafts from home to be cheaper in the long run than breeding in India. We are, therefore, not going to breed this season.

DRAFT OF HOUNDS FROM HOME.

A draft of 9½ couples was received in October from the Cottesmore, the Rufford, the Middleton, the H. H., the Berwickshire and the Vine. These hounds came by troopship. Most of them have entered very well, but we will have to draft about three couple of them.

We also obtained a valuable hound, Challenger, presented by Mrs. Wakely, from Peshawar, so that our total draft this season amounted to 10 couple.

I would like to thank His Excellency the Viceroy for his great assistance in obtaining the draft from home, and also Lady Titchfield, who obtained the Cottesmore draft for us. All of this draft are excellent, and are the exact type of light and fast hound that we require in the Delhi country.

HOUNDS IN KENNEL.

We started the season with 15 couple of hounds from Simla, which, together with the 10 couple from home and the 2½ couple of puppies, made a total of 27½ couple. Of these one couple died of tick fever, one hound was lost out hunting and probably fell down a well, and I sold one hound, a babbler to the Kohat Drag. At the end of the season, therefore, we had 25½ couple of hounds, which are shown on the list which has been circulated to you.

A short time ago, I received a letter from Major-General Wilson asking whether we could help with hounds for Wana. Brigadier Saunders, one of the staunchest supporters of the Delhi Hunt, has, as you know, gone to take command at Wana, and it was, therefore, with particular pleasure that I found we would be able to assist him. With the approval of your Committee, I despatched 3½ couple of hounds to Brigadier Saunders yesterday. One-and-half couple of old hounds are to be put down, so that 20½ couple will move to Simla on the 22nd instant.

The best hounds in the pack are Wiseman (Middleton), Danger, Dimple, Linkboy and Wrestler. The last four are hounds which have been with us for two or more seasons.

Challenger is the best finder of jack in the pack, in spite of the fact that as a puppy he swallowed Mrs. Wakely's pearl necklace. The only result of this

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valuable addition to him seems to be that he is not able to feed properly, and has to have his meals separately. He has been definitely responsible for several very good hunts.

THE SEASON.

Hounds have been out on 53 days during the season. There have been extraordinarily few casualties to hounds. Individual hounds hunted the following number of times :—

Lucy	44
Linkboy	41
Dimple	40
Dandy	39
Carver	39
Wanderer	38
Danger	38

Wanderer is an excellent tribute to the skill of our Honorary Veterinary Surgeon, Major Marriott. This hound never hunted at all last year on account of bad feet, but Major Marriott operated on him in Simla in April, and this season he has proved one of the hardest working hounds in the pack.

From mid-November to the end of February we had quite a fair amount of rain, and scent was on the whole good. On 20 days out of the 53 hounds ran fast and well for 7 miles or more, and we had several other shorter runs.

The best run of the season was one of 14 miles from Pembari Bagh on 19th November, 1929, and the run of 8 miles from Mubarakpur from the meet at Nangloi Rest House on 18th January, 1930, may also be mentioned. There were no blank days, and there were only six days on which hounds did not give us a gallop of some sort.

NEW COUNTRY.

The notes handed over to me by my predecessor, Major Smyth, were most valuable in organizing the country at the beginning of the season. His opinion that the country which had previously been hunted was distinctly limited was correct, and his recommendations for new country to be tried were put into effect. As the season progressed I extended our exploration of new country. Five separate areas were tried, the Ghaziabad Road, the country north of Siraspur, the Rohtak Road, the Najafgarh Road and Okla. All this new country, with the exception of the last place, has given us consistent good sport, and when we get to know the coverts and the jack earths better, we should be able still further to improve the sport.

In opening up this new country I would like to mention that we received considerable help from Mr. Jackson, the Executive Engineer, Western Jumna Canal, and Mr. Balbir Singh, the Executive Engineer, Eastern Jumna Canal. They have allowed us to use their canal roads, thereby enabling us to meet much nearer to the first draw in the new country.

RECONNAISSANCE OF COUNTRY.

In exploring new country for purposes of hunting, a vast amount of reconnaissance is necessary. I have done most of this by air, and I would like

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to express my thanks to Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Flight-Lieut. Harris and Flight-Lieut. Pickard in this connection. Flight-Lieut. Pickard has always been most ready to take me up whenever I asked for an aeroplane.

The ground reconnaissance, which is absolutely essential for locating jack earths, has been most interesting, meaning as it does quite a good gallop over country in the early morning on non-hunting days. I have received great assistance from Gurry, Mrs. Wakely's fox terrier, who has not only found jack earths for us, but has also shown me the lines which jack run in the new country. Quite a few good hunts that hounds had have been due to him, because at the opening of the hunt I have known exactly where to cast hounds, having previously run the jack with Gurry.

METHOD OF HUNTING THE COUNTRY.

The artificial conditions which are imposed upon hunting in Delhi necessitate quite different methods of hunting than would obtain at home by reason of the fact that everybody has to get back early to office. To find first thing in the morning is essential. Further, scent generally disappears at about half past eight, and if nothing is found before that a bad day is the result.

I would like members to know exactly the methods which we employ in our attempts to achieve the desired result. No bagged jack are ever used with the Delhi Hunt. No drag is ever run with the Delhi Hunt unless the fact is advertised on the fixture card. The only occasion this season on which a drag has been used was at the children's meet, when it was completely spoiled by a real jack jumping up in the middle of it. What is done, however, is to stop the jack earths very carefully the night before the meet. They must be stopped after 8 p.m. when the jack are out searching for food. We also bait with meat the coverts which we expect to draw. The meat is put down generally about two days before hounds are due to visit the covert, and the result is to attract jack to the neighbourhood so that they can be quickly found in the morning. It is of the utmost importance to stop the earths. There are a very large number of jack earths in the Delhi country, and unless they are stopped we would seldom get a run at all, as the jack would at once go to ground.

We have killed 19 brace of jack and marked 20 brace to ground this season. In a very large number of cases the hunted jack has actually run over stopped earths, and the places where jack have got to ground are always noted down carefully for stopping the next time hounds go to that locality.

I would like to express my thanks to my first whip, Mr. Steuart Gratton, for his great assistance in the management of the country. He has been out practically every morning on non-hunting days and most nights, and the success of the earth stopping is very largely due to his extraordinary energy and very hard work.

Before leaving the question of the country, I think that next season we should try and get in touch more with the farmers who are really very good about letting us ride over their crops. Something in the way of a farmers' dinner might be organized.

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KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

Kennel management has improved a lot this season under the kennelman, Private Thompson, 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders. The Hunt is greatly indebted to Colonel Bell, Officer Commanding The Gordon Highlanders, for letting us keep Thompson in spite of certain difficulties which have arisen.

Rice has been discontinued as a feed for hounds, and in place of it Indian oatmeal and maize have been used, together with a larger ration of meat, owing to our being able to get a fair number of cast horses during the season. This department has been in charge of my third whip, Major Grey, who has worked very hard in making it a success. In Simla this year we propose to feed oatmeal and meat only and to discontinue the maize.

My second whip, Major Phillips, has been in charge of the kennel staff, the drafting of hounds for hunting and arrangements for transport. Major Phillips has put in a lot of work on this, and, owing to his excellent organization, we have had no trouble with the staff of any kind.

In connection with the transport of hounds to meets, I would like to express my gratitude to Captain Weber, 11th Armoured Car Company, for making arrangements for the lorry for hounds. On only one occasion in over fifty meets has the lorry been late for the meet, an excellent record for everybody concerned.

The organization in kennel for dealing with minor casualties to hounds has been very efficient, and has resulted in very few hounds being laid up from cuts or wounds for any length of time. This is one of the chief reasons why we were enabled to hunt three days a week regularly during the latter part of the season.

C.I.H. PACK.

Five couple of hounds were loaned to Captain Vincent Gordon, C.I.H., in November to hunt the country West of the Jumna and South of the Rohtak Road. The object of this auxiliary pack was to reconnoitre fresh country. Captain Gordon has put in a lot of hard work, and has found several coverts which will be of great value to us for next season. The auxiliary pack has also been of great assistance to us in that it has relieved the main pack of the hunting reconnaissance of this country. Without this small pack we should have had to allot valuable hunting days to country that we did not know, and we would undoubtedly have had several bad days. Captain Gordon, being on the spot, has been able to try out the country thoroughly. He has had some quite good hunts, and has sent me an extremely valuable report of the country.

FINANCIAL.

The balance sheet which is being issued to you will show the financial situation. At the moment it is quite satisfactory when we consider that this season we have had several items of extraordinary expenditure which are not likely to recur. For instance, it is hoped that the large expenditure on the outbreak of rabies will not recur, and there should be no further expenditure on building work in Annandale, although in Delhi we may next year require to spend a small amount of money.

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The item shown against kennel expenses is high, but this is largely due to the amount of money we have had to spend on earth stopping and baiting in the new country. Next season it should be possible to make a much better and cheaper bundobust for these operations.

RACES.

The two Gymkhana race meetings which we organized on behalf of the Hunt were a complete success, thanks to the hard work put in by Major Brunskill and Captain Cox. Great assistance was given to us in these races by Captain Cox and his squadron, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. Negotiations are now in progress for a renewal of Gymkhana racing in Delhi next season, and it is hoped that several meetings will be arranged.

HUNT BALL.

The Hunt Ball is now established as a definite function during Horse Show Week. This season it was a great success, thanks largely to the efforts of Mrs. Wakely, Lady Symons, Mrs. Steuart Gratton, Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Phillips.

POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

The new course at Pembari Bridge was, I think, generally voted a success. The land owners, nearly all very poor men, have been most helpful in allowing us to run the races over their lands. The *Daily Chronicle* official account of the Races is attached.

HUNT STAFF.

I would like to express my gratitude and thanks to my Hunt staff, who have given me most loyal assistance throughout the whole season. I have referred above to the particular work which each member has done.

Our Field Master, Sir Henry Symons, besides carrying out the difficult duties of Field Master at practically every meet, has been of great help to me personally in other ways throughout the season. We are very sorry indeed to lose Sir Henry and Lady Symons, and their departure from Delhi is an irreparable loss to the Hunt.

I would also like to mention with gratitude the assistance given by Sir Lancelot Graham, the Chairman of the Committee, throughout a somewhat difficult period in the existence of the Hunt, and by Sir Philip Chetwode, who has been responsible for organizing the races which were such a success.

I would particularly draw the attention of members of the Hunt to the work done by our Honorary Secretary, Major Brunskill, who has been a most loyal and hardworking Secretary. I wish to place on record my most grateful thanks to him. But for his hard work, especially in the matter of the races and the Hunt Ball, the Hunt would not be in the good financial situation in which we now find ourselves.

MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF INDIA.

In conclusion, I would like to mention a matter of considerable importance to hunting generally in India. We have formed a Master of Foxhounds Association for India, of which Sir Philip Chetwode is President and I am Honorary Secretary. All recognised Hunts in India have joined. The object

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of this Association is the collection and dissemination of information which is of value to hunting in India.

We have already issued a valuable pamphlet on the treatment of tick fever, which will be of use to every dog owner in India. It would be advantageous if members let it be known that copies of this can be obtained by non-members of the Association from me at a charge of Rs. 2 per copy.

The Association has also assisted several Hunts in India to obtain drafts of hounds. We also act on behalf of Hunts in the south of India for the purchase of oatmeal in Northern India.

We are now organizing troopship passages to India for the forthcoming season, and we are also agitating for reductions in railway and shipping charges for the transport of hounds.

When the Association gets into working order there will be more co-ordinated action by Hunts in India instead of several isolated efforts which seldom lead to any definite result.

DELHI. A. V. T. WAKELY,
18th March, 1930. *Master, Delhi Hunt.*

DELHI HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Delhi, 15th March.

The Delhi Hunt Point-to-Point Races for horses that have been regularly hunted with the Delhi Hunt this season were held to-day at Pembari Bridge in bright weather, with a cool breeze which made conditions pleasant both for entrants and spectators. By general consent it was regarded as the best Point-to-Point Meeting that has ever been held in Delhi, and the course, if a little trying in places for the older horses, was the best that has been run over.

Among those who were present to witness the races were His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Irwin and the Honourable Anne Wood, Lady Birdwood, General Sir Philip Chetwode, Sir John Thompson, Chief Commissioner of Delhi, and Lady Thompson, Sir Lancelot Graham, Major-General Sir Henry and Lady Symons, His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir, Major-General G. H. B. Freeth, the Honourable Mrs. Hopewell and Lady Buck.

The course was just south of Pembari Bridge, and was laid over fair hunting country. Hounds have run over most of it on four or five occasions this season, so those horses that had been fairly hunted with hounds were well acquainted with the obstacles.

The chief obstacle was the Shakurpur Minor, which was crossed twice. The canal authorities added to the sporting possibilities of the course by filling every ditch to the brim with water. The Minor was consequently a considerable obstacle which, added to numerous other irrigation cuts, made a very fair sporting hunting course.

The length was 3½ miles. The ladies' course did not cross the Shakurpur Minor, but instead they had to take two or three irrigation cuts before they joined the main course west of the canal. The owners of the land ridden over

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proved most obliging in allowing the Master to prepare the course, and to cut down some crops which would have hidden one or two fences from the horses' view.

All the obstacles in the course were natural hunting fences, and required no artificial preparation of any kind.

The weight for riders in Light Weight, Punjab Light Horse and Open Races was 12 st. 7 lbs., and in the Heavy Weight Race 13 st. 7 lbs. The ladies' race was catch weights.

RESULTS OF RACES:

LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNT RACE.

Capt. F. G. W. Jackson's	Wellington	(owner)	1
Mr. H. Grattan's	Evergreen Eve	(owner)	2
Major A. V. T. Wakely's	Snifter	(owner)	3
Major H. Wilberforce Bell's	Khurshed	(owner)	0
Capt. F. C. Yeo's	Molly	(owner)	0
Mr. V. Paterson's	Cæsar	(owner)	0
Major H. C. D. Rankin's	Carrots	(owner)	0
Lt.-Col. J. B. Hanafin's	Kandy Kid	(owner)	0
Mr. J. Steuart Gratton's	Henry	(Mr. Roberts)	0
Col. Penton's	Peter	(owner)	0
Major G. S. Brunskill's	Milky Way	(Capt. Birdwood)	0

This was one of the best races of the afternoon, the winner, who won by about two lengths, leading most of the way.

LADIES' RACE, OVER A COURSE OF THREE MILES.

Mrs. E. B. Wakefield's	Mistake	(owner)	1
Mrs. R. Locke's	Phantasy	(owner)	2
Mrs. J. Steuart Gratton's	Patrick	(owner)	3
Mrs. Saunders	Peter	(owner)	0
Mrs. Youngs	Dandy Boy	(Miss Joan Atkinson)	0

All the horses fell in this race except Mrs. J. Steuart Gratton's Patrick, which finished third. A particularly good display was given by Mrs. Locke, who has never hunted until this season. In spite of a nasty fall when nearing home she succeeded in remounting and in gaining second place.

HEAVY-WEIGHT HUNT RACE.

Major L. G. Phillip's	Cavalier	(owner)	1
Major A. V. T. Wakely's	Lochinvar	(owner)	2
Capt. C. B. Birdwood's	Pilot	(owner)	3
H.E. The Viceroy's	Vintage	(Capt. Pepys)	0
Major G. S. Brunskill's	Starlight	(owner)	0
Brig. H. C. Jackson's	Boarder	(owner)	0
Major L. C. T. Graham's	Golden Rain	(owner)	0
Mr. J. Steuart Gratton's	Autumn	(owner)	0

This was an exceptionally good race, Major Phillips, who took the lead about three-quarters of the way, winning by two lengths, the Master pressing him very closely for the last half-mile.

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PUNJAB LIGHT HORSE RACE.

Tpr. R. Locke's	Satanella	(owner)	1
Tpr. C. Walker's	Kitty	(Tpr. Roberts)	2
Sergt. J. Steuart Gratton's	Heron	(Tpr. Umfreville)	3
Capt. S. F. Rich's	Tiny	(owner)	0
Tpr. S. H. Hollom's	Lamarel	(Tpr. Leefe)	0
Tpr. S. F. A. Coles	George	(owner)	0
Tpr. Barling's	Governor	(Tpr. Martin)	0

This was a good race with a good finish, although two of the horses failed to finish the course. Tpr. Locke's Satanella won by three lengths.

OPEN RACE.

Mr. H. Grattan's	Kitty	(owner)	1
Dr. Hutton's	Courage	(owner)	2
Major A. V. T. Wakely's	Grey Dawn	(owner)	3
Major G. S. Brunskill's	Spot Light	(owner)	0
Mr. Lindsay's	Skewjack	(owner)	0
Mr. F. B. Wakefield's	Radish	(owner)	0
Mr. Stewart's	Speculation	(owner)	0
Mr. Coleville's	Firefly	(owner)	0

This was the best race of the afternoon, the pace being very fast the whole way. Mr. Grattan's Kitty won by one length, there being an exciting finish with Dr. Hutton's Courage rapidly gaining ground in the last furlong. The spectators were particularly impressed in this race by the fine riding of Dr. Hutton, who has missed hardly a single hunt this season. He rode extremely well, and at times was within half-a-length of the winner.

Those officiating on the course were :—Judge, General Sir Philip Chetwode ; Starter, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Scott ; Clerk of the Scales, Major P. Grey ; Hon. Secretary, Major G. S. Brunskill.

The Master's stable put up a very fine show, all of his horses, ridden by the owner, being placed. Each of these horses had hunted continuously throughout the season, being out individually over thirty days each. They have never been lame and have never given their owner a fall.

Though the majority of the starters refused at the Shakurpur Minor, the first canal, once they were over this considerable obstacle they went the remainder of the course for the most part in excellent style.

A most enjoyable afternoon was brought to a conclusion by the presentation of the prizes to the respective winners by Lady Symons.

MEERUT TENT CLUB

Sport obtained this season has been poor. Two years' failure of the monsoon rains has resulted in kadir becoming extremely dry and dusty, and a great many of the pig have left, probably going to the foot hills.

A certain amount of sport has, however, been obtained, the full effects of the drought not having been felt till the middle of April.

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Prospects for next season depend entirely on a really good monsoon.

It is satisfactory to note that Sherpur, the venue of the Kadir Cup, appears less adversely affected than any other area.

QUETTA HUNT

Although people's thoughts are turned to other sports than hunting at this time of year, yet a few words about the Quetta Hunt in general and its 1929–30 season in particular may be of interest to some.

The season which finished at the end of March was, taken all round, a very successful one, in spite of hunting being stopped for considerable periods. One of the drawbacks to the Quetta country is that when it is wet it is unrideable, and as this last winter was an abnormally wet one, rain and snow following each other continuously throughout December and January, hunting days were fewer than usual.

The pack this last season were in a quaint situation in one way, in that about half the pack were first season hounds. This was due to bad luck with the puppies in 1926 and 1927.

The Quetta Hunt has one advantage over most packs in India, because the hounds can remain in Quetta all the year round, consequently breeding is quite easy. In fact, the majority of hounds are always country-bred hounds, a few English hounds being imported periodically to give fresh blood. The experience here is that to breed from two country-bred hounds leads to loss of size and bone, moreover the progeny are very apt to be mute.

Although breeding of puppies in Quetta is easy, the rearing of them, on the other hand, is extremely difficult. The chief difficulty to contend with is distemper, which usually develops during the rigours of the Quetta winter, with the result that almost invariably pneumonia sets in, and then unless the pup has most careful nursing it dies.

The Hunt Staff experienced various vicissitudes during the season. The Master, Major Peatt, R.A.V.C., was unexpectedly transferred to Delhi in the middle of the season, when Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, 10th Gurkhas, took over the Mastership. Two of the original Whips, Captain Esse, 10th Gurkhas, and Mr. Hamilton, R.A., both had accidents, breaking bones in their legs, the former very seriously.

There were fewer Point-to-Point Meetings during this winter than usual.

The Staff College Meeting, which should have taken place in December, had to be cancelled owing to wet weather.

The 10th Gurkhas held a Meeting in February, and during March the two usual Hunt Meetings took place.

At the first of these two Meetings the races for the various individual challenge cups were run. These consist of a Pony Race, Heavy Weight Race, and the Hunt Cup. The latter was won by Captain Greeves, I.A.S.C., at present at the Staff College.

There were also races for Indian officers and for B.O.R's.

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The second Meeting was for the team races. Teams of three per unit. The Light Weight Race was won by the Scinde Horse team, and in the Heavy Weight Race the Staff team was victorious. But for a mishap to one of their horses, the Staff team would have consisted of three brigadiers, as it was two brigadiers rode in the team.

Judging by the size of the fields who follow the hunt, hunting in Quetta is more popular than ever, and long may it continue to be so, which it certainly ought to be, so long as so many of the fair sex support the hunt as do now. Some of them, too, take a lot of beating over the rough Quetta country when hounds are really running.

SUMMARY OF MUTTRA HOG HUNTING

Season 1929–1930 to date, 18th May, 1930

The rains in Muttra have failed two years in succession, 1928 and 1929. The result has been that cover for pig does not exist this year anywhere, and the pig have left the district. There have been twenty-three meets this season between the 24th November and 30th March, and only fifteen pig killed. Fourteen days were blank.

Muttra depends for pig on its kadir grass and jhow country, which is not very extensive but very good holding for pig. Normally this country is unrideable till the end of March, when large herds of cattle have begun to thin it and a certain amount has been cut and burnt. The cover so destroyed in 1928 never grew up again that year. Another result of the failure of the 1928 rain was fodder and grass were deficient for cattle, and greater numbers were driven into the kadir in 1929. These cattle stripped the place bare. It was a very sad sight hunting in 1929 to see the herds of starving cattle, several unable to rise and many staggering a few steps and falling as the line passed them.

After the second failure of rain in 1929 not only was all grass completely stripped but the natives began cutting much of the jhow cover, and the starving cattle have assisted the thinning process. The result has been no cover and no rest at all for pig. The famine conditions too led to a lot of pig killing for food which, under the circumstances, could not be completely stopped. There will be no more hunting this year in the Muttra district.

Owing to the above conditions it was decided to revisit country in the Etah district that used to be hunted regularly by Muttra thirty years ago. Latterly this country was the preserve of Cotter of the I.C.S., collector of the district, a great pigsticker. He retired a year ago.

With the help of Mr. E. H. N. Gill, I.C.S., Opium Revenue Officer of Budaun, an Easter meet was arranged in this country, the kadir S.E. of Kachla and round Shabazpure was hunted on six days. Five pig were killed. The country here was light, and there had been much pinching of pig since Cotter left the district. However, it is hoped now that this visit may do something to check it. Gill, unfortunately, took a toss on the first day, and could not carry a spear for the rest of the meet.

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It may be of interest to note journalistic methods of supplying information to the public at home. In the *Illustrated News* of 26th April, page 738, there is a short account of this year's Kadir Cup Meeting and two photographs. One of a heat crossing the Sherpur nullah at that meeting. Unfortunately for the veracity of the paper that same photograph is in the Muttra log here, and is a photograph taken on the 8th July, 1927, of a pig breaking from the Muttra islands, closely pursued by Mr. Price, R.A., on Buster.

The photograph of the winner of this year's Kadir, Captain Richards, looks uncommonly too like the photograph of the same man on Certain when he won the Cup in 1928.

THE SAUGOR TENT CLUB, 1929-30

The present season, with a bag to date of forty-three warrantable boar, has been the most successful since the record season of 1919–20, when forty-eight were killed. The average height and weight of pig killed this year is 29½ ins. and 168 lbs.

Most of the Saugor country consists of isolated hills, harbouring, when luck favours, isolated sounders. All round the rideable country are the Government forests, containing inexhaustible reserves of pig. If the villages bordering these isolated hills can only be persuaded to leave the sows and squeakers quiet, and not harry them with dogs, guns, and nets, fresh boar come in very quickly to replace boar killed. An effort has been made this year to establish a fixed scale of rewards for each pig killed, the money going into the pockets of the villagers living by that particular hill. It is hoped that in time they may realise that preserving pig can be made more profitable than shooting them. The idea has really taken root in a few places, and the difference in sport there is most marked. For instance, in the Gura hill area on the Jubbulpore road there is one sounder only, consisting of from fifteen to twenty pig. Four meets there this season have produced nine boar killed. The Maquaddam of Gura sends in word at once when new boar arrive to take the place of their predecessors. There are two more boar in with the sounder now which, as Dhanni the shikari puts it, have made themselves ready to die. If the rains hold off for a few days they shall. Some of the ladies of the Gura hill bunch must be particularly attractive to the other sex.

During this season twelve students at the Equitation School got their maiden spear with the Tent Club. It is hoped next year to reintroduce what was once known as the "pennel." Four or five village pig were kept and well tended; periodically they were taken out a few miles and given a run home, pursued by a heat of students armed with blob sticks. The School area was the pigs' sanctuary, and this once reached they were allowed to proceed unmolested. The pig soon got to know their home and the routes by which they might reach it.

The students learnt how to hunt a pig as a heat, and it gave them a chance of a ride across country. Some of the members of the pennel must have been veritable greyhounds by the end of the course.

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THE CHARGER AND TROOP HORSE CLASSES AT THIS YEAR'S DELHI HORSE SHOW.

This year all the charger and troop horse classes at the Delhi Horse Show were judged by three judges from the Equitation School, Saugor, the senior of whom being the Major-General of Cavalry. The object was to bring out the fact that in these classes other attributes besides conformation should and must count towards deciding the prizewinners. Good looks are worth little in an army horse unless it has in addition manners, balance and collection, is quiet to ride and handle, and is obedient to the will of its rider.

Briefly the method by which each class was judged was this. The class walked, trotted and cantered round the ring on both reins, a Veterinary Officer being present in the ring with the judges. Any lame horses and any horse with outstandingly bad conformation or action was turned out.

The class was next judged for turn out and condition, marks being deducted for any detail found incorrect, manes, tails, heels, coats, shoeing, all etc., being taken into consideration. The class was then formed into a single rank, 6 ins. knee to knee facing a 3 ft. 6 ins. wingless brush fence. Each competitor had to leave the ranks and jump the wingless jump away from the other horses. Marks were given for leaving the ranks straight, quietly, and with impulsion, and for jumping the fence smoothly and cleanly. Three refusals disqualified a horse from further competition. Each competitor was then put through a short manege test, which included half passages at the walk and trot, figure of eight at canter, loose rein canter, turns on the haunches, draw and return swords, dismount and mount, and gallop up to judges and read map. The order in which the various exercises were asked for was not published previously, to avoid the test being done mechanically. The marks were then added up, and any horse which had a chance of being one of the first three was judged for conformation.

The time available for judging each class will always be an objection to the introduction of anything in the shape of a manege test at any horse show. On the other hand, the only answer to careful preparation is thoroughness in judging. Actually the time taken was not very excessive. A class of forty troop horses, Indian Units, took just over two hours to judge, but most of them had left the ring in half that time. From the opinions voiced by competitors themselves, the system was undoubtedly appreciated. If it is adhered to by the Delhi Horse Show Committee, regiments will have in future years what has up to now been lacking—some precedent to guide them, some line to go by, when selecting their entries for the premier horse show in India.

OOTACAMUND HORSE SHOW, 1930

This Show was held on the Racecourse, Ootacamund, on the 5th May in fine weather.

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RESULTS :

CLASS I AND II POLO PONIES
(22 Entries)

(a) *Heavy Weights*

(1) Major Krishma Urs br. Aus. g. Arjun.
(2) Mr. H. B. Scott's blk. Eng. m. Coral.
(3) Major T. N. Watson's br. Aus. m. Lisette.

(b) *Medium Weights*

(1) Rajah of Bobbili's rn. Aus. g. Flashlight.
(2) Rajah of Bobbili's ch. Eng. m. Noor Jehan.
(3) Capt. A. G. N. Curtis's b. Aus. g. Frederick the Great.

CLASS III. HORSES OR PONIES LIKELY TO MAKE POLO PONIES.
(17 Entries)

(1) Mr. H. B. Scott's ch. E. g. Surfrider.
(2) H.H. The Tuvarajah of Mysore's ch. Aus. m. Tangerine.
(3) Mr. H. B. Scott's br. E. m. Pinprick.

CLASS IV. OPEN HUNTERS
(12 Entries)

(1) H.H. The Tuvarajah of Mysore's ch. E. m. Rosa Rosilla.
(2) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. E. g. Snoqualmie.
(3) H.H. The Tavarajah of Mysore's br. Aus. g. Zeppelin.

CLASSES V AND VI. HUNTERS
(40 Entries)

a) *Heavy and Middle Weight*

(1) Miss Stanley's b. E. m. Susan.
(2) Mr. J. F. Smail's blk. Aus. g. Onyx.
(3) H.E. Sir G. Stanley's b. E. g. Breadstone.

(b) *Light Weight*

(1) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs b. E. g. Dabchick.
(2) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs br. E. m. Funnyface.
(3) Commander R. Melhuish's br. Aus. m. Robina.

CLASS VII. HUNTERS—PONIES 15–0 AND UNDER
(22 Entries)

(1) Capt. A. G. N. Curtis's ch. Aus. m. Heather.
(2) Major T. N. Watson's b. cb. g. Taliamand.
(3) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. Aus. g. Dark Night.

CLASS VIII. LADIES' HUNTERS
(25 Entries)

(1) Mrs. Peter Wilson's b. Aus. g. Mulga Hill.
(2) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs br. E. m. Funny Face.
(2) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. E. g. Snoqualmie.

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CLASS IX. HORSES AND PONIES, ENGLISH AND COLONIAL, SHOWN IN HAND
(8 Entries)

(1) Mr. J. G. Clarke's ch. E. m. Miss Pamela.
(2) Miss Aitchison's ch. E. m. Carremar.
(3) Nawab Mir Mahdi Ali Khan's b. E. g. Longleat.

CLASS X. HORSES AND PONIES—ARAB AND C.B's
(7 Entries)

(1) Mr. H. Kadum's gr. A. h. Grand Boy.
(2) Mr. H. Kadum's ch. A. h. Mirbid.
(3) Mr. D. W. Heneker's ch. cb. g. Sonny Boy.

CLASS XI. HACKS—HORSES AND PONIES
(36 Entries)

(1) Commander R. Melhuish's b. Aus. m. Robina.
(2) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs b. Aus. g. Albray.
(3) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. Aus. g. Dark Night.

CLASS XII. LADIES' HACKS
(8 Entries)

(1) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs b. E. g. Dabchick.
(2) Mrs. D. P. Johnstone's blk. E. g. Snoqualmie.
(3) H.H. The Tuvarajah of Mysore's ch. E. m. Rosa Rosilla.

CLASS XIII. JUMPING.
(11 Entries)

(1) H.E. The Governor's Bodyguard b. Aus. g. Amar.
(2) Mrs. H. B. Moore's br. Aus. g. Quality.
(3) Major B. P. Krishma Urs gr. Aus. g. Cavalier.

CLASS XIV. HANDY HUNTERS
(12 Entries)

(1) Mr. C. L. Greig's br. Aus. g. Patrol.
(2) Mr. C. L. Greig's b. cb. m. Plain Jane.

CLASS XV. BEST HORSE OVER 15TH. IN THE SHOW
H.H. The Tuvaraj of Mysore's ch. E. m. Rosa Rosilla.

CLASS XVI. BEST PONY 15 H. AND UNDER IN THE SHOW
Mr. H. B. Scott's ch. E. g. Surfrider.

CLASS XVII. BEST STABLE OF THREE HORSES OR PONIES
(8 Entries)

(1) Rajkumar C. Desaraj Urs Stable.

CLASS XVIII. CHILDREN'S PONIES
(10 Entries)

(1) Rajah of Bobbili's b. Aus. m. Locrano.
(2) The Tuvaraj Kumar of Mysore's rn. Aus. m. Louise.
(3) Miss P. Stanley's b. cb. m. Sandy.

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OOTACAMUND HUNT

Last season was a most successful one, sport being especially good in the Yemaikal Valley.

During the past summer there has been a bad outbreak of rabies among the jackals, and many have died or been shot. As there were too many for sport, this may prove to be a blessing in disguise.

The new season just started is full of promise. The Master, Mr. C. L. Greig, is continuing, to everybody's great satisfaction, and the whippers-in are Colonel Dennistoun and Mr. Congreve.

The pack numbers 42½ couple, which includes a draft from Lord Fitzhardinge's and a couple kindly presented by the Duke of Beaufort.

AUSTRALIAN POLO NOTES

Kensington Racecourse ended its career as the Headquarters of N.S.W. Polo with the Tournament held early in July of this year. The two new grounds at Kyeemagh, the property acquired by the N.S.W. Polo Association, are expected to be ready by 1931, and they will be used for all future Tournaments.

The 1930 Tournament was robbed of much of its importance by the absence of the Goulburn Team in England, and by the financial depression in Australia, which caused a number of teams to forego entry. Unfavourable weather during the progress of the Tournament was an additional worry for the N.S.W. Polo Association.

The usual two competitions for the Countess of Dudley and the Garvan Cups were held, the former being the championship event and the latter a handicap event for teams beaten in the early rounds of the former.

Six teams, Muswellbrook, Gundagai, Assamanders, Wirregulla, Canberra and Sydney, entered.

The Final of the Countess of Dudley Cup resulted in a win for Muswellbrook (H. R. Gilder, F. L. Crane, F. L. Bragg, D. M. Bell) by 10 goals to 3 from Gundagai (H. Fraser, J. Fraser, W. Horsley, H. C. Osborne).

This is the third occasion on which Muswellbrook have been successful, the previous wins being in 1911 and 1924.

The Garvan Cup Final resulted in a win for Assamanders (F. R. Danter, F. McIntosh, Curtis Skene, R. M. Crookson) by 17 goals to 10 from Sydney (received 10 goals) (J. W. F. Collins, W. B. Allen, J. C. B. Allen, W. R. White).

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